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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



THE QUEEN
IN PARIS
See pages 3, 4

INSPIRATION OF Our cover: EASTER STORY

THE Easter story is one of the most profoundly moving in the history of man.

It has inspired men and women of all races for nearly 2000 years.

It has survived, among all the turmoil, catastrophes, and deviations of history, as a symbol of spiritual faith.

Easter is much more than the anniversary of the Crucifixion of the Son of Man.

It is the continuity of an idea on which millions of people base their lives, by which countless millions have lived down the troubled centuries.

But this year Easter has special significance for Christians everywhere, who see:

- A troubled Holy Land which could become the flashpoint for another major war.

- Christian South Africa legislating to ban Christians, because they are black, from Christian churches in European areas.

- Hate being preached in many countries instead of love and tolerance.

- The H-bomb, suspended above a squabbling world, threatening human extinction.

But they also know that Christ's message has endured through all the chaos of 2000 years because it is a good message which people believe.

And that is the true significance of these days we call Easter.

BOOK REVIEWS by AINSLIE BAKER

Scottish seal who played the mouth-organ

- The second literary curiosity of a still young year is a book possibly true, possibly fictional, with a domesticated seal as its central character. It is "Seal Morning," by Rowena Farre.

THE earlier book which raised a similar doubt was "The Third Eye," by Lopsang Rampa, a story presented as the autobiography of a Tibetan lama.

When Rowena Farre was 10 years old and holidaying on the Isle of Lewis, in the Outer Hebrides, a fisherman gave her a baby seal, which he had found washed up on the beach.

She took it to her aunt's home, a lonely Scottish croft in one of the wilder and more barren corners of Sutherland.

Pets already in residence included two squirrels, a rat, two otters, and a pair of goats.

There, for the next seven years, Lora (the seal) slept on a couch in her mistress' bedroom, dined at night on dog biscuits soaked in milk and oil, swam in the nearby loch, and learned to entertain on the mouth-organ and xylophone.

She also learned to play something closely resembling "Danny Boy" on a toy trumpet. The book's highlight is where Lora, "the most sociable and extroverted of creatures," is taken to Aberdeen to perform at a concert and sabotages the performance of a rival soprano.

No animal at the croft was kept against its will, and one day Lora simply failed to return from her usual swim.

The faithfully recorded story of the changing seasons, the minute observation of the abounding wild life, and a genuine feeling for the character of the region's people give the book a quiet and unusual charm.

Whether or not Lora is authentic, Rowena Farre's story will delight most readers.

Published by Hutchinson. Our copy from Morgan's Book Shop, Sydney.

INTO THE TENTH MILLENNIUM, by Paul Capes (Heinemann). A young English husband and wife volunteer to submit themselves to a strange experiment with time. Brightly told, and fine for anyone who likes something different.

THE HAUNTED LAND, by Randolph Stow (Macdonald). A first novel, set in Western Australia at the turn of the century. Andrew Maguire, of "Malin," is a squatter tyrant who finds his five children refuse to be owned like his acres.

THE PROBLEM OF PAIN, by C. S. Lewis (Collins Fontana Book). A Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and a distinguished layman Christian thinker, the author sets out here to discuss in understandable terms the problem of suffering and faith. Inspiring and rewarding reading.



NEW NYLONS ?

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"Wash nylons in Lux because it's so safe!"

CONGRATULATIONS for the clever girl, who has saved £s.d. on her nylons by washing them in Lux after each day's wear.

YOU SEE THEM HERE: fine 15 denier nylons; smooth, unsnagged, glamorous as new—even after wearing and washing them every day for five whole weeks!

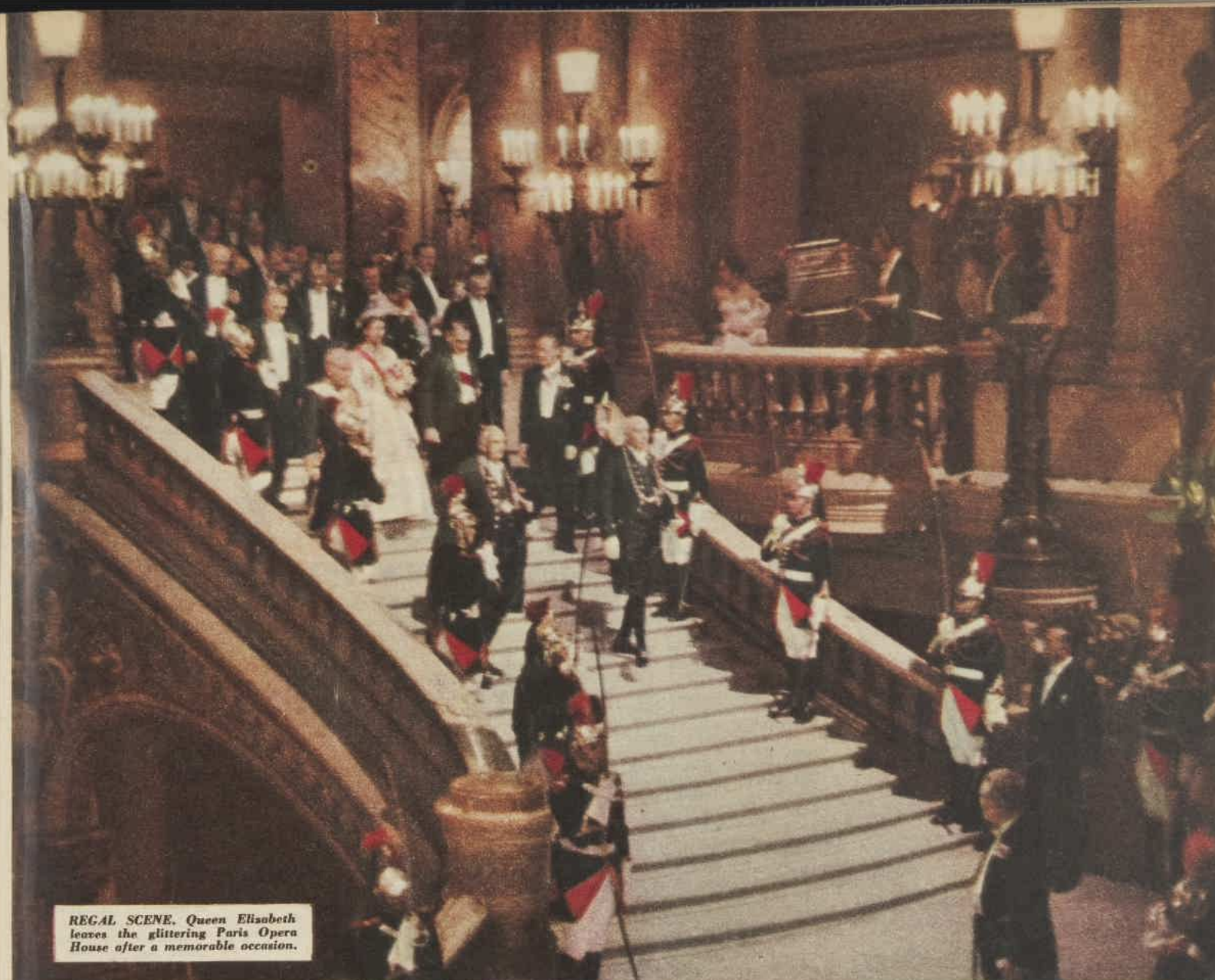
AS THE MANUFACTURERS of Beau Monde Hosiery say: "Harsh washing methods and bar-soap rubbing only weaken delicate threads. Nylons need the safe, washing care of Lux. Dip them in lukewarm Lux suds after every wearing and they'll keep their elasticity and stay lovely to wear months longer."

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BOON FOR DISHES TOO: For as little as a penny a day, you can wash-up the pleasant way—with Lux. And keep your hands soft, smooth and youthful!

LUX is so safe you'll want to use it always



REGAL SCENE. Queen Elisabeth leaves the glittering Paris Opera House after a memorable occasion.

THE QUEEN ENCHANTS PARIS

• The Queen's State visit to Paris rightly has been described as the most triumphant occasion of her reign since the Coronation. Queen Elisabeth astonished and excited Parisians with the elegance and poise she has acquired in the nine years since she paid her honeymoon visit to their lovely city.



THE entente cordiale, which was revived in the hearts of the French from the moment the Royal visit was arranged, has never been firmer than in the four days when all Paris surrendered to the charm of the Queen, and took her to its Republican heart.

At times they called her "Our Queen," and went into raptures about her clothes, loveliness, and elegance.

"She's young and vital," one young Frenchman told me. "She is stimulating, like the very air of spring."

However, nothing touched

LEFT: Queen Elisabeth was poised and lovely when she attended the opera.

From ANNE MATHESON,
who was in Paris for the State visit

the hearts of the French more than Queen Elisabeth's first gesture on arrival, when she asked that flowers be placed on the tomb of President Coty's late wife.

A superb wreath was rested on the tomb at Le Havre at the exact moment when the Queen set foot on French soil.

Queen Elisabeth charmed the French again when she drove up the Champs-Elysees with Prince Philip and laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior at the Arc de Triomphe.

Before and after the Last Post was sounded, a band played "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and the crowd wept as it joined in the song

that was a favorite in World War I and has never been forgotten in France.

On all the State occasions—the visits to the Theatre de Gabriel, the Louvre, the Opera, the lunch at Versailles, and the carnival trip down the Seine at night—the Queen impressed everyone with the elegance of her wardrobe.

"Elle est tres chic," "Elle est charmante," "Elle est exquise," gasped the French when they saw the Queen's new slim-fitting dresses and the deeper colors she wore in preference to her usual pastels.

The editor of "Elle"—France's Women's Weekly—told me: "Your Queen has

new sophistication. Her clothes are quite striking."

"The Queen knows what suits her, and is now dressing her own way, which is quite perfect," said the French. "A woman can't wear pastels all the time, even if she is a Queen."

They attributed a black-and-white day dress she wore on one occasion to the influence of photographs of penguins taken by Prince Philip in the Antarctic.

The visit was such a personal triumph for her that there were times when Prince Philip seemed forgotten.

Paris, more than any other city in the world, is a woman's city, and acclamation for the Queen frequently left the Duke right out.

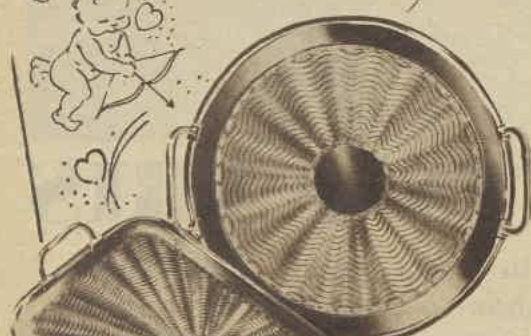
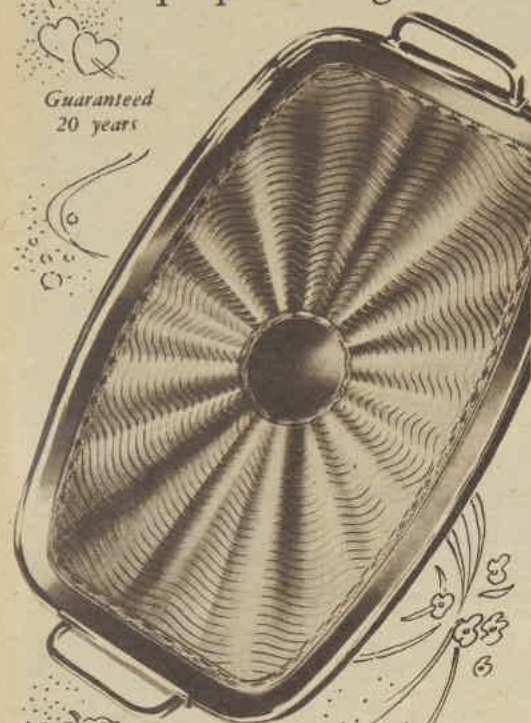
(Continued overleaf)

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AT JEWELLERS AND LEADING STORES



LEFT: The Queen, looking
slim and young, examines
a model of the Paris Metro
presented to Prince Charles.



ABOVE: Queen Elizabeth,
escorted by French Premier
Mr. Guy Mollet, arrives at
the reception at the Louvre.

THE QUEEN ENCHANTS PARIS (Continued from page 3)

The Queen's dress for the Opera, following the President's State Banquet, was described as the "most magnificent she has worn since her Coronation."

The gown of ivory satin was full-skirted with a slim-fitting corset, and was delicately embroidered to compliment the French.

Flowers of France were picked out in gold thread and finest tracery of bead jewellery.

The Queen's night at the Opera recaptured all the gaiety and wonders of the French capital.

Fashion writers from all over the world agreed that nowhere had they seen smarter dressing.

"French women are very sure of themselves, and can wear these wonderful creations," said the wife of an American Embassy official, "but the Queen of England was truly regal."

"She walked up that marble staircase in a heavy satin gown without a falter. Not one Frenchwoman, for all their elegance, achieved it so superbly."

Among the luckiest girls in Paris were six employees at the British Embassy whom the Queen presented with

lovely pieces of jewellery.

The Queen also presented a gift to her cousin, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, who is one of the Embassy secretaries.

On the night the Queen and Prince Philip sailed down the Seine, Paris was one big party.

The smartest were called "Queen's parties," and were given by world-renowned hostesses in apartments overlooking the Seine.

On Ile Saint Louis, Princess Bibesco, the famous writer, had her apartment decorated with fresh red and white roses.

Her 40 guests included Prince Louis de Polignac, cousin of Prince Rainier, and Prince and Princess Philippe de Broglie. She was formerly Betty Lamb, of Sydney.

Actor Jean Louis Barrault and his wife, Madeline Renault, also a star at the Comedie Francaise, were at film-star Martine Carol's party.

Stars' parties

MAURICE CHEVALIER and Rene Clair were among the guests at the home of writer Louise de Vilmorin; youthful Francoise Sagan, world-famous novelist, gave a party for some of the young Paris intellectuals.

Queen Elizabeth singled out Anne Matheson at a reception attended by 2500 French men and women at the famous Louvre during her Paris visit.

Anne has covered every major Royal tour and State visit for us since the late King George VI came to the throne, and is known to the Royal Family.

Walking through the Salon de la Reine in a magnificent kingfisher-blue faille evening dress, the Queen stopped with a smile in front of Anne and said:

"Have you been here all the time? I do hope you are enjoying yourself. Isn't this a wonderful city?"

Anne Matheson, who dropped a deep curtsy as the Queen paused in front of her, said that the entire Royal procession through the Louvre was held up as the Queen talked to her about the wonders they had both seen since they arrived in France.

Prince Philip, who was walking a good six paces behind the Queen because French protocol demands that every woman be escorted by at least two dozen men, also stopped when he recognised Anne.

Prince Philip, whom Anne had last seen in Lisbon, told her it was "good to see you still travelling with us."

When Anne said it wasn't far from London to Paris, the Duke said, smiling, "Not more than a quick flip in Australia."

Prince Philip asked Anne when she was going back to Australia, and when she replied it wasn't something she thought about much since royalty had made the world its playground, the Duke said: "Well, you seem to be everywhere we go."

Moving off in the procession, the Duke added with a smile, "See you in Denmark."

But perhaps the most expensive, as well as exclusive, of all the "Queen's parties" were given at the famous restaurant Tour d'Argent. They were mostly intimate family parties, and for the first time in its history the restaurant found children brought in as guests at £30 sterling per head.

At my table sat the youthful and excited Princess Maria Pia and her husband, Prince Alexander.

"She is so beautiful," sighed the Princess, herself an acknowledged beauty, as she watched the Queen's progress down the Seine.

The Queen asked that she be allowed to enjoy all the wonders of the Seine voyage without cameras trained on her.

So on that wonderful night the Queen, swathed in white fox fur over her sheath gown of silver lace, had television lenses trained on her only from a distance.

That was one of the few occasions when television close-ups of the Queen did not bring her right into the humblest French home.

The President's granddaughter, Madame Janine Lemarchal, who acted as his hostess during the Royal visit, instructed palace chefs to serve a good English breakfast to the Queen and Prince Philip during their stay.

So, every morning, bacon and eggs, omelet with brioches, croissants and marmalade were on the menu for the Queen, while for Prince Philip the young hostess drew up a menu starting with porridge and followed by kippers, bacon and eggs, etc.

For the State visit, Queen Elizabeth was reported by Paris papers to have ordered only nylon underwear, because she wanted "Bobo" MacDonald, her personal maid, who has been seriously ill, not to miss the Paris trip, and wanted to make the work as light as possible for her.

Touched by the fact that the Queen's maid insisted on being with her Royal mistress in Paris in spite of her recent illness, French people turned the visit into a minor Royal progress for Bobo.

"Bobo, Bobo," the little midinettes shrieked as Miss MacDonald with the Queen and Prince Philip's small personal staff drove from Orly airport to the Elysee Palace on the day of the Queen's arrival.

She was feted at the palace and given a room as near to the Queen as possible.

The room was furnished with many palace treasures, and every day little posies of flowers arrived for Bobo from seamstresses, and lovely fresh blooms from countrywomen.

The thoughtful French people asked Miss MacDonald at the end of the visit whether she had enough bags in which to pack the various gifts the Queen had received.

Learning that Miss MacDonald was about to buy extra bags, the Leather Syndicate presented her with one specially made.

"Everyone at the palace has great admiration for Miss MacDonald," said the palace florist, known simply as "Harry." "She is the person closest to the Queen and we feel she must be a very grand lady to have this honor."

"She must be wonderful to keep the Queen looking so immaculate," said several women running a laundry nearby.

Below stairs at the palace, Bobo was treated with all the reverence accorded to her Royal mistress, and her every move was watched with intense interest.

"Always calm"

MISS MACDONALD was wonderful. She was never excited, never ruffled," some of the staff told me. "We trembled when the Queen walked from her room. Bobo was calm."

Though Bobo is herself a lady's maid, the French decided she must have a lady's maid to wait on her.

"She is a person tres important," they said.

But perhaps the biggest compliment the French paid Bobo for the way in which she ensured the Queen always looked immaculate was when they murmured, "She is really Parisienne."

AN ANZAC REMEMBERS...

Forty-two years ago Alan MacPhee, a slim youngster in a torn greatcoat and battered hat, his face gravel-rashed from a Turkish machine-gun burst which ploughed the sand at his feet, was one of the last men of his battalion to leave Gallipoli Peninsula at the end of that heroic and bungled campaign.

BUT Alan MacPhee, of Balgowlah, N.S.W., who will march through Sydney this Anzac Day with the remnants of the famous fighting 2nd, is, at 63, 15-stone, red-faced, with no hair, thick glasses, and a slight limp from a shrapnel wound picked up among the mud of France.

As he marches down Martin Place, wearing his service ribbons and French Croix de Guerre, he will be thinking—as he always does on these occasions—not of the open beaches of Gallipoli or the shell-wrecked villages of France, but of something that has always puzzled him: Why insane and brutal war should bring out the best in men, teach them the value and humility of mateship, make them brothers.

He will also be thinking—as he always does—of the coppers who marched beside him the year before and who will never march again—Quartermaster-Sergeant Ernie Kelly, of Quirindi; Sergeant Alex Patison, of Manly; Private Alf Ham, of Cammeray; Private Bill Walsh, of Concord, and of at least 17 others of the 2nd Battalion he knows who died between last Anzac Day and this.

As if to compensate for these losses, two battalion originals he hasn't seen for 40 years will rejoin the thinning ranks this April 25—Corporal Bill Boyd and Private Jim Ryan. Ryan went to the United States at the end of World War I and became an American citizen, but he has recently returned to his birthplace to become Australian again—this time by naturalisation.

One Digger's story

SITTING over several beers at the Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs Club in Sydney, which began in 1934 with 25 members and now has 1100, and where every picture in every room is a living excerpt from Gallipoli, Alan MacPhee told me his story.

● April 25 is a red-ringed date in the mind of many an Australian; a date that recalls a life-and-death struggle on a barren peninsula. That was in 1915, but in the minds of the men who were there Gallipoli has lost little of its original impact. Here is the story of one Anzac...



ALAN MacPHEE, a slim youngster at Gallipoli more than four decades ago, thinks of his coppers who gave their lives and the coppers who marched last year but will not march again. MacPhee now spends his spare time helping his fellow Diggers.

The MacPhees, who come from Fort William, in Scotland's far north, are a fighting family. Two members were at Waterloo, but

the first MacPhee to come to Australia in the 1850s was Alan's grandfather, Dr. Duncan MacPhee.

Alan MacPhee was born at Grafton, N.S.W., on September 22, 1894, where his father was Clerk of Petty Sessions, but the family later moved to Coonamble, and then to Manly, where Alan went to school, swam with the old Manly Life-Saving Club, and planned to go on the land.

Well before World War I, Alan was already working on a cattle station in central Queensland, but early in 1914, when he saw war coming, he returned to New South Wales, and was making rifles at Lithgow Small Arms Factory when the war began.

Australian history

HE enlisted from Lithgow, went overseas in 1915, and was at Gallipoli until the evacuation.

"I was one of the last 15 of D Company, 2nd Battalion, to leave the Peninsula," he told me. "By that time we were in the middle of blizzards and down to half a pint of water a day, and bully and biscuits."

"None of us had any idea that we were making a bit of history, or that one day we'd be honored as Anzacs. We were so cold, filthy, and hungry that all we wondered about was whether we could ever get off the Peninsula."

He was in France in 1916, was badly wounded in the arm at Pozieres, was evacuated to England, and returned to his battalion at the end of the year as a corporal. But he was a sergeant on an April morning

By RONALD McKIE,
staff reporter

in 1917 when, near Arras, he helped make a famous piece of Australian war history.

MacPhee was in command of a bombing patrol of eight men advancing on the village of Hermies when a German machine-gun opened on them from a sandpit dugout on the edge of a sunken road.

He said: "Private Bradshaw and Corporal McNeill were wounded, and the rest of us pinned down when Corporal Bede Kenny, a skinny six-footer who was lying beside me, called, 'Give me covering fire, Mac!' jumped to his feet and ran 70 yards across open ground to bomb the German dugout and kill the crew."

"It was one of the bravest things I've ever seen, and 'Chunder,' as we called him, got the Victoria Cross for it."

"Years later, when he was white-haired and 20 stone, marching with his V.C. cobbler 'Snowy' Howell on Anzac Day, I could still see him streaking across that ground against the early morning sky with the machine-gun hammering at him."

(Bede Kenny died in Concord Military Hospital in 1953.)

Escapade in France

ALAN MacPHEE, who was wounded again at Bullecourt, where he won the Croix de Guerre with Star, was later instructing in England when Bede Kenny, also an instructor, came to him one day and said: "Do you know what those — are going to do with me? They're sending me to instruct the — Jacks (military police). And I won't do it."

MacPhee and others, without Kenny's knowledge, faked a movement order for him back to France, with the connivance of the captain, and put him on a troopship.

When Kenny innocently reported to his already alerted unit in France he was "arrested" and charged with "attempting to kill the King's enemies without permission."

But when the leg-pulling was over, and Kenny realised he had been pushed out of England by a trick, he decided to stay on in France with his unit—and did until the end of the war.

MacPhee came home from the war to go sugar-farming for 10 years at Proserpine, north Queensland, and during this time he married Miss Molly Blaxland, a great-great-granddaughter of John Blaxland, one of the pioneers of the cattle industry and brother of Gregory Blaxland, of Blue Mountains crossing fame.

In the early 1930s, and still keen on the land, he went banana-growing at Coff's Harbor, but, as he says, "the skins fell off the bananas," and, in 1935, he sold his property and joined the Sydney real estate firm of R. V. Dimond Pty. Ltd. He is still with that firm as a valuer.

In the past 20 years Alan MacPhee has given most of his spare time to helping his fellow-Diggers—as secretary and treasurer of the 2nd Battalion Association, as former treasurer of the Gallipoli Legion of Anzacs Club, and in many other ways.

"Every Anzac Day," he says, "I have never failed to be stirred by the enthusiasm and emotion of old people and young people who will wait for hours to watch a mob of old soldiers march."

Feeling of mateship

"I THINK it proved two things: That human memory isn't as short as we often think it is. And that, although many individuals and groups felt Australians before 1915, Australians collectively did not feel this until April 25, 1915."

"Anzac Day is a day when all Australians feel, as we Diggers felt at Gallipoli and in the trenches, a common sense of national mateship."

"And this is probably the real reason why the day has survived—and will survive."

Thousands will march

● Dawn services begin Anzac Day commemorations in Australia's capital cities. Here are the arrangements:

MELBOURNE: More than 24,000 men and women of two world wars are expected to take part in the mile-and-a-half-long Anzac Day march from the corner of Bourke and Swanston Streets to the Shrine of Remembrance.

Disabled servicemen and elderly war nurses will join a transport column which moves off from Flinders Street at 1.45 p.m., half an hour before the march starts at 2.15 p.m.

The women's section will be led by Colonel (Matron) A. M. Sage. There will be 57 bands, including pipe bands. The salute will be taken by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Edmund Herring.

SYDNEY: Anzac Day march and services will begin with the Dawn Service at the Cenotaph in Martin Place.

The march, led by the Governor, Sir John Northcott, and commanded by Rear-Admiral G. D. Moore, will start at 9.10 a.m.—down Martin Place to George, Park, and College Streets, then to the Domain.

The Commemoration Service in the Domain will start about 11.45 a.m.

ADELAIDE: The Governor, Sir Robert George, will attend the dawn service at the War Memorial on North Terrace.

Up to 14,000 ex-service men and women will join the morning march, led by six grand marshals of the serving and past forces, from Victoria Square, down King William Street, Rundle St., Charles St., and North Terrace to King William Rd.

The procession will end in Pennington Gardens, where the Rev. H. E. G. Shepherd, R.A.A.F. padre of World War II, will conduct the service.

BRISBANE: At 4.18 a.m. ex-servicemen will march to slow beats of drums from King George Square to the Shrine, where 7000 will gather for sounding the reveille, hymns, and laying of wreaths.

At 2.30 p.m. the march will begin at King George Square, the salute being taken at the City Hall by Lieut.-General V. C. Secombe.

Artificial flowers go Ritzy

● These fascinating flower pieces are the handcraft of a talented young Australian, Bruce Arnott, who made and arranged them. The flowers are made from paper and silk and are grouped with wheat-ears, thistle-heads, seaweed, and leaves that the designer gathers and paints in gold, silver, and colors. He had an original idea when he added ostrich feathers for extra drama.



EXOTIC ARRANGEMENT by Bruce Arnott is shown above. He has used paper flowers, painted Moreton Bay fig leaves and feathers, and put them in a glass container.



SILK FLOWERS set among silver-sprayed seaweed, feathers, and painted leaves are tied with velvet.



LEFT: Paper flowers, painted palm leaves and thistle heads in a brass and copper urn. Above: Roses backed with painted loquat leaves, feathers.



UNUSUAL GRACE is captured in the skilful grouping of paper flowers, ostrich feathers, and leaves, all in delicate pastel colors, that fill this vase. Color pictures by R. Cleland.



SPECIAL OFFER FOR AUTUMN:

● Here is a quality (and glamor) buy, a dress-and-jacket suit in soft angora wool. The suit comes in high-fashion colors, lipstick (above), midnight-blue, and leaf-green. The white accent and accessories are a natural for the colors selected. About color: Don't be frightened of lipstick; we think it's smashing, even on a red-head, if her make-up takes note of the color. Leaf-green is perfect for blondes and for creamy-skinned brunettes; midnight-blue is especially for the girl with blue eyes. The dress-and-jacket suit, which was chosen by Candy Hardy, can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew. See details of the offer on page 28.

BEWARE of URTI!

Upper Respiratory Tract Infection.

* The menace of URTI is real! Symptoms of sore throat, sneezing, running nose, headache and languid feverish conditions forewarn an attack of URTI, often leading to other more serious illnesses. Beware of URTI.

Gargling Antiseptic LISTERINE

helps you avoid
dangerous illnesses
originating
in the mouth

Tests prove it

Tests prove that Listerine reaches way back on throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work.

In fact, Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling... as much as 80% even an hour later.

LISTERINE kills germs by millions— instantly!

Antiseptic Listerine is so easy and pleasant to use. All you do is gargle it undiluted three times a day... it's as easy as that. And it's so pleasant-tasting, too! Takes only 30 seconds, but protects for hours.

It's SAFE!

The Listerine treatment is safe... it doesn't burn or sting. More important, for your kids' sake, Antiseptic Listerine is harmless if accidentally swallowed.

LISTERINE will protect ALL your family from so many illnesses!

Besides helping in the fight against URTI, Antiseptic Listerine is invaluable for fighting many other illnesses which attack the body through the oral cavity. You can't afford to be without a bottle of Antiseptic Listerine in your bathroom cabinet.

LISTERINE—in 3 convenient sizes—in all chemists and stores!

Available in 3 oz., 7 oz., and 14 oz. bottles.

ANTISEPTIC LISTERINE

87% of all infections
initially attack
the body orally

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are:

Hepatitis Influenza
Pneumonia Scarlet Fever
Polio Common Cold

Antiseptic Listerine helps your body fight these dangerous infections. Don't give them a chance. Get busy with the Listerine to-day!

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● I would like to see the television programmes that appear in the daily newspapers given in greater detail. At present, finding good programmes is as easy as winning a lottery.

HERE'S an instance.

Three of Sydney's top naturalists have sessions on TV. They are interesting and educating to viewers of all ages. But no mention of them is made in the daily programmes.

All the programmes list are children's sessions without indication that the naturalists appear in them.

THE naturalist at Channel 9, TCN, is Dr. Allen Keast, 33-year-old Curator of Birds and Reptiles at the Australian Museum.

His talks on Thursdays to the Channel Ninepins between 6 and 6.15 are illustrated by live specimens, films, slides, and pictures, and are lively, animated affairs.

At the moment, and for the next few weeks, he is dealing with the insects, frogs, spiders, and general wild life that you find in your garden.

A fascinating fact about Dr. Keast is that he was once a guest at a cocktail party on a big Northern Territory property where they served goanna savories. He is really keen about eating goanna and rather fancies goanna mornay.

Dr. Keast, who is red-headed, and says he is "not married, engaged, or hopeful," is just back from America, where he took his doctorate of philosophy at Harvard University.

"TOM the Naturalist," who is Alan Colefax, a senior lecturer in zoology at Sydney University, is heard on Channel 2, ABN.

To illustrate his talks he uses live specimens or models which he makes himself.

One of the mechanical models which he made was of a bee sting, three feet long.

It takes him a minimum of two days to prepare and collect or make the "props" for a 10-minute show, heard some time after 5 p.m. every second Monday.

Mr. Colefax is going abroad for 12 months, and is handing over his session to two of his colleagues. He will introduce them on his final session on ABN on April 29.

Both the new naturalists, Mr. W. H. Dawbin and Mr. N. G. Stephenson, are New Zealanders, who are also senior lecturers in zoology at Sydney University.

Mr. Dawbin will start his sessions by showing and talking about a New Zealand tuatara, a rare reptile, like a miniature dragon, which is almost extinct.

Mr. Dawbin has a way with tuatara, and is the only person in the world who has been able to persuade them to breed in captivity.

For this reason he has a dispensation from the N.Z. Government to have tuatara in Australia.

MR. J. R. KINGHORN, who was assistant director of the Australian Museum until his retirement last year, has a spot, twice a week, in the Captain Fortune Show on Channel 7, ATN.

The children love him, and he loves the children, who compete fiercely to appear on his session with their pets.



DR. ALLEN KEAST, TCN's naturalist, is our technical advisor on the popular picture series "These are Australian."

The anxiety of Mr. Dease, the mortification of Mr. Jolliffe, the poise of the young contestant, and the general scurry that went on was apparently wonderful TV stuff. But it had an unhappy sequel.

The film was faulty and can't be used; Mr. Jolliffe has banished his gliders from public appearances until they are completely groomed for stardom and well behaved, and there has been general unhappiness all round.

★ ★ ★
ABOUT neon signs on TV towers:

Claude Neon Ltd., through Mr. K. Yiend, tells me that maintenance at the height required is one of the difficulties. He put it succinctly: "We have steeplejacks and engineers, but we haven't a steeplejack who is an engineer, or an engineer who is a steeplejack."

I'm told that the ABN tower is to have a lift inside that goes up to a height of 300ft. and has been installed for the maintenance of aerials and associated equipment, but this doesn't necessarily make a sign possible.

For a start, the Postmaster-General mightn't want one. Then stresses and strains on the structure have to be considered, as well as voltage and wind-resistance problems. All the towers are designed to resist a wind of 120 m.p.h. (the greatest wind strength ever recorded in Sydney is 95 m.p.h.) and it is possible that the signs could increase the total pressure of the wind beyond the safety margin.



"TOM the Naturalist" of ABN.

He uses live specimens and the preserved variety as well as pictures to answer the children's questions.

Mr. Kinghorn, at 65, is a person who really loves his job.

"TV has brought me a new life and career, built on the foundations of my old one," he said.

★ ★ ★

THE Quiz Kids' debut on Channel 7, ATN, is still vague. Most mentioned date so far is May 12. But preparation of the show, to be filmed and recorded so that it may be seen and heard simultaneously on TV and radio, is causing trouble.

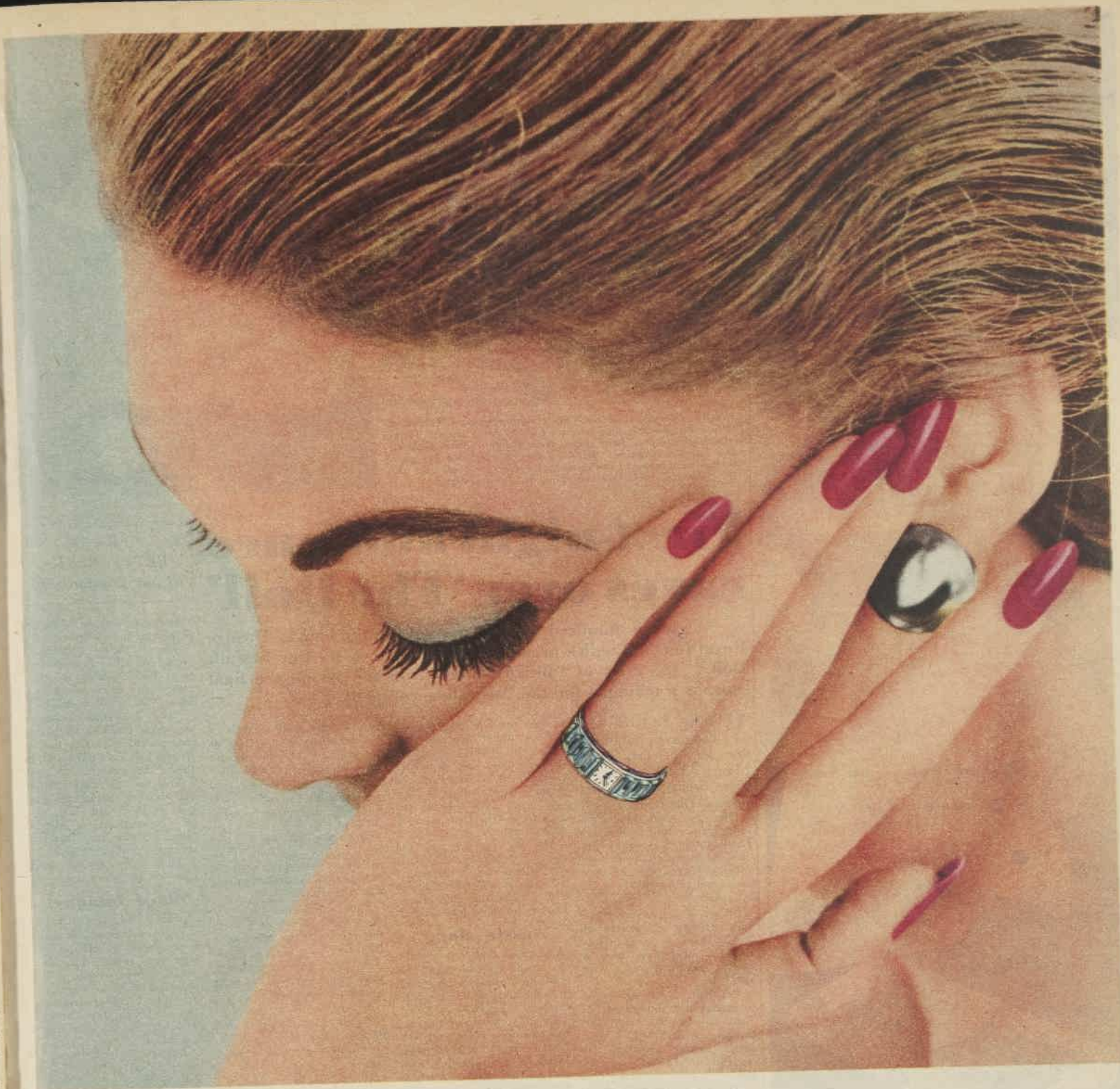
The show is to be enlivened by guests, but seven guests recently enlivened it far beyond what was anticipated.

The guests were famous cartoonist Eric Jolliffe and his six phalangers (tiny, grey, gliding possums). Loosed among the Kids, one glider, basking on the guest Quiz Kid's mortar-board, disgraced itself entirely.



MR. J. R. KINGHORN, of ATN, photographed on TV with an American eared owl.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 24, 1957



The smallest watch in the world

SO tiny a match head could cover its lovely face! For over 300 years now, the Swiss watchmaker has been miniaturizing the 125-and-more intricate parts that go into a fine, jewelled-lever Swiss watch. For making the world's smallest watch—its thinnest—its most complex—is a near and dear thing to his heart—next only to his obsessing ambition to build the world's finest, most advanced watches.

This versatility and ingenuity of the Swiss watchmaker manifests itself in all the most telling ways of time. The water-resistant watch that protects from both dampness and dust had its genesis in

Switzerland. Swiss, too, are watches that wind themselves, buzz alarms, and go beyond time to measure speed, sound, distance.

Plan to see all these modern Swiss jewelled-lever watches at your jeweller. *His knowledge is your safeguard.*

• IN GENEVA, as in all seven of the watch-making cantons in Switzerland, the traditions started almost four centuries ago are inspiring the watch wonders of to-day. *Time is the Art of the Swiss.*

The Watchmakers of Switzerland



SW.151.FPC

Page 9

give Mother the gift
she'd choose herself

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sheets & pillow cases



- woven stronger to wear longer
- generous sizes measured AFTER hemming
- free from dressing
- hygienically boxed.



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GUARANTEE: Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear, they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

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ABOVE: Members of the cast romping around Trafalgar Square borrowed a road-sweeper's outfit for a laugh. From left, Madge Ryan, June Jago, Ken Warren, Ethel Gabriel, and Fenella Maguire. RIGHT: Ray Lawler and his wife, Jackie, read some of the good-luck cables from all over the world, including one from Sir John Gielgud.



First-night audience raves over 'The Doll'

Eighteen hundred people packed Nottingham's Theatre Royal for the English premiere of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." The cries of "Bravo!" and "Author!" made the final curtain a triumph for the Australian company.

VIVIEN LEIGH, who had driven from London for the first night, clapped till her hands stung, while tears coursed down her face.

The cast stood for curtain after curtain until author Ray Lawler stepped forward (an even more modest figure than usual in his rough Barney costume and make-up) to make his speech.

"When I was a boy, and very devoted to stories of Robin Hood, I thought Nottingham must have been a pretty enchanted place," he said.

"Tonight, I see no reason to change that impression." As soon as she could get through the crowd Vivien Leigh rushed backstage to congratulate Lawler and the cast.

"It's one of the truly great plays which have no national barriers," she told them. "I just know it will be one of the biggest successes of this London season."

"It's so long since the West End has had a play with such real people in it."

Rushing from dressing-room to dressing-room with tears still drying on her cheeks, she had a special word of praise for every member of the cast.

While Ray Lawler was still scrubbing off his make-up tan, two representatives of the B.B.C. burst into his dressing-room to make arrangements for a television presentation of the play.

Opening night was the culmination of the two most exhausting weeks for the company since the play opened more than a year ago in Australia.

After a 48-hour hold-up on the flight to England, they've had daily rehearsals

in two London theatres with the unfamiliar sets of other shows still running.

Then they had dress rehearsals till all hours of the previous Sunday night in their own newly built set after the long train trip from London to Nottingham.

On the morning of the opening night they had a final run through with mounting nervousness as they realised that at last the day of the English premiere had arrived.

Aussie slang

ALL fears that the audience might not understand the typically Australian jargon of the characters and atmosphere came to a head.

In addition, two of the cast had streaming colds, and Ray Lawler's pretty brunette wife, Jackie, who is expecting twins next month, was having a difficult time hiding from Ray that she was very ill.

The Nottingham skies threatened snow, and the temperature seemed to back their prophecy.

A bitterly cold wind was sweeping the grey streets as the cast got into the theatre for their half-hour call.

But a warming sight was already at the box office — it had been filing past steadily all day.

From the first entrance line the audience was with it all the way. Their quick response to the earthy Australian humor was wholehearted.

Their complete silence as the tragedy of the story came through was even more of a tribute.

By the first-act curtain, many people around me were weeping unashamedly.

In the foyer at intervals, comments from the usually undemonstrative Midlands audience were more than reassuring.

When June Jago sank to the floor cuddling the tinsel doll and sobbing at the second-act curtain, the silence in the auditorium lasted several seconds before the applause broke out. Then it came in wave

By
BETTY BEST,
of our London staff

after wave, and we knew the play was an assured success.

The leading Nottingham critic, in his three-column rave notice next morning, caught the spirit which had moved the whole audience.

"The Australian Commonwealth is teaching its parent that theatrically it is finding its feet and does not totter on them," he wrote.

This was the only part of the thrilling notice the cast read as they made their way to Nottingham's splendid Council House for a Mayoral reception next morning.

They had not had much time for rest even then.

Gave banquet

AFTER the show Laurence Olivier Productions, which is presenting the play in England, gave them a banquet.

Sir Laurence could not be present because he was having a final dress rehearsal of a new John Osborne play, "The Entertainer," in which he opened the following night.

But in spite of the four-hour drive ahead of her back to London, Vivien Leigh insisted on coming.

From the restaurant she rang her husband to tell him, "It's even more wonderful than I realised when I read the script — and you know how much I wept over that."

"It is the most authentic piece of real life I have seen for years, and every member of the cast is perfect."

"You've got a real hit on your hands."

At the reception Mrs. Cox, wife of Nottingham's Mayor, presented the women in the party with dress lengths of Nottingham lace, chosen to suit each woman's coloring.

The week's run in Nottingham will be followed by a week in Edinburgh and another in Newcastle before the opening in London at the New Theatre, one of the most famous in the West End.

"If London audiences are anything like our first I shall be the happiest bloke in London," said Ray.



AT THE BANQUET after the premiere, Vivien Leigh tells producer John Sumner how moved she was by the show. She had just telephoned Sir Laurence Olivier in London to tell him of the show's tumultuous reception.



PETER PAN BALL. Members of the three-man American polo team, Concar, here to play in night polo matches at the Show, attended the Peter Pan Ball with Mr. and Mrs. Dougal Bray, of "Ranelagh," Eugovera. From left are: Dougal Bray, Gordon von Tempaky, Mrs. von Tempaky, Mrs. Manduke Baldwin, Mr. Baldwin, Mrs. Laurence Smith, Mrs. Bray, and Mr. Smith, who is captain of the Concar team.



COUNTRY GUESTS at the ball held at Princes in aid of the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten were Mrs. and Mrs. David White, of "Havilah," Mudgee. Mrs. White chose a flower-trimmed dress of sky-blue tulle.



AT THE SHOW. Sue Scales, of "Inveraray," Cassilis, and her grey Galloway, Solo, on their way to the practice ring for a quick gallop before competing in the dressage events.



WED IN ENGLAND. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chapman after their wedding at Christ Church, London. Mrs. Chapman was formerly Audrey Budd, of Murrumbidgee. Roy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. M. Chapman, of Cheam, Surrey.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

OVERSEAS and interstate visitors have been swelling the usual flood of country folk who pour into Sydney each year for the Royal Easter Show and the Autumn Race Meeting at Randwick.

"It's back to Sydney week," said one suntanned country boy watching the cattle-judging at the Show.

There is the usual non-stop round of parties, dinners, and balls . . . country folk, full of stamina, spending the day at the Show, then dancing until the dawn.

VOTED one of the best dinners ever was the Shorthorn Society buffet at the Pickwick Club. President Jack Carter and his wife, of "Kikiamah," Young, received more than 270 guests, including the Tony Horderns, of "Round Hill," Culcairn, and the Hector McFarlanes, of "Milly Milly," Young.

I CAUGHT a glimpse of Mrs. George Falkiner dashing through the horse pavilions to watch her horses being unloaded when they ar-

rived from "Haddon Rig," Warren. She was wearing a green-and-white-checked shirt with her jodhpurs and tied a scarlet silk square round her blond hair.

COMPETING in her first Royal Easter Show is Judy Kater, of "Grampian Hills," Scone. Judy had special leave from Ascham to take part in equestrian events . . . she rode her hack Romany, who was bred at "Grampian Hills."

MELBOURNE visitors for the autumn races at Randwick will include Sir Chester and Lady Manifold. They fly to Sydney with their blonde daughter Sally, and Sarah Gilder, of Maffra, Vic.

CONCAR, crack American polo team visiting Sydney specially for the Show, hopes to compete in the County polo tournament to be



DOWN THE AISLE at St. Mark's, Darling Point, walk Mr. and Mrs. Brian Upton, followed by Graham Vaughan and Judy Dryhurst and flowergirl Patty-Lou Reuss. Bride was Jacqueline Reuss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reuss.



LEAVING All Saints' Church, Woollahra, are Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Manchee. Lionel is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Manchee, of "Yamburgon," Noondoo, Queensland, and the bride was formerly Rania Sanderson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Sanderson, of "Wallah," Narrabri.

held on three days, April 24, 26, and 28, at Warwick Farm. Queensland will also send a team down to play against four teams from New South Wales . . . some of the local champions playing will include Dougal Bray, Jim Maple-Brown, Alec McLeod, and Hector King. And cheering from the sidelines will be Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Morgan . . . Laurie is just back from

a three-month trip overseas, where he won three hunter steeplechases in England—Windsor, Aintree, and Newbury—and came home second at Cheltenham. After the second day's play at the polo, Mr. and Mrs. Reg Farrell will give a buffet-dinner at their home at Bringelly.

Anne

**"My trousseau blankets were
Castlemaine, too, and they're
still as lovely as ever!"**



Castlemaine

PURE VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS

Generations of wise Australian women recognize Castlemaine Pure Virgin Wool Blankets for long-wearing quality, soft, fine warmth, and smart good looks. Choose Castlemaine Blankets for every bedroom of your home! — see Castlemaine Blankets in pretty pastels and gay check designs at any good store, now! Castlemaine Blankets are a lifetime investment!

"THE ARISTOCRAT OF BLANKETS"





ROSE OF THE WEST (*Eucalyptus macrocarpa*), also called Blue Bush and Desert Mallee. It is a native of Western Australia.



ILYARIE (*Eucalyptus erythrocorys*), another Western Australian tree. It is among the eucalypts suitable for cultivation in gardens.



CORAL GUM (*Eucalyptus torquata*). This graceful tree with its beautiful flowers is also popular as an ornamental tree for gardens.



THICK-LEAFED MALLEE (*Eucalyptus pachyphylla*) grows in the Northern Territory and Queensland. The mallees are dwarf gums.

These are Australian:

Gum blossoms

• Australia is the home of Eucalypts. There are 500 species and they are as truly Australian as the kangaroo.

A few extend to islands north of the continent—New Guinea, the Bismarck Archipelago, the Moluccas, and there is one species on Mindanao in the southern Philippines.

They have been introduced to several other countries, to California, Palestine, Ethiopia, Southern Africa, and Russia.

Pictured on this page are the flowers of five species. Four of them are from Western Australia.

Among the eucalypts are some of the best honey-plants in the world. They do not flower every year. Some flower scantily one year and profusely another. Because the trees show buds a year ahead of flowers, itinerant beekeepers are able to move hives around on trucks to favorable areas.

Botanists believe that the big group of nectar-eating Australian birds, the honeyeaters, must have evolved in conjunction with the eucalypts. The honeyeaters are the main pollinators of eucalypts, and their distinctive characteristic is a brush-like tongue, admirably designed for lapping up nectar.



BELL-FRUITED MALLEE (*Eucalyptus preissiana*), another lovely eucalypt of the West.

Rose of the West, Ilyarie, Coral Gum, and Bell-fruited Mallee, photographed by Mr. V. Serventy, of Perth; the Thick-leafed Mallee, by Mr. G. Chippendale, Alice Springs.

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FROM
WARM
INTERLOCK**

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**ATHLETICS
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KNEE PANTS**

- Finest suede interlock cotton fabric, knitted from top quality yarn.
- Warm and highly absorbent.
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- Guaranteed.

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Bond's T-Singlets for Junior, too!

FOR COMFORT AND FIT... IT MUST BE KNIT... BUY BOND'S

**THIS IS A
DROOPY-DORA**



Even its boss doesn't know how smart it is because, poor thing, it's always half-asleep. How bright, happy and efficient it would become if it would only get up **five minutes** earlier and tuck into a big, delicious, energising breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

**WIDE AWAKE
IDEA...**

More and more families are getting off to a wonderful start these mornings with a sustaining, satisfying breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Yours, too, we hope?

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IT seems to me many mothers of today must give their children a school-examination complex by being over-anxious that they should top the class. These same mothers apparently do not take into consideration the fact that allowances must be made for a child's mental capabilities. They should realise that a child who is placed fifteenth may be a harder worker than the top one, and praise accordingly. Many teenage inadequacy symptoms must stem from this source.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Perks, 6 Jallard St., Denistone East, N.S.W.

SO many accidents occur in the home, and the most frequent victims are small children. It would considerably lessen the danger if all families kept a well-stocked first-aid box, complete with all requirements for the treatment of burns, haemorrhage, bites, general injury, and poisoning. For quick use in time of emergency, the box should always be kept in the same place, and its position known to all members of the family.

10/6 to Mrs. M. P. Foster, Kondinin, W.A.

FREQUENTLY I hear children being told by their elders that their school days will be the happiest days in their lives. I think this is wrong. School days are not necessarily the best days. For some youngsters they are beset with difficulties and frustrations. We should explain to children that all stages of life have their advantages and disadvantages, and must be accepted.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

THE older I become the more I realise there is an art in everything we do. For instance, if you have done a good turn for which you are being thanked don't say, "Forget it," but instead, "You're very welcome." And when paid a compliment by a man, have you answered, "I bet you say that to all the girls?" Next time, save your breath, and gain your first steps towards gracious living by giving a sincere, "Thank you!"

10/6 to Mrs. Betty Mundy, Nicholson St., East Coburg, Vic.

THERE is no need to sympathise with young married couples who have nowhere to live. The answer is to take a job in New Guinea for two years, and easily save £1000. If Romeo cannot be parted from his Juliet for so long, take her along, because there are plenty of positions for her.

10/6 to J. Sweeney, Port Moresby, Papua.

WHILE travelling abroad some time ago I saw at a bus stop a very attractive seat. On the back was an inscription in memory of an elderly couple who had died within a short while of each other. The seat had been given by their children and installed by the council. There are hundreds of bus stops in our suburbs where a seat would be welcome, and wouldn't such memorials be better than costly headstones erected in cemeteries?

10/6 to Mrs. R. Reynolds, 31 William St., Hornsby, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

I KNOW women who do the same things almost to the minute, on the same day, week after week. They never seem to relax because there is always the next job to be done, or they'll be behind schedule. What a life women like this lead—and their families! I wouldn't want to be like that. I help my aged parents and my daughter, who has four young children, keep a home nice, and get a lot of pleasure.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Small, 60 River Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Taking medicine

I CAN'T agree with the part of the method (explaining it is something only adults drink) recommended by Mrs. B. Crowe (3/4/57) for getting her small son to take medicine. What is going to happen the day the same small boy gets his hands on to a real adult drink? My guess is that he'll drink it. I think the only satisfactory way is to explain that the medicine is given to make the child well again. I am a diabetic, and have an injection every morning. My son often says, "I'm glad I don't have to take that." So am I. But in case either of my kiddies ever should have to, I always answer, "Well, I'm mighty glad to take it because if I didn't I would be a sick and sorry sight."

10/6 to Mrs. M. E. Smith, St. George's Rd., Bexley, N.S.W.

Family affairs

SUCH a lot has been written about the problems of the teenager that we determined to be on the alert for the times our four (close in years) would appear to need help. When the first was aged 15, we had a family conference. I said I would save the deposit on a radiogram (and I had to economise, because we are ordinary working people), and would they, as each left school and got a job, undertake to pay it off?

It is now paid for, and it has fallen to the lot of the two youngest to do their share by buying favorite records. On their own initiative, but with our encouragement, the children are now paying off a movie camera and film projector. The eldest boy and his friend are enlarging and enclosing a side verandah, and I can foresee only pleasantness in the so-called difficult years.

£1/1/- to "Marita," Yackandandah, Vic.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

SOME time ago on this page I exposed the activities of Obs.

These people are human obstacles who obstruct and obstruct.

A typical Ob stands in front of you at a railway booking office, asking for a special ticket that needs writing on it.

Nevertheless, it would be unfair to blame Obs for all the petty annoyances we meet with.

A lot of the trouble is due to Cons.

Cons are not people. They are things—contrary things that conflict, contend, confuse, and confound.

Typical familiar Cons are pieces of toast, which always fall on the floor butter side down, and children's balloons, which always burst.

There are some days when Cons seem to gang up on you.

The other morning I had a shower and found my towel was not there. Towels are frequent absentee Cons, like cheque-books, handkerchiefs, and season tickets.

Then I started to put my shoes

PEOPLE v. THINGS

on and one of the laces had a tag missing—a simple but very effective Con.

I tried to push the lace through a hole till I was red in the face.

After breakfast I wrote a letter.



I found that all the envelopes in the house had their flaps gummed down. In the tram I offered to help a pretty girl lift a window.

It was one of the Con windows that are usual on Sydney trams—it wouldn't budge an inch. While

struggling with it I tore a fingernail.

This sort of thing went on all day.

I went home that night looking for sympathy.

But my wife had been battling hard with Cons herself.

When she squeezed a toothpaste tube the paste came out of a hole in the side on to her fingers.

She was carrying a plate with some knives on it, and the knives slid off on to the floor—an old Con trick.

She broke a cup, adding one to our collection of surplus saucers.

"Why don't saucers ever break?" she asked bitterly.

The dye from a new red shirt had run in the washing machine when she was washing her best tablecloth.

I have been thinking over the whole problem.

Must we, the Little People, be victimised for ever by Obs and Cons?

Write and tell me what they are doing to you.

If we can only stick together, and warn and help each other, there may still be a way to fight them off.

CRISIS ON A CLIFF

A dramatic short story
By JAMES MCKINNEY



WHILE the garage attendant filled the petrol tank of their car, the man and the girl ran through the rainy night to the small cafe alongside.

As they seated themselves at a table the man glanced round the room. There was only one other customer — at the next table — a youngster of about twenty-one who obviously owned the flashy sports car outside.

George Fremore examined the boy a moment, watching the way he had paused in his eating to stare openly and appreciatively at Laurie. And then George looked at Laurie and Laurie met his eyes and winked at him. She was lovely and beaming and George felt the warm, good feeling flow through him.

A large man in a white apron appeared and asked, "Coffee?"

George nodded and then noticed his own reflection in a mirror across the room. He saw the handsome but older face; he saw the already greying hair. Laurie was no older than this boy, but he — he was fourteen years older. Something cold, something that had been moving inside him ever since they had set out on their journey, dulled the warm, good feeling.

The man placed two steaming cups of coffee in front of them.

Laurie tasted hers instantly, making a face. "Wonderful!" she breathed.

George turned to her, awed once again by her

fresh beauty. She did this like everything else; he let his coffee cool a little; she tried hers instantly and loved it.

The boy said, "Another cup, please, Mac." The man poured the coffee and brought it to the boy. Then he turned to George.

"From London?"

George nodded.

"Going far?"

"To the coast," George said.

"I don't envy you on that road — not on a night like this."

"I don't think it'll be too bad," George said quietly.

"Rain all day and now this mist," the man said.

"You'll have to take it easy, that's all."

The boy drank his coffee. "Oh, what's a bit of rain and mist? I'll be there before midnight. Easily."

There had been little reason for the boy's statement, George knew. He had just wanted to say something, anything. George knew why — to impress Laurie.

The boy kept smiling at Laurie and then he looked at George. He continued to smile, but in a different way — as though making an effort to pay deference

To page 76

With a sense of deep understanding
George held Laurie close in his arms while
the boy rested, still terrified.

Ron Jastri

Now! A new wonder formula for Australia's most popular shampoo

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam



"I never wash my hair with soap. I shampoo with 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam", says lovely Victoria Shaw, co-starring with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story".

Here's why 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam cleans faster — and is so wonderfully gentle.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam is based on a new, improved American formula—developed after years of study on women's hair care problems. 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a new kind of lather. You feel almost instantly a thick, soapless foam—rich and fragrant. Tiny, active bubbles work gently on the oils of your scalp—will not dry them out—but free them of dirt, dust and dandruff.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam rinses out quickly, completely. Your hair comes alive with its full natural colour. Perfect for oily, normal or dry hair and any shade of blonde, redhead or brunette.



Now, in the new, improved formula, 'Wonder-foam' is at all chemists in 4 sizes: small 3/3, large 4/11, Snip-pak 1/-, and giant economy bottle—8/6.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam Shampoo

A beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.



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Seamless and all but invisible. Exclusive ribbed elastic top gives greatest comfort and relief. Throughout entire length, right to the top, the stocking gives self-adjusting, scientifically accurate support. Ribbed instep gives complete foot comfort. World-famous Scholl Surgical Hosiery is cool, soft, non-irritating, ventilated. Available at Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores and Scholl Depots.

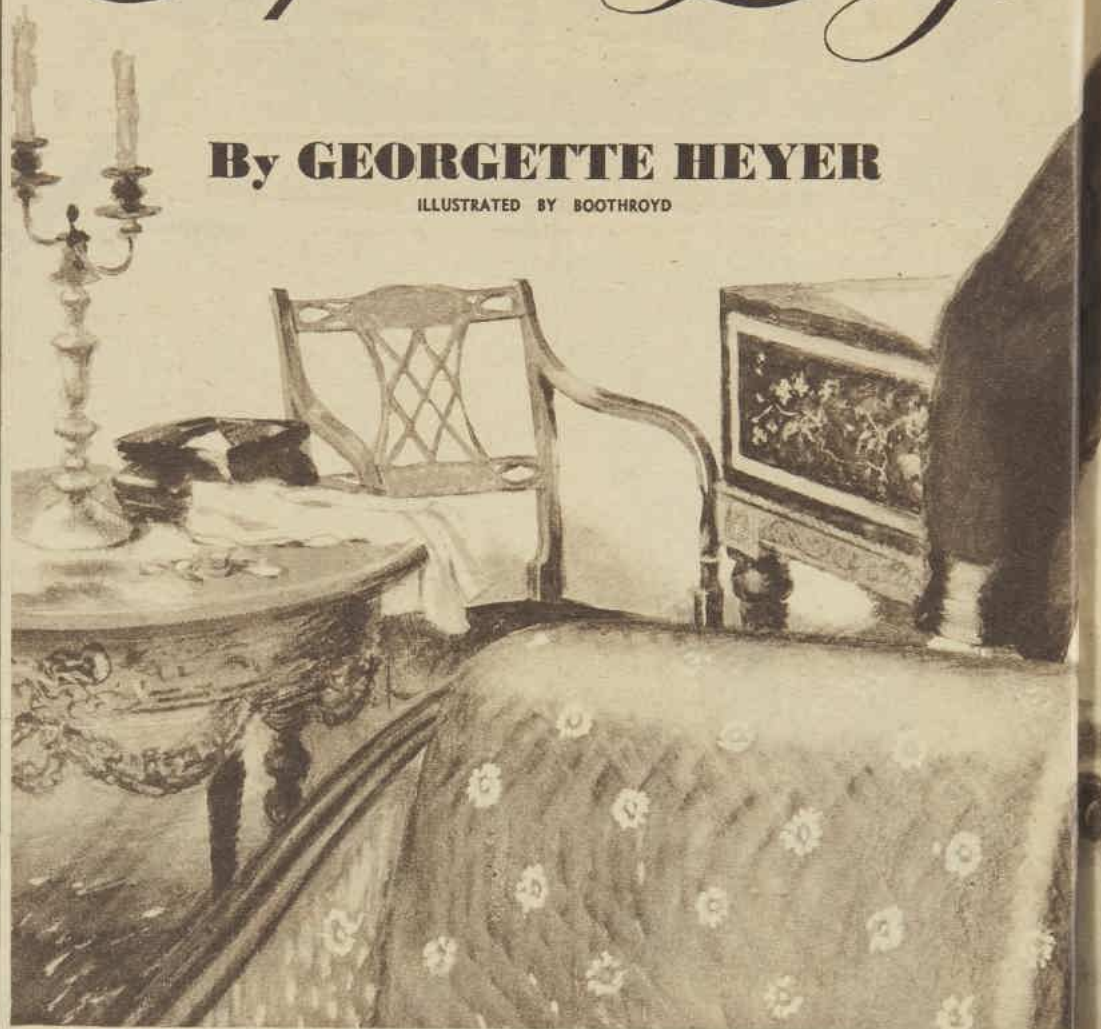
Also — Scholl NYLON Surgical Hosiery

Instalment four of our enchanting Regency five-part serial

April Lady

By GEORGETTE HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



IN the cynical world of rank and fashion of Regency London it was accepted that marriages were made for convenience and not for love. When his young wife, NELL, soon exceeds her generous allowance and begins to run up bills he has to pay, LORD CARDROSS comes to suspect that hers was such a marriage. He does not know Nell has lent money to her wild brother, DYSART, or that she inadvertently concealed the largest bill of all, and is now being pressed for payment.

In low water himself, Dysart thinks he will help Nell by staging a masked hold-up of her carriage during Cardross' absence in the country, raising money on her jewels, and repaying the loan. But the hare-brained scheme is spoilt when Nell recognises him.

Cardross' high-spirited young half-sister, LETTY, has also taken advantage of his absence. She is determined to defy him and marry JEREMY ALLANDALE, a dullish and poorly paid Foreign Office official, soon to be posted abroad. Getting no encouragement from Nell, who is loyal to Cardross, Letty has been plotting with her romantic-minded cousin, SELINA THORNE, at whose home she lived before coming to Nell and Cardross at Grosvenor Square.

On arrival back in London, Cardross tells Nell he has learned of the masked hold-up, which she excuses as having resulted from a foolish wager, fearful that if rebuked by Cardross, Dysart will confess to having borrowed from her. Knowing she is still further deceiving the husband she secretly adores, Nell sits down to write to Dysart and warn him he must make his story coincide with hers. NOW READ ON

NELL had just given the sealed billet to her footman when Letty came in, and at once it occurred to her that she, too, must be warned to say, if Cardross should question her, that Dysart had held them up for a wager. She could feel herself blushing as she told Letty what she had said to Cardross, but Letty was not at all shocked. "Oh, certainly!" she said, taking it as a matter of course. Nell hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry.

"So Giles is come home!" Letty remarked, slowly pulling off her gloves. "Well! I am positively glad of it!"

"Oh, yes!" Nell murmured. "Of course! I mean—"

"Because," pursued Letty, a martial light in her eye, "my affairs have now reached a Crisis!"

Nell, quite alarmed, exclaimed, "What in the world, love—"

"In six weeks—in less than six weeks—Jeremy sails for South America," announced Letty in a voice of doom.

"Oh, dear!" said Nell. "As soon as that! I am so very sorry!"

"Well, you need not be," said Letty. "Though I own I had rather not be married in such a scrambling way. However, I don't mean to repine, for that is a small thing, after all."

Nell regarded her uneasily. "But, dearest, there is no question—You cannot suppose Cardross will permit it."

"And neither he nor you," flashed Letty, "can suppose that I will permit my adored Jeremy to leave England without me! Unless he has a heart of stone, Giles cannot now refuse his consent."

Nell was unable to perceive why the imminent departure of Mr. Allandale should be supposed to melt Cardross' heart, and ventured to say as much. It was ill-received. Letty broke into an impassioned diatribe. This was not very coherent, but one plain fact emerged, Cardross was to be given a last chance to rehabilitate his character.

As far as Nell was concerned, this supplied all that was needed to set the crown on a singularly disastrous day. She begged Letty with great earnestness not to attempt to argue

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As Dysart dived a hand into his pocket and brought forth a roll of banknotes, Nell, recoiling, cried in bitter reproach, "How could you? Oh, Dy, what have you done?"

her case that evening; and when Letty, with a toss of her head, declared that she was not afraid of Cardross, warned her that his back had already been set up by Lady Chudleigh's letter.

A thoughtful silence descended upon Letty. After a few moments she said, with a nonchalance that would have deceived no one, "It is not of the least consequence. I shan't regard it if he does give me one of his scolds. Is he very angry, Nell?"

"No, but—oh, a good deal displeased, I fear! I believe he won't speak of it to you, if only you won't vex him!"

"Well, I won't say anything to him tonight," Letty decided. "What a fortunate thing it is that we are going to the play! I had meant to ask you if we need, because I haven't any inclination for it. Still, it won't do to fall into a lethargy, even though Cardross is determined to break my heart. He will be very well served if I go into a decline, for although I daresay he doesn't care a button what becomes of me, I shall leave a letter to be opened after my death, saying that it was all his doing, and he won't like that!"

Slightly heartened by this reflection, Letty then went off to change her dress. With rare tact she selected from her wardrobe a very demure half-dress of French muslin, and further heightened its modesty by arranging round her shoulders a lace fichu. This led her adoring abigail to look upon her with anxious concern, but upon the matter's being explained to her, Martha entered at once into the spirit of the thing, and contributed her mite by substituting a pair of silk mittens for the elegant kid gloves she had previously laid out.

Letty eyed them with disfavor, but consented to wear them; and presently burst upon her half-brother's sight as the embodiment of virtuous maidenhood.

The effect of this modest ensemble, though not what she had expected, was good. When she entered the drawing-room Cardross was looking stern, but after one glance at his pious little sister his countenance relaxed. He put up his glass, the better to study her appearance, and said dryly, but with a quivering lip, "Doing it rather too brown, Letty?"

Her saintly expression melted into one of engaging mischief. She twinkled roguishly, and stood on tiptoe to kiss his cheek. "Dear Giles! What an agreeable surprise, to be sure!"

"Turning me up sweet, my pet?"

She giggled. "No, no, it is the luckiest chance that you have come home, because the case is that we mean to go to the play tonight, and have no one to escort us!"

"What an abominable girl you are!" he remarked.

"Yes, but don't be cross!" she begged.

"It would be a waste of time. I entertain serious thoughts, however, of sending you to stay with Aunt Honoria. She may take you to the Assemblies at the Upper Rooms now and then — by the by, they end punctually at eleven! — but only if you are excessively well-behaved."

"Oh, what a horrid notion!" cried Letty, shuddering. "Aunt Honoria! Bath, too, of all places. But, of course, I should run away—to become an actress, I daresay, just to serve you out!"

"Nonsense! She will have you in subjection within a week! She frightens me to death!" he retorted.

"Very likely! There is more steel to my nerves, I promise you!"

He laughed, and upon dinner's being just then announced, bowed both ladies out of the door, and followed them downstairs to the dining-room. Bent on charming him into an acquiescent mood, Letty kept him amused by a good deal of nonsensical raillery, in which Nell took little part, merely smiling mechanically at Letty's more outrageous absurdities.

Nell's spirits were oppressed; and she was on tenterhooks lest Letty, encouraged by her brother's indulgent mood, should think the time opportune to broach the subject of her marriage. Dinner seemed interminable, though it was, in fact, shorter than usual, his lordship not having been expected.

The artists below-stairs had had time only to fling together the merest travesty of a second course, supplementing the soup, the pigeons, the polard à la Duchesse, and the morels of the first course with a grilled breast of lamb with cucumber prawns in a wax basket, and some cheese-cakes.

This very commonplace repast had not escaped censure from the steward; and Farley, who maintained a guerrilla warfare with the Gallic ruler of the kitchens, prophesied that his lordship would send a pretty sharp message downstairs. His lordship, however, made no comment; and, as for her ladyship, although she rejected most of the dishes and ate very sparingly of the others, this abstinence seemed to arise from loss of appetite rather from any particular distaste of what was offered her.

When they rose from the table the Earl, who had glanced rather narrowly at his wife several times during the course of the meal, asked her quietly if she was feeling quite the thing.

She said hurriedly: "Yes—oh, yes! A little tired, but nothing to signify!"

Letty, interposing in a helpful spirit, said that they were both of them quite fagged with balls and routs; and when Cardross suggested that they should remain at home, instead of going to Drury Lane, she at once lent her support to the scheme, reminding Nell that there had been no play put on for months that had been worth seeing.

For her part, she said, she would as lief stay at home and enjoy a comfortable coze. But, as Nell was well aware that her comfortable coze would speedily develop into an extremely uncomfortable altercation with her brother, she said that she wanted very much to see the play. Cardross at once bowed his acquiescence, but gone was the gentler note in his voice

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When a girl's beautiful she doesn't really need to be intelligent . . . a gay story

By PEG BRACKEN

MILLION

THERE are many ways to catch your boy. Some girls put vanilla behind their ears, so the fellow will think she is a sugar cookie or something, and some girls even take up bowling. The thing is, you've got to do something. I mean, you can't just sit there.

Of course, Betsy thought she had her boy. Betsy Mitchell is the swimsuit designer at Waterbabies, Inc., where I was a model, although I felt more like a chaperon, because I was twenty-seven. Anyway, I was just waiting for Andy to quit driving tanks down in Fort Knox and come home.

Betsy's boy was Doug Murphy, Waterbabies' promotion manager. He is quite tall with this very young face on top which makes a nice offbeat combination, and, when you looked at Doug and Betsy together, you could practically see their grandchildren. I mean, sometimes you have a feeling.

Only this was before Betsy's competition came along, and you cannot ignore your competition when it just so happens to be the most beautiful swimsuit model in the world. Glory May. Not that Betsy isn't a very live doll also. She is little and brown and warm, and can wear treader pants.

I have always admired this because I, personally, have this little thigh problem, and so I mainly model the mature suits at Waterbabies, which are the larger suits for women who go swimming, anyhow. Only, next to Glory May, even Betsy looks like somebody's aunt.

It all started with the Miss Shooting Star contest, which was a very huge thing. Universal Airlines was sponsoring it to introduce their new Shooting Star World Cruiser. All forty-two Miss Shooting Star contestants from all over the world would wear this one suit, and it would be televised from here to break-fast and featured all over, and I mean you just can't buy that. Also, if any swimsuit company ever needed a shot in the arm it was Waterbabies, Inc.

I remember the night Doug came over to Betsy's apartment and fell into a chair and told us, I was there on the floor doing hip rolls — my apartment is around the block and sometimes I get lonesome — and Betsy was at her drawing-board.

"Honey, what hit you?" she said. "You're pale green."

Doug lit a cigarette, which made two he had going, and he said, "Betsy, baby, you've got to build us a suit that will make Swimstars lie down and die. We're in it."

"No!" Betsy said. "You mean our founder actually agreed to enter that vulgar contest?"

"In a manner of speaking," Doug said. "I entered us and then told him. I have been in conference with our founder since five o'clock this afternoon."

He told us what happened. Mr. Waterbury thought the Shooting Star thing was the poorest idea since the invention of the automobile. Mr. Waterbury is a very wonderful man, but he founded Waterbabies back when they called them bathing dresses, and sometimes he still does. Actually, Mr. Waterbury's idea of real punchy advertising was "Good morning. Have you tried Smith's Soap?"

Anyway, he told Doug that the Miss Shooting Star contest was not dignified, and Doug said, "What do you want to be, dignified or still in business?"

And our founder got red and said undoubtedly the contest was all right for a firm like Swimstars, whose general manager, Jack Moynihan, was known to be not adverse to mention in the public prints and whose ethics had been rumored to be not above reproach.

And Doug said, "If you mean a publicity-happy gyp artist, we're in complete agreement."

Then our founder really blew and said that was no way to talk about any competitor, and that, so far as he could see, their area of agreement was diminishing to the vanishing point, but that, inasmuch as Waterbabies' word was sounder than Government bonds, he would have to approve the entry. However, he added, if Waterbabies, having entered, didn't win it —

"I think you might like it in the Foreign Legion," Betsy said thoughtfully. "After you get used to those funny hats, I mean."

We had a moment of silence with Doug just sitting there looking as if somebody'd opened one of his veins, and I guess Betsy was feverishly remembering every swimsuit she'd ever designed.

I do not want to sound disloyal to Waterbabies. I mean, Waterbaby swimsuits are terribly sound, and after you have worn one for twenty years or so you can always use it for an antimacassar or something, because it is still good, and it is about as smart either way.

This is not because of Betsy. Betsy is a very hot little designer if you let her alone. It is because of Mr. Waterbury. He O.K.'s every swimsuit that goes out — after he has added three ruffles and raised the neckline.

So Waterbabies sells one nice warm wool suit a year to whoever is swimming the Channel that season, plus a million neck-to-knee one-piece suits. Because nobody can make a suit fit like Betsy can. She is very famous for fit and has had offers from everybody, including this Moynihan.

He wanted her to come down to L.A. and design for Swimstars and change her name to Bett Michel, which shows you the type he is. And she said nuts, Betsy Mitchell was good enough for her, which shows you the type she is. Anyway, by that time Doug Murphy had come to Waterbabies and if Betsy was going to change her name to anything it was going to be Murphy.

But the thing is you could dump a ton of popcorn on any of the smarter beaches without hitting a Waterbaby. What you would hit would be Swimstars, because if a girl wants a swimsuit that will curl a crewcut she will buy a Swimstar, and even if it looks like shredded wheat after one dip in the pool, which it probably will, that is all right, she has a date for the next ten nights running. And I mean running. So there you were. Waterbabies had the fit, Swimstars had the flash. Talk about putting a wet baby in Somebody's lap!

Doug was looking at Betsy like a little boy with a busted bike and Betsy was giving him this ever-lovin' deep blue gaze you could go wading in and her chin was stuck out.

"We'll absolutely clobber them," she said firmly. Then she got out this big sketchbook, full of ideas our founder had never O.K.'d because they showed a collarbone or something.

"Now, look —" she said.

Three days later Glory May came to work for Waterbabies. She was from some little town nobody had ever heard of and Personnel sent her down to Design and Betsy told her to put on this swimsuit named Romparound. Swimsuits always have names; I do not know why.

Romparound had started out to be a very cute blue-striped romper-suit, only our founder insisted on a skirt, so it ended up looking more like a prison reject, and there wasn't a thing Betsy could do about it, either.

Well, Glory May came out in Romparound in her bare feet. Betsy took one look and I did, too. You never saw anything like it. On Glory May that suit was strictly from Dior.

Betsy gave this happy little sigh and she said, "Hallelujah! Glory May, you are hired as of this minute."

Then Betsy and I beamed at each other. A terrific model can add a million dollars worth of wham to a swimsuit, and for this Shooting Star clambake we needed all the wham we could get.

"Say, that's just peachy!" Glory May said and she gave us this wide, dumb smile. It turned out that's about all she ever did say. But who cares about being dumb if you're that beautiful?

Maybe you do not know how it is with swimsuit models, but, as anybody who ever showed a line can tell you, they do not grow on trees. Take a girl with a marvellous build and chances are her face could have stopped a baseball, or if her face is real gone, then probably she is knock-kneed. Or a girl can have it all around and she will put on a swimsuit and it is still only a swimsuit.

But Glory May had it all, 36-23-35, with this Talisman-rose skin, and hair like cloudy honey piled on top of her head like a little girl that's just had a shampoo. She carried her bones very light and polite and proud.

She even had these very perfect little feet, coral on the bottoms like a baby's. Maybe you do not know this, but swimsuit models almost always wear shoes because high heels do a lot for a girl's calves. But Glory May's calves did not need a thing done for them.

Betsy was pacing the office like Mickey Mouse when I went in there later.

"Marjory," she said. She looked very cute, but worried. "What can I do for the Shooting Star thing that our founder won't hang a pair of bloomers on?"

"Well—" I thought about it. It was a good question. "How about a pair of bloomers?" I said, just to be talking. "He wouldn't hang bloomers on bloomers, would he? Or would he?"

Betsy all of a sudden stopped stockstill. She looked at me. "Marj," she said solemnly, "that was a pear-shaped remark. I do believe you've got it." Very excited then, she started rummaging through her desk. "Where's the pattern for the new bra?"

I found it for her. It was a swimsuit bra she had designed too late to go into this season's line. She started sketching fast and hot.

I must explain about this new bra, or

ILLUSTRATED BY BATTEN



DOLLAR MODEL

bodice, as Mr. Waterbury always calls them. The bra which is built into a swimsuit is only the most vital part of the swimsuit, that's all it is. And unless you really follow bras, you probably do not know how complicated they have become.

You take your average bra and take it apart, and you'd think it was the assembly for a jet bomber, because of these terribly complicated wire circles and pads and pockets and liners and straps and snaps.

Like one of those crazy mixed-up inventions where you light a firecracker under the cat, who jumps into the bird-cage, which scares the canary, who trips an alarm, that pulls a trigger, which upturns a bucket of water and fills your bathtub.

Well, that is where Betsy's new-type bra was different. Simple? It was just three triangles, that's all. Three triangles of this very potent elasticised Miracle Fabric. We'd named the bra Upkeep because it did these very marvellous things for a mature girl, and yet it did just as marvellous things for a girl who was not so mature.

Nobody but Betsy could have figured the stresses and strains the way she did, and put those three triangles together so that Upkeep bra just flowed, simple and beautiful, like the Golden Gate Bridge.

Betsy looked up. "Listen!" she said. "Here's the plot."

"What plot, pint-size?" Doug said. He'd come in without knocking, the way he always

did. "Hello, Marj." Then he gave Betsy a nice warm kiss, not minding me. Betsy kissed him back. Then she blushed and pushed him into a chair.

The plot was this: If the Shooting Star suit reminded Mr. Waterbury of his grandmother, maybe he would leave it alone. And if Betsy worked this very hot new bra into a Victorian-type swimsuit with a corselet—

"A what?" Doug said. He knows as much about fashion as I know about flagpole sitting, although he is a very good promotion man.

"Corselet," Betsy explained. "With lacings." She was talking fast. She reminded me of a little racehorse who'd been dragging an ice waggon for five years and then saw

Churchill Downs. "What our founder's grandma wore to make her go in here and out here—very out here."

"You mean corset?" Doug said.

"Corselet," Betsy repeated patiently. "Like a corset, only—"

"Sexier?" Doug suggested.

"In a word, yes," Betsy said. "But our founder won't think 'sexy,' he'll think 'old-fashioned,' see? Because I'll tell him so. And, Doug, wait till you see who's going to model it! . . . Marj, will you ask Glory May to step in for a minute?"

"Ask who?" Doug said.

"Glory May."

Well, when Glory May came in, wearing this plain black one-piece swimsuit, I was glad for the first time that my Andy was a long way away. Because I saw how Doug was looking at her, and I knew that look. It was the same look Andy gave me the first time he saw me, when I modelled the benefit show at the Army base. I must admit that Andy had had a stiff drink at the time, but, nevertheless, it is a very serious look.

Betsy said, "Glory May, this is Douglas Murphy, our promotion manager."

Glory May beamed this big, dim, democratic smile. "Pleased to meet you," she said. Then she raised her arms to pin up a curl that had slipped. This gesture does not do a girl any harm.

Doug didn't say a word. He just looked. He was distinctly off the ground.

"Now, Doug, just imagine it's red velvet," Betsy said. "And we give it that hour-glass look by nipping it in here—"

She had been talking very fast, but now it was like a clock running down. "We just pin it—pin it in—here—"

Doug rose in this dreamy way and took a pin off Betsy's desk. "Yes," he said.

"Let's see now." He moved towards Glory May. You never saw anybody take so long to pin anything in your life.

Well, talk about Grant taking Richmond. Glory May simply moved in. And I saw it, because you see a lot in this business, just standing around trying not to sneeze or something while somebody is pinning you.

At first it was Doug hanging around Design, accidentally coming in as Glory May was going out or accidentally going out when she was coming in. Transparent as a plastic nightshirt. Then it was Doug and Glory May having lunch, having coffee; Doug waiting for her after work in his old yellow convertible. Only, to be perfectly honest, I do not think Glory May tried to move in. As a matter of fact, I couldn't imagine her trying to do anything.

Dumb! She just existed in this dim, dreamy way. Two weeks at Waterbabies and she couldn't even work the soft-drink machine; although this was possibly not so dumb, because there was always somebody around to work it for her, on his nickel, too.

All she did was read comic books. Actually. She always had a new Cap'n Snuffy or something in her hatbox, and she carried her hatbox everywhere. I guess somebody told her once that models carry hatboxes. Well, this makes no sense unless you're lugging changes around all day; but then, Glory May didn't make sense anyhow.

Like the day she modelled Seabreeze for the Promotion Department and this buyer from Kansas City. Seabreeze had this low back and a wide collar, and it would have been very cute if Mr. Waterbury had not decided the armholes should be built up.

Glory May came out on the little stage in the showroom, and Betsy gave a gasp that

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Betsy couldn't help thinking that Doug was taking an awfully long time to pin the sides of Glory May's swimsuit.

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THE HONEST BANDIT

A SHORT STORY

By MICHAEL HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY BROADHURST

PACO led his donkey along a dusty cleft in the wrinkled hills. More than ever he regretted his decision to turn bandit. But it was too late to go back. That would be far worse than pressing on, because he hated people laughing at him. And how they'd laugh!

True, when he left shortly after dawn nobody suspected he was going to become a bandit. He'd spread the story that he was off to the hills prospecting. And he'd set out with Pulga, his burro, impressively loaded. There'd been some laughter. And jeering.

"How long before you'll be rich, Paco?"

"What do you expect to dig up? Aztec gold?"

"If you come back with as many pesos as mosquito bites you'll be a wealthy man!"

But such treatment was mild compared with what he'd have to endure if, on this very first day, he came limping back in the afternoon sun.

"I must," he said, trying to speak resolutely, "carry out my intention of becoming a bandit. It is the only way I can obtain justice."

He knew all too well that he hadn't any qualifications for this new career. He was short and plump, not at all impressive in appearance.

He'd never fired a gun in his life—except blank cartridges in the air at a fiesta—and then he'd been very, very drunk. He didn't possess a horse. There was only his burro, Pulga. Flea was an unflattering name to give a burro, but it was based on the beast's disconcerting habit of jumping imaginary obstacles. Not that Pulga looked like leaping over anything at the moment.

"Just to the bend," Paco coaxed. "There's shade there and we'll rest." He added: "You're not the only one to suffer. My feet are killing me."

Pulga shouldered him into stonier ground, emphasising that she cared nothing for the condition of his feet.

The mountain road lay below. Paco pulled his serape closer about him. The morning was cold and he was still stiff from his uncomfortable bed. There was a bruise in his back where a stone had pressed into it. He would not, he decided, be a bandit for at least half an hour. He was too miserable. He looked gloomily at the road as though blaming it for his troubles; and it was, indeed, linked with them. Until a few weeks ago it had been his road.

It led deep into the hills, degenerating into a rough track which nobody used nowadays. Where the road stopped there were some ruins and two caves with crude paintings on the walls.

The antiquity and unique state of preservation of these murals attracted visitors. And such people had, for many years, provided Paco with the major part of his modest living. By custom, he had the concession of conveying them to the caves.

The road was bad and he used a rough carriage drawn by two mules. And things might have gone like this

until Paco became too old and lazy to work but for a certain enthusiastic Englishman from Oxford.

This visitor—Paco remembered him well and cursed the memory—had taken photographs and written a book. As a result the caves had become far more than a guide-book feature; they assumed almost national importance.

The road was repaired. Concession by custom became obsolete. A new and legal concession was granted to one Juan Gomez, who owned a motor car.

Paco had appealed to the Municipal President. Was it just and right after so many years . . . ?

"The hotel demands that its visitors be conveyed by car. After all, a car is faster and more comfortable than a rough carriage drawn by mules," said the President. "And, as the road has now been made suitable for cars, then cars must be used on it."

Paco thought glumly that the secretary at the hotel was a very attractive young woman. She was also the sister of Juan Gomez.

No, there was no justice! He'd have gone to the Chief of Police, but the Jefe had been taken to hospital and would, it was rumored, be relinquishing his duties.

Finally Paco tried a petition; only to find that Gomez, who had acquired American smartness and methods from a visit to the States, had already obtained supporters by the oldest method in the world.

Paco, in despair, had begun to imagine misfortunes which might befall the abominable Gomez. Suppose a bandit appeared in the hills and never failed to hold up Gomez and his passengers? That would soon finish the new concession. A bandit could operate without much risk, what with the Jefe in hospital and his two underlings, never noted for their energy, taking every advantage of the lack of supervision.

But how to persuade a bandit . . . Sitting on the rock, looking down at the road, Paco groaned softly.

"Why did I have to imagine myself as a bandit? Why did I let myself persuade myself to become one? I must have been drunk!"

Perhaps it would be wiser to remain honest. He could prospect a little and then go back home. True, everyone would laugh at him and he'd never live it down, but . . .

He shook his head. His feet wouldn't let him go prospecting. But would his stomach permit him to be a bandit?

Paco had tumbled a boulder across the road. It was so placed that a car coming round the bend would have ample opportunity for pulling up.

Paco had reversed his serape, enveloped the lower part of his face in a gay fringed scarf, and exchanged his sombrero for something nondescript and closer fitting. He selected a rocky platform which provided shade and cover and was some twenty feet up the slope from the road. Here he waited, his rifle—loaded with a blank cartridge—lying across his legs.



As his mule plodded along the stony road Paco began to be more and more sorry that he had decided to become a bandit.

When at last he heard a car coming he was too nervous to move. He couldn't even look through a cleft in the rocks—at least, not at first. When the horrible sound of the impact reached his ears he was frightened out of his wits. He closed his eyes and ducked his head.

Then his mind began to make excuses. It couldn't be his fault. The boulder was easy to see. Of course, if the car was driven at reckless speed . . . But Gomez was a slow and careful driver when he had passengers.

Somebody was calling for help; calling in American.

Paco hesitated. Then he dropped his rifle, whipped off his mask, and stood up. The first glance showed him that the car was not the one belonging to Juan Gomez. This was something bigger, more splendid—or it had been. Right now the front was badly buckled and a streamlined wing had been torn off.

Paco muttered in dismay: "Too fast! They must have come round this bend as though all the devils were after them." He started down the slope.

He was relieved to see that no one was dead. There were two men by the car. One was nursing a wrist, the other bent double, holding his stomach.

Coming nearer to them, Paco disliked the men. They looked like Gomez—only worse. They were very American in a loud manner.

The man holding his stomach was still gasping for breath. The one with the damaged right hand shouted: "Hey, you! You got mules or burros? Our car's wrecked and we have to get to Indian Caves."

Paco felt happier. They'd not associated him with the boulder. They'd not taken him for a bandit. So long as he was not suspected he wouldn't have to explain or apologise for what he'd done.

Paco hesitated. Then he said: "I've one burro."

"Better than nothing."

The other man, recovering his breath, snapped: "We can't both ride!"

"Whichever way we do it's better than walking!"

They argued a bit. Paco came nearer and listened with interest. He also noticed things. The man who'd hurt his wrist had a revolver, but it was under his left armpit and pretty well inaccessible. The other didn't seem to have a weapon.

But there was one, Paco observed, in the back of the car. It was a tommy-gun. He saw it through the open door and he also saw bulky canvas bags, which he recognised as the property of the National Bank. He understood then why the speeding. And the hurry to get to Indian Caves, where the car, no doubt

stolen, could be abandoned in favor of horses waiting there. And, understanding all this, he nearly fainted.

The way the two were arguing helped him to recover. He asked timidly: "You sure the car won't go?" Nobody heard him.

He leaned inside and he came out again—this time with the tommy-gun in his possession.

"I'm sorry," he said, trying to make his voice firm, "but you'll not be making Indian Caves. We're going back to town." Then, still quivering, he began to call to Pulga.

Emotion rather than reason was at the back of appointing Paco to the expectedly vacant post of Chief of Police. But the Municipal President and certain other notables were influenced by their relieved hearts. The Government was always so difficult about robberies at the branches of its banks. It exacted unjust retribution.

The morning after Paco's official appointment was confirmed he led Pulga towards the Indian Caves. On the donkey's back was a white board, which bore in crude letters the announcement: ROAD CLOSED. BY ORDER OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 24, 1957

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In her own words: "Exactly like boiling, that's what I tell the neighbours about Hoover. And where else would you get a washer to give you such a snowy-clean, sweet-smelling wash? That goes for really dirty things, too, like my husband's overalls and the children's knockabout clothes. If you saw the wash I get through in an hour, you wouldn't wonder that I still bless the day Dad came home from work and said, 'Let's get a Hoover!'"

Exclusive HOOVER

'Boiling Action' PULSATOR

flushes, lifts, tumbles and turns every article to wash away dirt and dinginess

This is a washing machine to satisfy an engine-driver's wife. Yet it handles your pretty things with loving care. The Hoover Pulsator sends bubbling suds swirling through every stitch of your clothes, nudging out dirt with a deep-cleaning action as thorough as boiling.



New self-adjusting ELECTRIC WRINGER

Takes everything from a double blanket to a hankie with ease, and carefully squeezes them damp-dry. The control panel has a stop button you can work with your knee or thigh, leaving your hands free.

POWER RINSE

prevents that "half-rinsed" look

What is power rinsing? It's a stream of clean water pumping through and through your clothes, draining away the dirty suds that lead to "grey" whites and dingy coloureds. The Hoover does it right in the machine—and in half a minute the clothes are thoroughly rinsed, ready for the wringer.



When the wash is over, the wringer fits snugly down inside washer and the machine rolls right out of the way.

PRICE: 82 GUINEAS or a few shillings a week

HOOVER

Registered Trade Mark

EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE!



Over forty makes of washers to look at . . . yet one in every four women chooses a Hoover

HW.44.WWFPgRX



It seems to me

CAMERAS, so an expert predicts, will soon have electronic gadgets to adjust lens and shutter and to wind the film.

As one who went through the camera craze early in life I don't care very much. When I owned my first one I learned to count the sequence on my fingers: turn film on, check lens aperture, speed, and distance, jam camera against chest and hold breath.

But what really soured me on the whole business of photography was a trip I made a few years back to the East. The plan was that I should obtain illustrations for stories from local sources, and supplement these with a camera lent me by the office.

The photographic authorities gave me some preliminary instruction, but naturally they didn't trust me with their latest model. How right they were they would have known had they seen me running back to retrieve the camera from under chairs in every hotel of the Far East.

That is one of the malevolent things about a camera. It gets lost. And this one was a brute to load. I used to break out in a cold sweat every time I put a film in.

HAVING taken the pictures, I had to get them developed and, worst of all, post them.

When I came back from that trip people asked me if I had not been frightened, being so close to the front line in Korea. I explained that my worst moments had been in Raffles Hotel in Singapore, where, late at night, I tried to tie up a small box of roll film neatly enough to survive the post, and later, in Tokio, where I ran out of boxes.

Finally I hit on the solution. I cut up the negatives separately, put them under the mattress, and slept on them. This flattened them sufficiently to post in envelopes.

Some of the pictures came out. Those that did were supplemented by others obtained from professional sources, and a few people gained the pleasing impression that I had flowered as a photographer.

Nevertheless, my hatred of the camera grew steadily all through the tour. Towards the end it began to get rickety. When I finally brought it home I said, "The back seems to be coming off. I don't know why."

The pictorial editor looked at me in surprise. "But you should have tightened up the screws," he said. "Don't you know that aircraft vibration loosens them?"

"No," I said bitterly, "but it may explain the way I feel myself."

A PESSIMIST I met the other day was complaining about the new stop and drive cars.

With no clutch you use only the right foot, alternately on the brake and accelerator.

"And what am I going to do," asked the ungrateful owner of a new model, "with a cupboard full of worn-out right shoes?"



Dorothy Drann

THE latest science cheer-up is the statement by American physicist Dr. Joseph Kaplan that ocean levels could rise 40 feet and flood vast areas of the earth in the next 50 years.

He says the burning of fuels in enormous quantities is changing the atmosphere, could melt the polar ice caps, and send the ocean rolling through parts of New York, London, Sydney, and other cities.

If you tend to worry about the fate of the world, this gives you something new to chew on, and makes a nice change from H-bombs.

But the average citizen seldom has time to worry about the fate of the world.

There are too many other things. All those frowns in the trams and streets are caused (according to age group) by the electric-light bill, the water rates, what to cook for dinner, whether the boy-friend will ring, will Johnnie get measles now the next-doors have it, and sore feet.

Some of the problems are far greater, but it's a safe bet that most of them are concerned with today and next week, not the future of humanity.

WESTERN civilisations are inclined to take a superior attitude to the rituals of savage tribes, but you sometimes wonder why.

To mark the opening this month of the American Cancer Society's Educational and Fund-Raising Crusade, the society arranged for a six-year-old Shawnee Indian girl, a cancer victim, to present a "Sword of Hope" to President Eisenhower. Pictures of this ceremony were duly flashed round the world.

Such a ceremony, of course, does no actual harm. The child is too young to understand the nature of her illness.

But there is something repugnant in the whole play-acting notion. It's a piece of mumbo-jumbo more appropriate to sales promotion for a circus.

THREE HUNDRED punters are attending a "School for Racing Fans" opened in New York by Geoffrey Ford, a 57-year-old civil servant who describes himself as a "sensible turf investor." The pupils pay 23/9 per night.

Oh, not for nothing is the harsh word "mug"

Applied to those who gamble on a horse, For, deep into their pockets having dug, They go on losing when they're off the course.

Such innocents are punters that no thought

Disturbs them as they pay their teacher's fee—

That he, if profiting by what he taught, Could hand his priceless wisdom out for free.

Day by day



fight decay



with the
toothpaste recommended
by



8 out of 10
dentists



A PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS



She likes Vanilla Caramel . . .
He likes Strawberry Creme . . .

EVERYONE LIKES the tasty variety of delightful centres in
Cadbury's Milk Tray . . . and they are so thickly covered with Cadbury's
Dairy Milk Chocolate. Available in 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. boxes.

*Cadbury's Milk Tray
Chocolates*



ALL CADBURY'S MILK TRAY CHOCOLATES ARE FOIL WRAPPED TO RETAIN THEIR FRESHNESS AND FLAVOUR

STRANGE but TRUE

● First prize of £10 in our "Strange but True" Contest was won this week by Mrs. E. Forbes, 21 Fourteenth St., Berkeley, N.S.W., with a story of the Australian bush.

HERE is Mrs. Forbes' winning entry:

"Although many years have passed since this incident occurred, every time our family get together it is recalled.

"The mining settlement of Tyldesley in western New South Wales, where we lived as children, is in a valley with wild, mountainous country on three sides.

"Our home was situated practically under the cliffs, and tiny tracks led through bracken fern, trees, and huge boulders where we used to gather flowers for our favorite playhouse, The Water Rock.

"This was a huge rock, high on one side with a large hole in it that was always full of fresh water, the other side buried into the hill, and the top perfectly flat. We used to lie on the flat top and watch animals and birds coming for water.

"This particular day we were 'at home' as usual when we heard something coming through the scrub just above us. I whispered, 'Kangaroo!' and we kept still so as not to startle the creature.

"But what came through the trees was not a kangaroo. It was an aboriginal in full paint and carrying shield and spear. He passed us in a half-run, taking long, loping strides and looking straight ahead.

"He was gone as quickly as he came. Not one of us uttered a sound for minutes, and then came panic.

"Our parents said it was imagination, and laughed, but I know now they did be-

lieve us and they wondered, too, about where the aboriginal came from and where he went, as we certainly didn't wait to see!"

● Prizes of £2 were awarded to each of the following entries:

"MY story concerns what I think is a wonderful affinity. Early in the war, while my fiancé (now my husband) was serving with the R.A.A.F. in England, I went to a Brisbane picture theatre with a girl-friend.

"The programme was a bright, cheerful one, but suddenly I experienced a strange sense of depression. My thoughts concentrated on my fiancé, and try as I might I could not keep my mind on the picture. For most of the time I was close to tears.

"The next week was torment because I was convinced I would hear bad news from overseas.

"Later my fiancé was able to tell me that the date of my involuntary outburst was the date he took part in his first bombing mission. Allowing

for time differences, it was practically to the hour!"

● £2 to Mrs. P. Klemm, 32 Power St., Wavell Heights, Qld.

Magic color change

"IN Sydney on holiday, I went out with a friend who was wearing a tangerine linen dress practically the same shade as my nylon one.

"Walking along a street we saw clouds of smoke coming from a tram and passengers hastily alighting. A truck loaded with cylinders of sulphuric acid had hit the tram and had caused the cylinders to explode.

"After the fire-brigade had put out the flames we crossed the street near the accident, and several minutes later my friend looked at me in surprise and said, 'Your dress looks pink now.'

"And so it did! The fumes from the acid had turned the frock from tangerine to a raspberry shade. Apparently this happened because it was nylon, as my friend's linen dress was quite unaffected."

● £2 to Miss B. Robison, 10 Railway Ave., Armadale, Vic.

HOW TO ENTER

Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned, nor any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Continuing LADY BEHAVE

TOP JOB CAREER WIFE

● The exceptionally successful career wife is a modern product whose status brings a complex train of marriage problems.

THERE is the minor problem of overwork versus boredom, which for most wives means facing the new eternal triangle of not the other woman but the strenuous three-part demands of husband, children, and career.

One of the talents expected of the new career women is the ability to have two personalities, both equally effective.

The forceful, shrewd, enterprising executive Miss H. at the office must become a good deal cosier when she steps back into her married life at the end of the day, if she is to keep the home fires burning.

We recall the case history of the successful business woman who made the man she married into her business partner. All day long she took the right decisions, he carried them out,

and the firm's business boomed.

Two years of this, and at the end of the day he put on his hat and took another girl out to dinner.

There is also the problem of "dehuffing." Any woman with enough money to be financially independent may have to face the awkward problem of dehuffing the man in her life. This kind of huff is utterly unpredictable and can blow up on the most inconsequential issue.

It cannot be exorcised entirely, no matter what spell you cast on him, but there are certain extra security measures for keeping a husband out of a huff. They are by no means infallible, but some women we know use them with success.

They avoid too-frequent reference to being financially independent, any laying down of the law in front of other people, any lone-wolf behav-

By
ANNE EDWARDS
and
DRUSILLA BEYFUS

our on decisions that would affect both of them, any supplanting of "our" by "my," and too many attempts to push into his province the domestic jobs which he considers to be her chore.

Mollifying tactics include any cash payment towards an item he would normally pay the lot on, and an extra show of consideration for his domestic tastes ("my husband doesn't care for marrow so we never have it") to quell his suspicion that she is too wrapped up in her career.

The hardest part of the problem is that when she puts so much energy into a job and a home the place that it shows is her face.

NEXT WEEK:
Slimming manners



FOR WOMEN

V-neck, opera top or short sleeve Vest.
Panties or Briefs with ribbed leg.



men and boys
prefer
"Velnit"

FOR MEN

Short-sleeved Singlet, round neck or button front.
Athletic style. Shorts, Trunks and Briefs with Dura-Stretch waistband to last the life of the garment.



FOR GIRLS

Sleeveless Vests also Briefs and Panties in school colours.

FOR BOYS

Athletic or short sleeve Singlets. Briefs with Dura-Stretch Waistband. Also T-Shirts for men and boys.

for all the family

MORLEY Velnit (REG.)

interlock cotton underwear

Always look for the name MORLEY

Worth Reporting

ABORIGINAL women are the best musters on the extensive Wallal Downs Station, near Port Hedland, W.A., according to one of the original 10 shareholders who purchased the property shortly after World War I. We featured the property in color recently.

"It's their patience," he said. "They will take pains to bring in lambs and calves that have been left by their mothers, no matter how long it takes them."

"All natives are good to animals, and Wallal Downs has always been good to the natives."

Recently all the aboriginal humpies were knocked down and neat little cottages built for them on the property.

Four of the 10 original shareholders of Wallal Downs are still living.

They are Mr. Harold Kevan, of Dunshoro, via Busselton, W.A.; Mr. A. L. St. A. Wake, of Brighton, Victoria; Mr. Reginald King, who is at present manager of the station; and Mr. Edward Lacy, of Poyelle Station, Meekatharra, W.A.

The others were the late Messrs. Harley Lacy, Frank MacAdam, Edward Stirling, George Wyndham, Davidson, and Beasley.

The 10 agreed that wherever possible their shares would always be kept in the same families by leaving them to their next of kin. They bought the property from the late Charles Somerset, a relative of the composer Lord Henry Somerset.

Wedding dress becomes "painting"

SYDNEY will soon see a new line in art shows—the "Art Fabrications" of Jan Rickman at the Bissetta Galleries.

Mrs. W. H. Cullen, Federal president of the Country Women's Association of Australia, will open the exhibition on April 29. It will continue for 10 days.

Mrs. Rickman, who lives at Kincumber, N.S.W., and who



studied art at the National Art School, "paints" her landscapes and still-lives without the aid of brush, paint, or canvas.

On white board she builds her "paintings" with fabric—Japanese silk, satin from an old wedding dress, art silk from coat linings, organzas, nylon thread, dyed cotton-wool.

It's almost impossible to tell the difference between many of her pictures and watercolors, or even oils.

Her small "Art Fabrications," as she calls them, take her about four hours to complete, but her larger pictures take up to a week.

Town halls built on stilts

"THE latest trend in town hall design in Britain," said Mr. Kenneth Cross, president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, "is a building on stilts. It's a wonderful idea for a congested city, where parking space is badly needed."

Mr. Cross was in Melbourne early this month as a guest at the Australian Architects' Convention.

Designing swimming-pools has been one of Mr. Cross' specialities, although, he added, there has scarcely been a pool built in England since 1938.

"Since the war," he said, "we have built 300,000 homes a year, thousands of schools, and, of course, repaired and replaced many other war-damaged buildings, but have not yet begun on luxuries like swimming-pools."

No disappointment for anyone

SEVEN excited girls from the Delegate district of N.S.W. flew in to Sydney recently on their way for a week at Surfers' Paradise.

They were the seven candidates in a recent Queen and Miss Delegate contest organised to raise money for the Delegate Cottage Hospital's X-ray equipment.

In three months the girls raised a total of £2725.

On the night of the crowning a record number of people flocked to the Delegate Town Hall.

When Yvonne Callaway was crowned Delegate's Queen and Trixie Manning crowned Miss Delegate, they knew they had won the free air trips, a night in Sydney, and a week at Surfers' Paradise.

The crowd in the hall immediately began to pass around the hat, and within a few minutes £500 was collected to send the disappointed candidates away, too. Their ages range from 17 to 20.

The queen of the garters

NEWS that the old-fashioned garter business is expanding has reached us from New York from Mrs. Hortense B. Hewitt, a lady who calls herself "queen of the garters."

"Women no longer use them to hold their stockings up, as they once did," she explained. "The girdle does that. But garters make a woman feel glamorous, give her a lift, bring out the sirens in her. A woman wears garters for the same reason she wears a plunging neckline."

The garter queen said the bulk of the buying is for gifts—"the men buy black lace to give the women; the women buy blue or white to give other women."

Men choose from bolder color combinations than women.

The biggest growth in bridal garter sales, the traditional "something blue," came with the end of World War II, she said, "when there were 4,500,000 men coming back from the wars and 4,500,000 women dying to get married."

AMUSING NEW CONTEST

• Next week we will publish the first winners in our new contest, "Sweet and Sour." To enter the contest you should write telling us about the nicest compliment you've ever had, or the best backhander. A good example of a backhander is the Just Like a Woman, below.

Here are the last winners in our Adam and Eve Contest:

JUST LIKE A MAN

WHILE making a frock recently I asked my husband to pin the hem-line by a measuring stick while I stood on the table. When finished he said: "That should be all right. You won't always be standing on something as level as that."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. H. Hudson, "Lindfield," Mount McDonald, via Woodstock, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

A NEIGHBOR was discussing the women with university degrees in our suburb.

"I don't know," she said, "I get on better with someone like yourself without any brains."

£2/2/- awarded to "Wondering," Canberra, A.C.T.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Prizes £2/2/-.



for all the girls in the family . . .

Sportscraft Perfectly Proportioned Skirts

Now both Mother, daughter and even the petite perfectionist can enjoy Sportscraft traditional classic tailoring. For Sportscraft have made skirt history with three perfectly proportioned lengths for each fitting. Here—pure wool Federal Fabric worsteds and smooth herringbone tweeds in skirts built to outlast any other make of skirt. Iridescent chams, blondes, taupes, greys . . . teamed with Sportscraft's light-weight Ingola shirts. Classics: XSSW-XOS, from £6/6/-. Juniors: Petite fittings, from £5/7/6. Kilties: 2-13 years, from £4/4/-.

AT FINE STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA IN PURE WOOL

Federal Fabric

LIGHTNING ZIPPERS are fitted to all SPORTSCRAFT garments.

Sportscraft

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN CLASSIC



LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MONDAY!

Things aren't the same—neither's Mother! She's got more time for the "what-I-like-doing" things in life. She's got time for living . . . because to-day's housewife leaves Monday's drudgery to her Washing Machine. You, too, can look forward to Mondays. Nowadays

everyone can afford to own a modern Washing Machine. Your local Electrical Retailer will show you the full range of manufacturers' models and arrange a demonstration. Ask about his convenient, easy terms plan.



MORE TIME FOR LEISURE:

Only a machine could wash as fast and do it so gently and so well. You'll save most of Monday with your own Washing Machine.



NO MORE DRUDGERY:

Your washer does the heavy work—washes cleaner than ever—doesn't wear out your clothes, or you—leaves you . . .



MORE ENERGY FOR OUTINGS:

You won't know it's been washday when you own a Washing Machine. You put in the clothes—your washer puts in the work—leaves you feeling on top of the world, ready for anything!



MORE CLEAN CLOTHES:

It's no effort to toss in the few slightly soiled clothes that in pre-washer days could have seen another wearing.

**EWD
WM**

EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE

Inset by **THE HOME LAUNDRY MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA** A Division of the Chamber of Manufactures of N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 24, 1957

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Mum's back was turned so . . .

The Quads raided the wardrobe

The Sara Quads are the happiest, healthiest youngsters under the sun. No wonder! Wise Mrs. Sara makes sure they enjoy vitamin-rich Vegemite on their breakfast toast every morning — on their school sandwiches, too!



PHILLIP — enveloped in Pop's shawl-neck sweater, puffs at an old unlighted Briar!

JUDITH has decided to go up to the corner store and get Mum an extra jar of Vegemite!



ALISON — wants to look her slinkiest for the Ball tonight.



MARK ("Buffalo Bill") is a rootin'-tootin' cowpoke! He's borrowed his father's work-clothes for the occasion.



YOU DON'T have to be a quad to thrive on delicious Vegemite — it's good for all the family. Vegemite is a concentrated yeast extract, easy to spread, economical to buy. Vegemite is vitamin-rich (B₁ for healthy nerves; B₂ for body tissue; Niacin for good digestion, clear skin). An added plus: vital Amino-Components, the nutritive food elements often missing from our diets. Every day, every member of your family needs Vegemite for Vitality. Better check your cupboard, now!

VEGEMITE

for Vitality

In 2 and 4-oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable fluted tumblers, and the 8 and 16-oz. economy sizes.



DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A tailored tweed dress is a good buy for the autumn-winter season.

THIS fashion advice is for a reader who has asked for a dress that "does for everything." Here is her letter:

"COULD you help me with a design and paper pattern for a new season's frock? My dress budget is small, so the frock has to be the sort that does for everything. I am 28 (a business girl), size 34in. bust. I will look for a reply in 'Dress Sense,' which I enjoy every week."

I don't think you could have anything nicer or more practical than a dress made in light-textured tweed. The design I have chosen (at right) is a softened version of the sheath dress; the trouser pleats at the waistline definitely class it as current fashion.

The dress is designed to be worn indoors or out. Furthermore, it is simple enough to be treated as a basic design to be dressed up or played down with a switch of accessories.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I AM set on having a fur hat for winter, but as real fur is so expensive I wondered if fur by the yard would do. Could you give me any ideas about price of fur fabric, width, etc? I particularly wanted to use ocelot or grey astrakhan. Could you let me know the width of these two materials and the price?"

A beret, turban, or cap would be very successful made in fake fur. Ocelot (it is 4



DS240.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns are obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

inches wide) is obtainable for approximately 12/11 per yard, and grey astrakhan (46 inches wide) is about 59/6.

"WITH the coming of the winter months (dancing months in my district) I would like a suggestion for a dance frock. I am 17 and I admit I like to be noticed on the dance floor. I don't

mind if the style you suggest is ballerina or floor-length. Red suits me very well."

A holly-red velvet top and white nylon net skirt would make a very striking ballroom dress. Have the top sleeveless with a low oval back and front neckline; have the skirt mid-calf length and bolstered with petticoats.

Candy Hardy ensemble

● This Candy Hardy dress and jacket, featured in the full page color picture this week, is available ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

THE ensemble, which we called Shuana, is made in angora wool.

The Empire-line frock is slender. The new, shorter dressmaker jacket is iced with a detachable white collar and three pearly white buttons, and is lined with white satin. The color choice includes

lipstick (see picture), forget-me-not-blue, midnight-blue, and leaf-green.

Ready to Wear: Dress, sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/19/9; 36 and 38in. bust £5/9/6. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Dress, sizes 32 and 34in. bust 73/6; 36

and 38in. bust 75/9. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Ready to Wear: Jacket, sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/8/6; 36 and 38in. bust £4/12/3. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Jacket, sizes 32 and 34in. bust 67/3; 36 and 38in. bust 69/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Ready to Wear: Complete ensemble, sizes 32 and 34in. bust £8/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust £9/10/3. Postage and registration 6/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Complete ensemble, sizes 32 and 34in. bust £6/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust £6/19/6. Postage and registration 6/- extra.

HOW TO ORDER

Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address. Please make a second color choice and state clearly the size required.



WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

● What did Court photographer Baron really think of the celebrities who made his world? In his book, "This Was My Life," which he completed just before he died, he made a candid appraisal of the actors and actresses he had met. Some became his friends. Some he viewed with less respect.

And, as lovely women came to him to be photographed, Baron made a list of the 15 he considered the world's most beautiful. He writes . . .

GRADUALLY I was learning how to handle movie stars—capricious, spoiled, vain people, full of charm, but usually difficult to work with.

Producer Gabriel Pascal and Marion Baldwin, his American publicity girl, used many of my photographs for casting purposes.

They sent me one day a young girl called Deborah Kerr, whom they thought of casting as a Salvation Army girl in "Major Barbara." She was a chubby, naive little creature, living in a Y.W.C.A. hostel in Bloomsbury.

Instead of taking ordinary photographs, in which I suspected she would be too shy to show herself at her best, I made her act her part and speak her lines under different forms of lighting, and I took pictures quickly one after another, almost as though I was using a movie camera.

Pascal saw the pictures, and I believe that on the strength of them she was given the part without a film test.

Deborah was a sweet and modest girl and never wore make-up. We went out together a few times.

Many years later, watching her play the tough, metallic officer's wife in "From Here to Eternity," I remembered plump, pretty Deborah waving me goodbye from the door of her Y.W.C.A. hostel, and I marvelled how stardom can change a human being into somebody quite different.

Beauty worship

NEXT came the mighty Marlene Dietrich, who arrived in London in 1937 from Hollywood to play in the film "Knight Without Armor."

It was a strange and unnerving experience to see a woman worshipping so utterly at the shrine of her own beauty. Dietrich would spend hours every day in front of her mirror, going over with Teutonic thoroughness every detail of her appearance.

I took a striking color picture of her in a pink chiffon evening gown. On her instructions I sent her a set of unretouched pictures.

They were returned to me with precise indications in ink as to where and how they were to be retouched. I was happy to notice that she had left her legs alone.

More and more show-business people began turning up

at my Grosvenor Street studio.

I enjoyed the experience from an almost anthropological point of view. Stars are strange people. Some are nice, but most are not.

Their success is a destructive one. It obliges them to take too great care of themselves, and this leaves them little time to interest themselves in anything beyond the range of their looking-glass.

I have given many parties in my life, big parties and small parties, and I know from experience that half a dozen well-known actors will ruin the best party.

French film stars do not lose their heads, nor do the Ameri-

a few in color, which she praised but would not buy.

I offered her a specially reduced rate, but she still refused.

My feelings were rather hurt and not until 10 years later, after the war, did she tell me why. "I was just too mean to buy 'last ones, luv. I'll make up for it this time," and gave me a huge order.

Gracie today is happier than she has ever been in her life, living in her converted prison on Capri with her Yugoslav husband, Boris Alperovici.

Boris is younger than Gracie, handsome, hot-tempered, witty, and intelligent.

"You know, Baron, what I like about Boris," Gracie said to me when her husband had disappeared for a moment. "He's a jealous husband. It is very pleasant

when you get to be my age to have someone jealous for you."

There are other unspoiled stars besides Gracie Fields, of course. I remember before the war I was photographing a theatrical garden party and famous theatrical figures were everywhere.

A good-looking young movie extra whom I knew vaguely approached me and said: "I say, Baron, will you do me a favor?"

"Anything, my dear chap," I said. "Absolutely anything."

"Could you photograph me near Dorothy Dickson?"

I did, and he was hurrying away delighted until I called him back. "I'm so sorry," I said. "Stupid of me, but I've—ah—for the moment forgotten . . ."

"Michael Wilding," he said, and darted off.

by Baron

cans, to the same degree that British stars do.

There is at least one reason for this, a temptation which no foreign actor is called upon to suffer—the hunger for a title. This burning, driving passion is often funny to watch.

An actor feeling himself within reach of a title assumes a manner he considers proper to the dignity of a nobleman. He surrounds himself with country houses, butlers, and chauffeurs, all appropriate to a duke or a millionaire but sitting uneasily on the personality of an actor. The effect on his wife is worse.

The exact opposite to the type of person I have just described is Gracie Fields.

In those days before the war we used to have supper together now and then.

I took many pictures of her,



FILM STAR Zsa Zsa Gabor was not included in Baron's list of world beauties, but when he took this photograph of her, he said: "She has a simplicity no one would suspect unless they catch her at a moment when she forgets her professional coquetry."

Long afterwards Michael reminded me of that incident, which I had forgotten. "I expected to see a caption saying 'Miss Dorothy Dickson and friend,'" he told me. "Instead I saw 'Michael Wilding and Dorothy Dickson.' It was one of the great moments of my life."

So hard had Reggie Eyre and I worked to make a success of photography that when we looked up in 1939 to see how we were doing we realised for the first time that we had already made it.

A glimpse at our films in 1939 showed that most of the famous people in Britain had been to our studio.

I could claim to have photographed the most beautiful women in the country, and I listed them as follows, not necessarily in order:

Evelyn Laye—actress.
Diana Wynyard—actress.
Lady Diana Cooper—wife of Duff Cooper, First Lord of the Admiralty at the time.
Margaret Sweeney—Anglo-American society girl.
Cynthia Monteith—society.
Muriel Oxford—society.
Lady Marguerite Strickland—society.
Dorothy Dickson—actress.
Tamara Toumanova—ballet.
Lady Harcourt—society.
Lady Mary Dunn—society.
Elizabeth Cowell—television announcer.
Barbara Hutton—American society.
Vivien Leigh—actress.
Frances Day—musical actress.

Time has been kinder to some than to others, and many of them are still beauties today. I doubt whether I could produce a gallery of contemporary beauties who could match this brilliant list.

Best figures

BUT one must remember in defence of the modern girl that the women I have named were the product of peace, prosperity, and low taxation on high incomes. Conflicts and political and economic unrest are not the soil in which the seeds of beauty can be properly sown.

Even so, by the Grace of God, fat, freckled little girls still grow up into beauties.

My own feeling is that Britain, with Sweden and Italy, produces a higher percentage of beautiful women than other countries, but Australian figures are far ahead of any other country.

Then World War II began.

[In August, 1940, Baron the photographer became Baron the soldier. After service in West Africa and Egypt, he was sent at his own request to the Italian front as an official Army photographer. There, trapped with detachments of the First British Armored Division on

San Goriano Ridge, his left arm and shoulder were shattered by a shell.]

After several operations I was finally demobilised, and the prospect before me as I left the hospital was bleak.

Except for a small Army gratuity I was broke. I had no home to return to, no studio, and I had to face the rest of my life with a severely crippled arm.

My left hand was as strong as if I had not been wounded at all, but my arm was now shorter than my right and peculiarly formed.

All around me and in my pre-war circle of friends were evidences of new money being made.

This was impressed most vividly on me when I called in to say hello to Moira Shearer in her dressing-room at Sadlers Wells Theatre. Sitting there was a dark, handsome young man whose face was vaguely familiar.

I recognised him as an extra I had photographed once or twice before the war, but could not place him. He offered me a lift into town, and startled me somewhat when he led Moira and me to a magnificent Rolls-Royce.

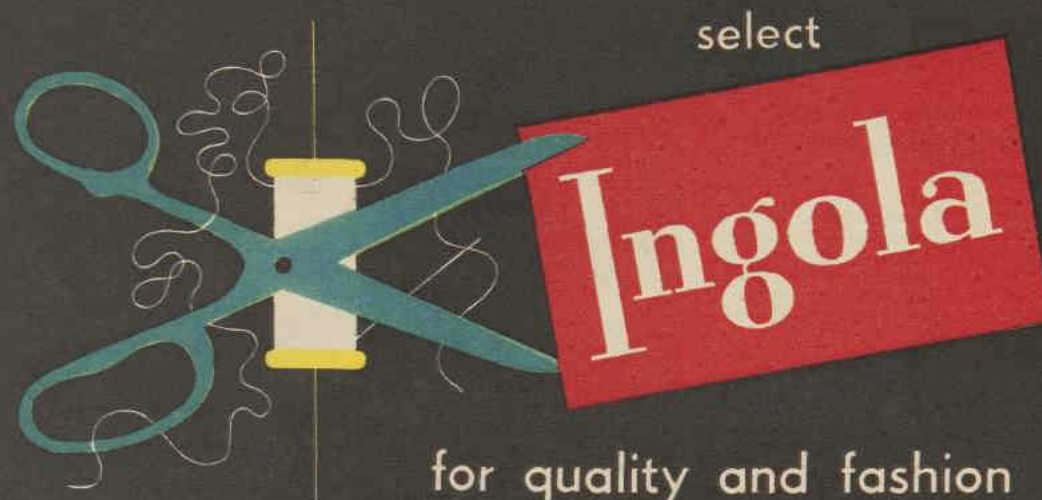
Twelve months in hospital and several years without seeing films had prevented me recognising Stewart Granger.



BARON PORTRAIT of Gracie Fields, who told the photographer, "It is very pleasant when you get to my age to have someone jealous for you." Gracie is Mrs. Boris Alperovici.

NEXT WEEK: Philip is my guest at the Thursday Club.

don't waste your sewing efforts on inferior fabrics



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5. PRETTY AS A PICTURE—this little girl's dress made of INGOLA. She loves its fashionable look, and it's so easy to handle.
6. This young man will not catch cold on chilly nights—he's wearing INGOLA, the fabric that protects during sleep.
7. Admiring glances will follow you in this enchanting blouse—because soft INGOLA weaves quality with good looks.
8. BETTER GAMES IN COMFORTABLE FROCKS of INGOLA. For fun—for warmth—for ease of laundering.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

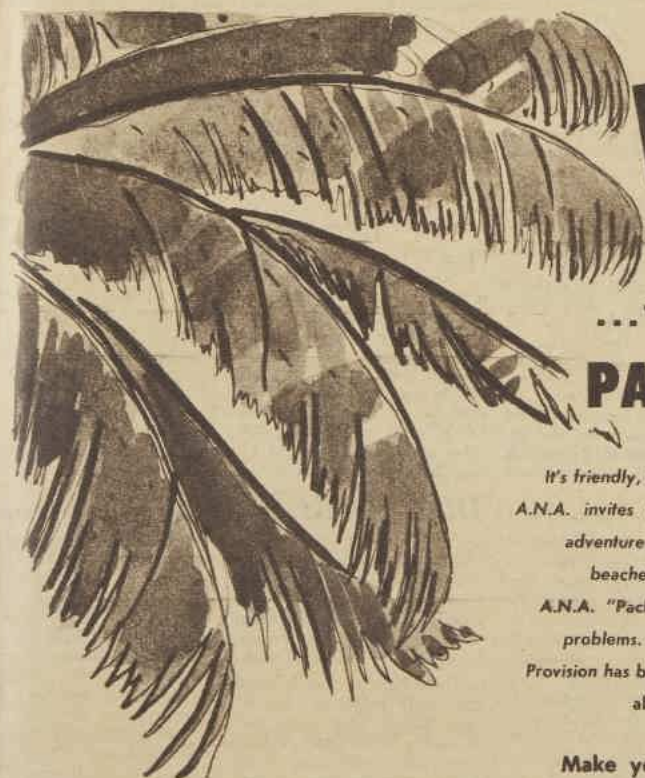
AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning April 22

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a business transaction.	★ Elasticity in your financial plans would be desirable now, for a mild risk in a business affair could pay off handsomely if you go into the matter thoroughly.	★ For some, a fresh start in new quarters; for others, the problem of placing an acquisition to advantage. Others are busy making curtains for their homes.	★ When your best beloved wants to give you an expensive present, embarrass because it takes too much for granted, nip it in the bud unless engaged to be married.	★ The kind of entertainment most favorably expected just now will be found at the theatre or places of amusement which involve no particular effort on your part.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in stepping forward.	★ Salesmanship counts this week. Display your wares, whether on your own behalf or that of some organization with which you are connected.	★ Maybe you prefer to subordinate artistic effects to convenience. Furniture so placed that it saves steps could influence the arrangement of your possessions.	★ This would be an excellent time to announce your engagement or wedding-date. The boyfriend may be matrimonially inclined, but let him do the wooing.	★ Social life speeds up. If you are a member of the younger set it reaches an all-time high. Your greatest preoccupation will certainly be what to wear.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in action behind scenes.	★ Be a good listener. Let the other fellow take the initiative. The less you talk about your private affairs the better, for silly exaggeration can cause trouble.	★ Put that clever mind to work and you will discover the satisfactory solution to a problem. Since it is economical, too, members of the household are bound to applaud.	★ Many a teen or twenty has been dreaming of a secret romantic thrill. Your paths cross regularly but distantly. Hunt around for a friend to introduce you.	★ Don't venture into strange places or among people you hardly know. The tried and familiar, probably in the companionship of old friends, offers relaxation.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, white. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a tournament.	★ You may be invited to join a group battling for a worthy cause. If you accept you will have to wipe out old grudges, but you'll enjoy the work.	★ A semi-official visit from members of a committee, who suggest that you join some organization, may require you to extend hospitality at short notice.	★ Get to know different people with different interests and you will have a basis of comparison where the beloved is concerned. This checks sentimentality.	★ Plain sociability won't satisfy you. You want to be active, physically and mentally. Competition appeals. You will be happy if taking lessons in dancing.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in knowing the right people.	★ Make up your mind. Decide whether you prefer more money in a blind-alley job or less at the task which offers scope for your ambition.	★ You may be judged by your home, because first impressions are important and the prestige of your family will be raised if you display good taste in your surroundings.	★ Don't go off on twosomes. Allow the beloved to meet your gang. Should he or she possess any special accomplishment, let him shine among your friends.	★ One big event is going to crown your social life this year. You may get a peep into the lives of the famous or you may be a guest of honor.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in gratifying an ambition.	★ Should work take you into another department or new district, don't growl. The change may mean new scenes, fresh associates, and some adventures.	★ If attending any class in home crafts, try to organize books, materials, and everything related to the subject in one place where they will be readily available.	★ Perhaps you have recently met the one and only. If separated for a short while, remember absence makes the heart grow fonder. Write entertaining letters.	★ If you turn down well-intentioned invitations or scorn social contacts you will be lonely. If you prefer your own company visit the pictures or have a meal in town.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a little bit of velvet.	★ Some homemakers as well as those in paid employment are trying to convince the boss that a rise in pay is due. Prospects aren't too bright.	★ A quiet week at home should enable you to catch up with tasks. This is a good time to go over accounts, make repairs to wardrobe, or plan home improvements.	★ Those who are married may be thrilled at a secret ambition about to be realized. If young and single you do a bit of detective work in regard to the beloved.	★ If arranging a secret function, perhaps a surprise party or an unexpected presentation to a guest of honor, you may have an exciting week.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic interlude.	★ You may be invited to join in a partnership which involves expenditure in business or family spheres. Dividends may be partly financial, partly personal.	★ A birthday party, if you are a parent, a wedding anniversary, a new job, or promotion to a better post can all be the cause of rejoicing and bind the family closer.	★ The man in your life may ask you to join in a project, a social stunt or a sporting activity. It is wise to have common interests you can talk about.	★ The partly social, partly romantic friendship with a member of the opposite sex delights your sign. This week it is due to turn into a love affair or else vanish.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in carrying out plans.	★ Welcome changes in your occupation could benefit you. Widen the scope of your knowledge now or gain new qualifications. Housewives experiment in new directions.	★ The kind of food you eat has a close bearing on the health and welfare of the household. If you cannot travel, you can still serve up dishes with a foreign flavor.	★ End your date at a reasonable hour. Frayed nerves often result from lack of sleep. Most boys and girls have to be at school or work the next morning.	★ Have you ever been left in the lurch by members of a club or a committee who, after promising to work like beavers, just fade out? Look out for this contingency.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in a speculation.	★ A lucky break is ahead. You may be offered a good price for an article or an investment may turn up trumps. In some way you cash in and add to the bank balance.	★ Make a game out of housework. Dishwashing goes quickly if you pin up something you want to memorise over the kitchen sink or if you tidy up to music.	★ Your heart may be racing around in circles. Popularity is rising, you have many partners and can't make up your mind with whom to make the next date.	★ A hectic week, but you should be game enough to cope with anything. You end up focusing on undreamed-of activities. This is going to give you a new perspective.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a happy solution.	★ Should you be asked to take on unfamiliar work you may hesitate. Give it a trial, move slowly at first, then get into your stride and enjoy the benefits.	★ Don't attempt a dozen things in a burst of enthusiasm. Pick one project which you consider the most important. Postpone the rest until it is completed.	★ Squabbles are always regrettable. If you have spoken impulsively in an argument, clear of each other for a little while until you have both cooled off.	★ Quite a few of you decide to ease off and are glad of going to bed with a book. Planning for the future is a bright idea when you are relaxing at home.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in learning a new skill.	★ If you believe all you hear you are looking for trouble. If you are sick home-made remedies can be dangerous. Repairs to household equipment should be left to experts.	★ The visit of a relative may give you a fresh perspective. A helping hand could assist in completing a job. In some cases a neighbor could be a tower of strength.	★ Evening students and those beginning new pastimes will be meeting similarly minded people. This is where romance blossoms in unexpected surroundings.	★ Routine has its points. Settle for the fixed arrangement, the regular evening, and you have the comfortable feeling of knowing exactly where you will be and when.



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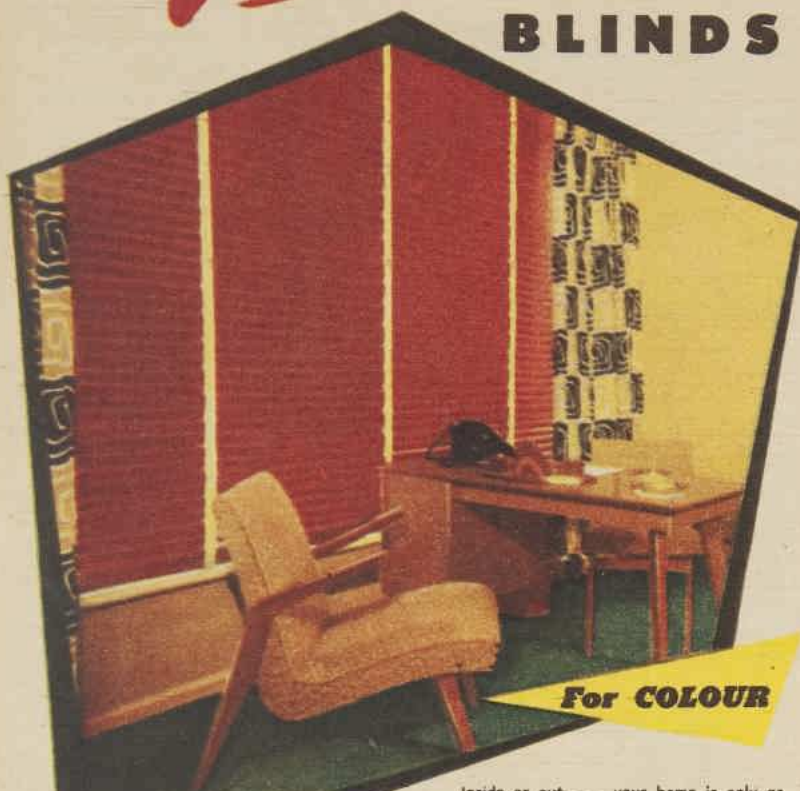
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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Girls who decide in their early teens to "go steady" and settle down with one boy miss a lot of fun and friendship with other boys. "Going steady" creates silly situations, too, that should never occur.

A LETTER received this week illustrates this point perfectly.

Here it is:

"I AM 17 and for 18 months have been going steady with a boy of 19. I learn lifesaving twice a week at the local baths. Nearly two months ago I met a boy there whom I like very much. We do our training together. The other day Mike, my steady, said he would come to see me swim, as he is interested in my swimming. Also, I don't want him to know about this other boy, as both are rather possessive. I like both boys and do not want to lose either friendship. What I want to know is: What should I say when Mike shows up at the baths?"

J.S.C., Vic.

"Help!" is all I can think of. Surely it is getting a bit cold for lifesaving lessons so far south? I don't think you can say or do anything that will get you out of this situation. I think Mike has smelled a water-rat and is going to find out for himself just what is going on. As you know him well, you will be able to imagine what the consequences will be. Everyone must be sick and tired of me prating about teenage girls not going steady, but this business of the two boys and you wanting to keep both friendships and apparently not being able to just springs from this stupid "going steady" business. I cannot see why you can't be friends with a dozen boys if you want to and have a wonderful time with all of them without the vows, spoken or understood, of going steady. I'm sure everyone would be much happier.

"I AM a worried man. Although I have been told that I am handsome and attractive to women, I find this a disadvantage. I have many

admirers because of it, but one is extremely possessive and persistent. I want to discourage her and have some fun with the other girls. I admit I have taken this girl out several times; but these outings have been merely on a friendship basis. She often embarrasses me in public with her possessive ways. Could you please tell me what I can do?"

F.C., N.S.W.

You know. Have nothing more to do with this girl. It is quite easy for you. Don't ask her out. If you meet her anywhere just be rude to her before she embarrasses you.

"I AM 15 years old and I am getting worried about my legs. During the past year they have started getting very hairy. When I was about 11 I noticed a few hairs on my legs, so I started to cut them off. My mother saw me and told me not to do it, as they would grow more, so I left them alone. But now, at 15, they have grown all over my

legs. I haven't been to the beach all this summer because my legs are too white and hairy. Stockings hide them a bit. I will be very grateful if you can find out anything for me about my problem. I don't like to go to a chemist to find out, and my mother doesn't seem to notice how they've grown."

There's no problem about hairs on the legs. All you do is buy yourself a safety razor (use your father's or brother's provided you change the blade) and use it whenever it is necessary. Shaving or cutting doesn't affect the growth of the hairs or coarsen them. I have used this method for years and found it most satisfactory. It takes only a few moments once a week to have perfectly groomed legs. I go so far as to say that no one can look really well dressed until she uses regularly some effective method of de-hairing her legs. Don't worry about the hairs on your legs. All girls have them unless they get rid of them.

DISC DIGEST

up the massed flutes and "Night Winds" is the result. True, it's still a background music disc, but the sound is soothing and quite haunting. The disc is also noteworthy for some beautiful piano work.

The tunes he has selected are nicely balanced. Oldies like "Sleepy Time Gal" and "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes" are contrasted with many not-so-familiar numbers such as "Close As Pages In A Book," "Love Locked Out," and "Good Night, Sweet Nightingale." In all, there are sixteen tunes on this big, restful record.

If "Night Winds" doesn't satisfy your romantic inclinations, you can always turn to Joni James' new 10-inch, "When I Fall In Love" (MGM.01.7509).

This is a personal collec-

tion, made by the young vocalist herself, and she considers them the eight top love ballads of the past 25 years. You and I won't quite agree because we all have our own individual favorites, but nevertheless each one is now standard and the disc is worth adding to your collection of good pops—"When I Fall In Love," "I've Never Been In Love Before," "Embraceable You," "Don't Blame Me," "My One and Only Love," "As Time Goes By," "I'm In The Mood For Love," and "People Will Say We're In Love."

Joni's style has improved enormously since we first heard her some three or four years ago, and she certainly puts the necessary tenderness into these grand love songs.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

Special Section

To help you plan,

decorate or remodel the

Bedroom and Bath

In this section there are new ideas for bedroom and bathroom decor, an architect's advice on bathroom planning, and suggestions for towel decoration and bedhead treatment. Directions are also given for making the lovely taffeta coverlet seen above in an elegant bedroom setting.

Tact deodorant soap

safeguards your freshness,

all over, all day

as no ordinary soap can..



New miracle

Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

★ PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past.

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G11 HEXACHLOROPHENE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with ordinary soap and thousands of these

germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

**BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP
IN THE BIG BATH SIZE...
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REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1'5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

Bathrooms go glamorous, are no longer Cinderellas in the home

Women now take as much interest in the planning as well as the selection of fixtures, color schemes, and accessories for the bathroom as they do for the kitchen.

Bedroom and Bath

THE bathroom is one place in the home where you can let your head go as far as color is concerned; in fact, it can glow with color.

In selecting color beware of muddy shades and of colors that will be hard to match. And after you've picked your favorites, combine them with the same deft touch you would use in decorating the living-room.

Here are some unusual color combinations:

- Pink fixtures, soft olive-green walls, brown floor, and white ceiling, white woodwork, white curtains, pink-and-white dotted shower curtains, pink or white bath towels, pink and white hand towels, and large white mat.

- White fixtures, sunny-yellow walls, deep green floor, white woodwork and ceiling, or white floor with rich green ceiling. Introduce touches of turquoise into the scheme with hand towels or bath towels.

- Ceiling and one wall deep blue, others white or shell-pink, white fixtures and white-tiled floor, pink-tiled bench round hand-basin, deep blue window frames, white curtains, white or shell-pink towels.

- Palest grey walls and ceiling, grey fixtures, deep grey tiled floor, cherry-colored window and shower curtains and towels.

- Lilac walls and ceiling, blue fixtures, palest grey floor, white woodwork and curtains; bath and hand towels in a range of pastels including yellow, green,

with one or two in deep violet for drama.

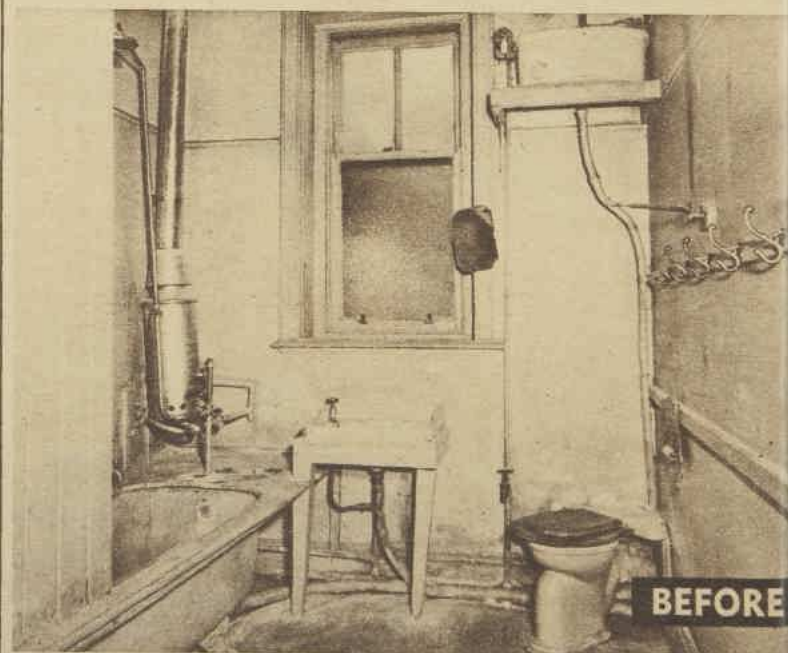
Mural or patterned wallpaper (the washable or water-proof type) is becoming increasingly popular for bathroom decor. One wall or the ceiling is generally the favorite place for this wallpaper.



DECORATIVE idea for a small bathroom or powder room comprises a mirror with white painted frame, shell-topped in black glass, and white cushioned stool.

Paper-hanging experts can treat ordinary wallpaper so it becomes heat and steam resistant.

Hand-painted murals are also popular. Three distinctly different types are shown on the opposite page.



BEFORE

THIS IS HOW THE BATHROOM LOOKED when Mr. and Mrs. J. F. W. Landers moved into the wonderful old stone house they bought 18 months ago at Hunter's Hill, N.S.W. "It reminded us of a bathroom that stood up, nearly, to the Battle of Britain," said Mr. Landers. With hammer and axe he demolished fittings, tore up the leaden flooring, threw them out the window and called in the plumber and tiler. See result opposite.

Rich contrasting colors, delicate pastels, and hand-painted murals

UNUSUAL is the color combination featured in the bathroom at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Timmony, of Belgavilah, N.S.W. Blue, black, and grey are used on the floor, basin, and tiles, with pearl-grey walls and a rich coral-rose ceiling for warmth and contrast.



AFTER

ABOVE: What a transformation! This is the Landers' bathroom (shown in its original state on the opposite page) as it looks today. Mrs. Landers painted the delicate water-bird motifs.

RIGHT: Beautifully appointed bathroom of Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Rivers at Castlereagh, N.S.W. Hand-painted tiles are in aboriginal design. They tell the legend of the Nyngan Lakes.

ABOVE: A dream bathroom in the new home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Venning, at Beaumont, S.A. When artist Carleen Parker wanted a motif for the ceiling decor she picked a daisy and a pink geranium from the garden and reproduced them on a pale grey-blue background. The effect is delightful.

RIGHT: Star and dot patterns are the novel designs on the walls and in the shower recess of this display bathroom. In varied colors, the designs are on special wallboard.





Suddenly ordinary
shampoos are
old-fashioned

PEARS Sunsilk SHAMPOO

LEAVES HAIR SHINIER, EASIER TO DO,
BECAUSE YOU NEED ONLY ONE LATHER



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Try Sunsilk yourself and see how lovely your hair can be! Try a Sunsilk bubble for 1/3. Then buy the big bottle (8-10 shampoos) for 5/6 — you'll save 8d. a shampoo! Smaller bottle 3/9. At chemists, grocers, retailers.

Sk. S. W. W. 14g

Bedroom and Bath

THE standard domestic bathroom is suitable for a young couple or similar small household, but a large family requires one with more flexibility in its planning.

Illustrated on these pages are various types of modern bathrooms.

Bathrooms of Types 1, 2, and 3, although economical in space, allow only one occupant at any time. Type 1, perhaps the most usual in layout, is quite satisfactory for a small family but poses a problem at morning peak-hour use.

Type 2 is a slightly more economical and tidier arrangement than Type 1.

Type 3, being only 6ft. by 6ft. in area, provides similar facilities to 1 and 2 and is perhaps the most economical arrangement possible.

The bath is not a standard unit. It can be constructed as a tiled brick hob with the combination bath and shower recess formed by lowering the concrete floor.

The unit can be finished by fixing wall tiles to the inner surface and hobs of the recess.

But tiled baths have disadvantages: they absorb the heat from the water very quickly, and the tile joints become dirty with soap and grease after a few years.

Instead of using tiles, the bath and shower unit described for Type 3 can be lined on the inner surface with a specially fabricated stainless steel trough that is attractive in appearance and easy to clean.

Useful hobs

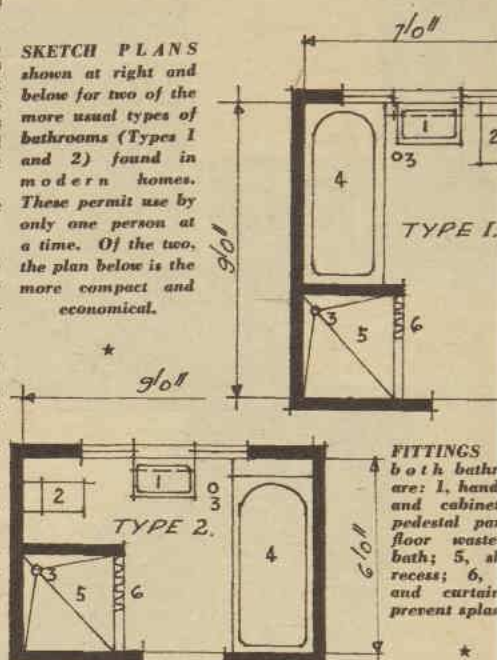
THIS unit is long enough to sit in as a hip-bath, and is very easy to step into as a shower recess. The large tiled hobs make an excellent seat when bathing the feet.

The unit is very suitable for bathing young children, the tiled hobs allowing the parent to sit and rest as well as providing accommodation for the numerous rubber ducks and

SIX DESIGNS

● Because of present high building costs, most home-builders are faced with the problem of compromising between strict economy and their ideal bathroom. Here are some layouts to help solve the problem.

SKETCH PLANS shown at right and below for two of the more usual types of bathrooms (Types 1 and 2) found in modern homes. These permit use by only one person at a time. Of the two, the plan below is the more compact and economical.



FITTINGS both bathrooms are: 1, handbasin; 2, cabinet; 3, pedestal pan; 4, floor waste; 5, bath; 6, shower recess; 7, and curtain prevent splash.

plastic boats that accompany junior on this occasion.

Type 4, although a little bigger in area, has advantages well worth considering. The toilet and bathroom can be used separately.

If an extra handbasin were installed (figure 6 in the sketch of Type 4), it would be very useful when there were guests in the house.

An idea in general use in America and becoming more popular in this country is to incorporate the handbasin into a dressing-table unit.

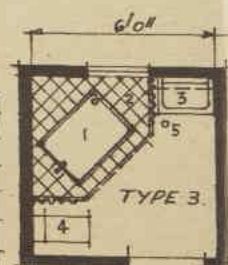
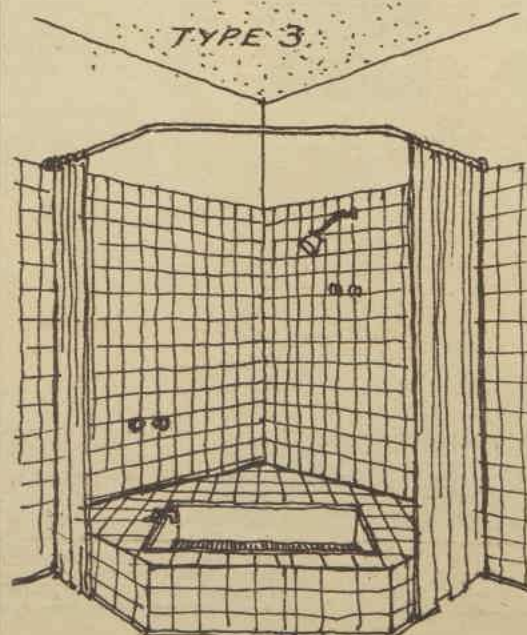
The basin is set into a bench top that could be finished with

laminated plastic or stainless steel. A bank of drawers, cupboard space under bench to one side make roomy storage space.

A large mirror set along full width of the bench in attractive wall finish and the effect apparently of doubling the size of the room. Clear space under the edge of the bench allows a plain upholstered stool to be used when not in use.

The ideal bathroom layout for a family is illustrated in Type 5, where bath and basin, additional basin, toilet, and shower are each housed in a separate compartment.

For this layout I recommend



LEFT is a sketch (Type 3) of a large shower recess that contains a small bath. This is most suitable where bathroom space is very limited. Above is a plan of the bathroom showing: 1, stainless steel trough (bath); 2, tiled hobs (seats when bathing children); 3, handbasin; 4, pedestal pan; 5, outlet for water over

...for better bathrooms

Architect's diary, by
Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

a bath that is a standard porcelain steel unit 5ft. long and now being manufactured with the front formed in the same material. This saves the necessity of building it in with tiles.

The bottom is flatter and shallower than the conventional bath, and more suitable for use with a shower set above it. The separate shower cubicle contains a small seat and compartment for clothing. It can be used independently of the bathroom.

Type 6 shows how, in a holiday home or house where economical building is essential, a laundry can be eliminated and the bathroom used instead for washing clothes. The bath could be the porcelain steel unit described above. A plastic curtain and a pipe rail would prevent splashing.

Wash-trough

INSTEAD of the conventional basin there could be a stainless steel trough big enough to enable clothes to be washed by hand in it. A trough of this type is available with the space underneath enclosed with metal doors to form a small cupboard.

Another suggestion is a plastic wash-trough of a single color. This is inexpensive and attractive in appearance.

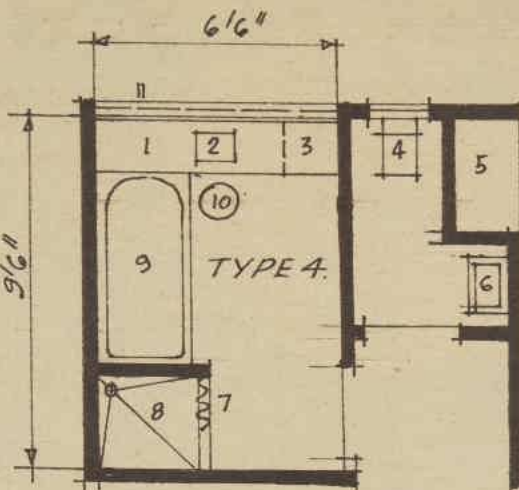
There would be enough space in the bathroom for an automatic washing-machine.

Now available is an attractive range of paving materials that can be used instead of the usual ceramic tile or colored cement paving. Tiles in asphalt, plastic, or terrazzo make possible the introduction of novel color effects.

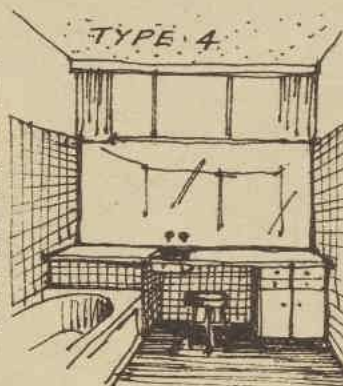
It is important to provide a good fall in the floor towards a floor gully. A hand-basin tap left running or a faulty cistern can flood the floor and ruin floor coverings if this important item is overlooked.

Showers are available for overhead or wall mounting. Remember that the needle-spray type of shower fitting requires a good pressure of hot water to compete with the pressure of cold water when the two are mixed.

If the hot-water unit is not mounted at a minimum of 3ft. above the shower rose it



PLAN and perspective sketch, shown above and at right, for an attractive bathroom (Type 4) that has a built-in dressing-table. The plan shows: 1, bench top; 2, handbasin; 3, drawers and cupboard under; 4, pedestal pan; 5, cupboard; 6, handbasin; 7, curtain and kerb; 8, shower recess; 9, bath.



is better to use some other spray.

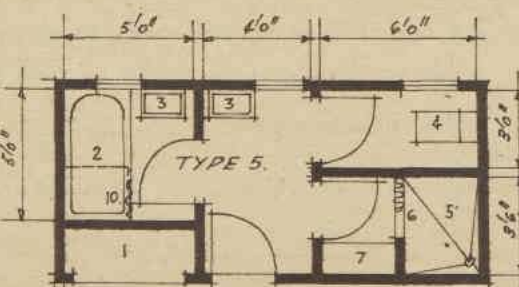
To avoid scalding by badly mixed hot and cold water, a special thermostatic shower control has been developed. This attachment allows the required temperature to be set on a dial that automatically switches hot and cold water until they are mixed at the required temperature.

Special care should be given to the selection of wall materials that are exposed to excess of moisture and steam and so can deteriorate quickly. Materials needing

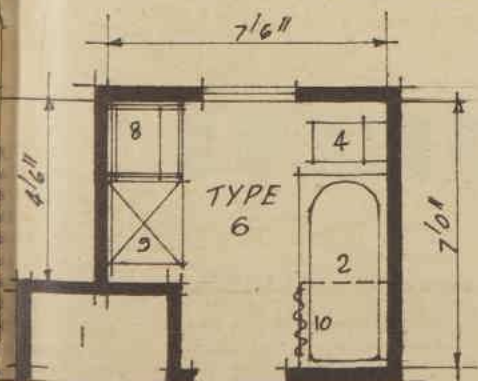
hand-painting should be avoided always.

Tiling can be used quite satisfactorily in both brick and timber homes. In timber houses the walls are covered with a special wire mesh that is cement rendered to provide fixing for the tiles.

Other good wall finishes include pre-finished enamelled wallboards and laminated plastic or asbestos cement with color incorporated. These materials can be jointed most satisfactorily with neat and unobtrusive aluminium cover-strips.



ABOVE: Type 5 is ideal for a large family, having four separate compartments that can be used by four people at once. At left is bathroom Type No. 6, which is suitable for a small holiday-home. Key to both diagrams is: 1, cupboard; 2, bath; 3, handbasin; 4, pedestal pan; 5, shower recess; 6, kerb and curtain; 7, seat; 8, stainless steel trough; 9, automatic washing-machine; 10, curtain track over. The bath shown in both diagrams is the standard porcelain steel unit that has a front formed of the same material, thus saving the necessity of tiling it in.



Timbrock

HARDBOARD

builds this—



a sewing centre any wife would love

This unit gives space for patterns, fabrics, cottons, and all other odds and ends you need for sewing — plus a worktable for cutting out and supporting the machine.

Yet when closed it takes only three-feet of floor space and makes a handsome piece of furniture.

Timbrock was chosen to make it because its smooth pressurised finish makes an ideal snag-free working surface, and because it can be used to make the multitude of small slides and racks that are needed to store the small objects used for sewing.

In addition, look at all the other advantages you get with Timbrock.

- Timbrock is so much easier to work. Your saw zips through the grainless texture — leaves a clean edge. Nails can't make it split or splinter.
- Timbrock is flexible—can be bent around curves to achieve particular effects. Also, even the big sheets won't crack in handling.
- Fine, glass-smooth paint surface. Any type of paint goes on over Timbrock. No tiresome initial sanding before you can even start to paint. And Timbrock needs less paint to do a good covering job.



- White ant proofed! Timbrock was buried for a year in white ant riddled ground. Result when it was unearthed: Timbrock was not touched.
- Big sheets for big jobs—5, 6, 7, 8 and 14 feet long, 4' 6" wide to fit standard 18" studding. Timbrock Shorts when you only want a little Timbrock for a small job.

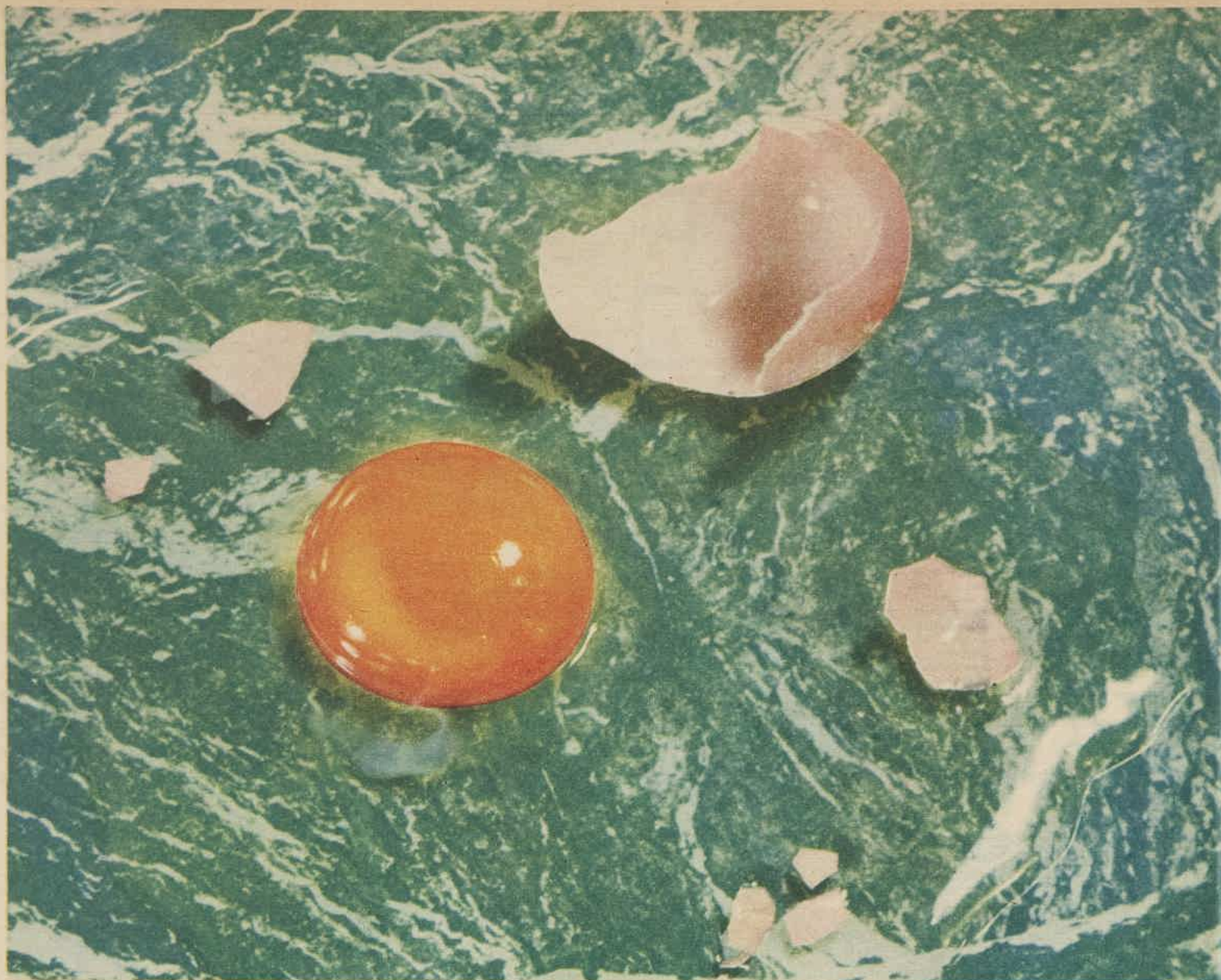


Timbrock

... natural wood made better

Made by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD., Building Materials Division

Showrooms at Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart. T58-1A



Laminex has no equal

THE SECRET'S IN THE SURFACE . . . whatever the mishap—a dropped egg, spilt liquids or any of a thousand accidents—the beautiful Laminex surface will *never* be impaired. Laminex is manufactured from a secret formula . . . the secret which gives Laminex its permanently hard surface. No wonder then, that Laminex has earned a reputation for long, beautiful wear. No wonder, too, that Laminex is the largest selling surfacing material in Australia . . . 87% of people protect themselves by asking for *genuine* Laminex. Laminex is always easy to keep clean. It gives a bright, pleasing finish to furniture, cupboards, shower recesses.

Ask to see the full range of Laminex colours and patterns at your neighbourhood Laminex dealer. He'll be pleased to show them to you.

ALWAYS INSIST ON GENUINE



Only genuine Laminex carries this

It's your guarantee. Look for it before you buy any surfacing material.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 24, 1971

Lovely Mothers
Tell their
Daughters



Easily Banish
acne — pimples — blackheads



WITH
Innoxa
SOLUTION
41

All lovely mothers have a protective compassion born of their own memories of adolescent problems. That's why they tell their daughters of Innoxa's miraculous Solution 41!

This colourless, unscented preparation banishes those destroyers of youthful confidence and happiness... pimples... blackheads... acne... open pores... over-oily skin.

Solution 41 ensures serenity of spirit to turbulent adolescent years, and forms a basis of beauty for all the years to come.

Solution 41 12/6

INNOXA Complexion Milk
makes all types of skin
Oh... so fragrantly CLEAN

Not mere cleanliness... but complete cleanliness that glows deep from within. Every speck of the day's grime dissolved in a second!

along with expended, natural oils... and impurities! Nothing in the world cleans skin so swiftly, so safely, so gently... so deeply.

9/6, 18/9, 24/11



Smart Set

The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

3/11 everywhere



THE BEST COOKS
use
FAULLING
essences

Look for these symptoms of
WORMS

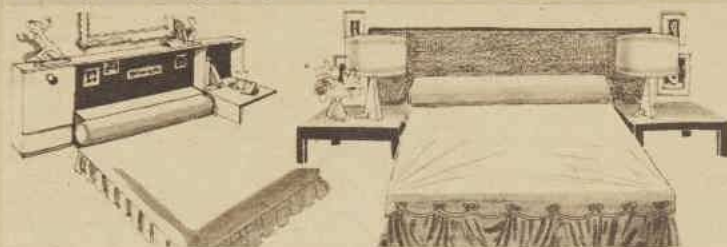
Itchy nose, irritability, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking
CONSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

FOUR MODERN HEADBOARDS



GARDEN ATMOSPHERE (above). Pine pickets tacked to the back of a simple framework of 2in. by 3in. pine, then fastened to the wall, make a picturesque bedhead.

PEGBOARD attached to the wall in a boy's room displays his treasures.



HANDSOME HEADBOARD has fibre-board or pegboard inset to house your favorite portraits.

SMART IDEA is to make the headboard of wallboard with a leather-like finish. Squat tables backed by portraits are an asset.

How to make patchwork coverlet

Here are the directions for making the beautiful taffeta coverlet shown in color on the opening page of this section. A color chart is also given.

Bedroom and Bath

Materials: One yd. each of red, blue, yellow, dark green, light green, and pink taffeta; 48in. wide; 6yds. cotton lining; 15yds. white wadding; 1 ob-

long piece of cardboard 12in. x 10in.; 1 oblong piece of cardboard 11in. x 9in.; colored pencils to match selected taffeta.

1	5	3	1	5	3	1
2	6	4	2	6	4	2
3	1	5	3	1	5	3
4	2	6	4	2	6	4
5	3	1	5	3	1	5
6	4	2	6	4	2	6
1	5	3	1	5	3	1
2	6	4	2	6	4	2
3	1	5	3	1	5	3
4	2	6	4	2	6	4

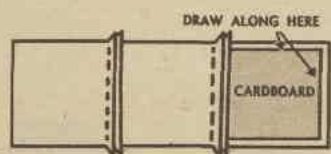
Directions: Draw a plan 9 squares wide, 10 squares long, and fill in with the colored pencils in the selected order. Starting at the top left-hand corner, work down each row, keeping the order of the six colors until chart is filled.

With the larger piece of cardboard as a guide, cut out the required number of pieces of taffeta. There will be 12 pieces each of pink, pale green, yellow, and red, and 11 pieces each of dark green and blue, giving a total of 70 squares.

Following the color plan as a guide, pin the first two pieces together (top left-hand) and join with a half-inch seam.

ABOVE: Color pattern for coverlet—1, pink; 2, pale green; 3, yellow; 4, red; 5, dark green; 6, blue.

RIGHT: Mark seam lines with smaller piece of cardboard.



BEFORE THE TRANSFORMATION



ABOVE is the blue-and-white bedroom (shown overleaf in color) before the hanging of the fascinating wallpaper mural.

Take the smaller cardboard and place as in sketch, making sure the left-hand edge is on the row of stitching, and with a sharp pencil draw down the right-hand side. Pin the next color piece to this and join along the pencil line. Continue in this way until the 10 cross sections are completed.

Press all the seams out flat, then pin the first two widths together, making sure the seams meet exactly. If not, correct seams before going further. Sew across with $\frac{1}{4}$ in. seam. Follow plan and continue to join the strips in this way. Press all seams out flat.

Cut the wadding into five lengths of three yards. Carefully open the wadding and with the "skin" side downwards carefully lay out three thicknesses of wadding the size of the quilt. Tack overlapping edges of wadding together.

Place quilt right side up on wadding and pin firmly along seams through the three layers of wadding.

With a fairly large stitch on the machine sew along the cross seams first, then the long seams. If the quilt is rolled lightly, first crossways, then longways, it will help to keep the bulk of the work straight under the machine arm. Trim off wadding around edges, leaving the silk free for $\frac{1}{4}$ in. turn.

Cut lining material into two lengths and join together. Place lining and quilt face to face and lay out flat. Pin around edges and cut off unnecessary lining. Sew around quilt, leaving 18in. open at one end. Turn quilt inside out.

Press lining back from edge of quilt and pin securely at the corner of each square on the first row. To prevent lining from hanging below quilt, sew by hand through to the quilt at these points, making sure stitching does not show on the top. Turn in end and slip-stitch by hand.



First choice
of mothers for
eight generations

Finlay's sheets



Mothers really know the value of Finlay's Sheets, for their fame has been passed from Mother to Daughter for over two hundred years. The inherited skill of eight generations of weavers and modern machinery have combined to make Finlay's Sheets and Pillowcases the perfect product they are to-day... in plain or twill weave; they're famous for their strength, beauty and long-wearing qualities! Choose her favourite colour from blue, primrose, apricot, nil green, rose, dark rose or sparkling white!



**IN WHITE AND
DECORATOR COLOURS**

Sheet beauty you must see to appreciate; and, remember, it's an old Scottish custom to date your Finlay's Sheets to see how long they'll wear!

Also ask for Finlay's genuine Scottish Window Hollands—they're guaranteed fadeless!

MADE IN SCOTLAND FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS

DIVERSITY IN DECORATION



LOVELY BEDROOM (above) in an English house features wallpaper and flounces and elegant old pieces of furniture. This is one of the guest bedrooms at "Bentley Farm," the old Tudor home of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Askew. Mrs. Askew decorated the room. She was Mary Doberer, of Sydney and Crafton, N.S.W.

PRACTICAL comfort in the bedroom is as important to your health as vitamins and fresh air.

Basic ingredients for bedroom comfort include adequate cupboard and drawer space, convenient lighting, a bedside table, or a headboard to hold books, papers, a glass of water, and the inevitable clock; also a good mattress (only the best is good enough), smooth sheets, and light but warm and capacious blankets.

The inclusion of a sofa or deep easy chair and a corner equipped for writing or hand-sewing are bedroom assets—especially if you are the mother of a growing family. These additional comforts make the bedroom a sitting-room to which you can retreat when you long for a little privacy and quiet.

Contemporary or period-style furniture is not essential to comfort and charm. "Out-dated" furniture painted to match or harmonise with the walls can be a delightful asset. The old painted dressing-table shown in the picture at lower left is an example.

For wall treatments you can use paint or wallpaper or both.

You can create an outdoor mood inside your bedroom with a wallpaper mural. The simply furnished room on the opposite page features a fascinating old tree dripping with wistaria blossom.

This is one of a wide range of hand-painted wallpaper murals new to Australia and designed for any room in the home. The wallpaper is available in the usual widths and can be hung in the ordinary way.

—Eve Gye



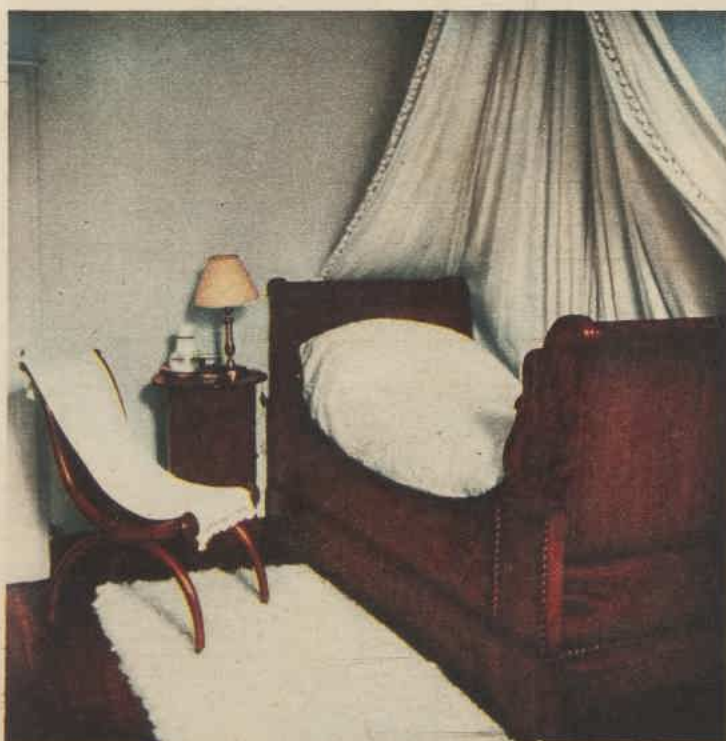
LEFT: Old-vintage furniture painted in a soft green to match the venetians lends singular charm to this room. The bedspreads and window seat fashioned of chintz team beautifully with the decor.



ABOVE: The modern touch is seen in this bedroom at Balgoolah, N.S.W. Severe in its contemporary furnishings, the room has a charm of its own in the bright colors. It can also be used as a sitting-room.



STRIKING WALLPAPER MURAL introduces a dramatic touch to this blue-and-white bedroom in a Killara, N.S.W., home. The mural is one of the new hand-painted wall-papers. The little chair repeats the toning of the wistaria blossom in the mural. Note the effective arrangement of the small white blue-corded cushions decorating the bed. A picture of this room before the mural was added is shown on the previous page.



ABOVE: World-famous Christian Dior decorated this bedroom in his centuries-old country home, "The Mill," Fontainebleau, France. The canopy gives a romantic touch to the richly polished Napoleonic bed.

RIGHT: Dramatic bedroom alcove in Roger Viviers' 17th century home at Mougins in the south of France. The charcoal wall was specially painted to accent the glittering beauty of the candelabra.



AJAX new

miracle cleanser with exclusive

"foaming action"

cleans

twice as easy,

twice as fast!

No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!



Greasy pans come shining clean with half the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

No other cleanser polishes so bright, so fast!



AJAX actually polishes as it cleans—makes pots, sinks, cookers, everything, shine brighter than ever. AJAX floats away every trace of grease and dirt—in half the time!



★ AJAX IS GUARANTEED

Use AJAX on a portion of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

A COLGATE-PALMOLIVE PRODUCT

**FLOATS DIRT, GREASE and STAIN
RIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN**

BUY THE LARGE KING SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

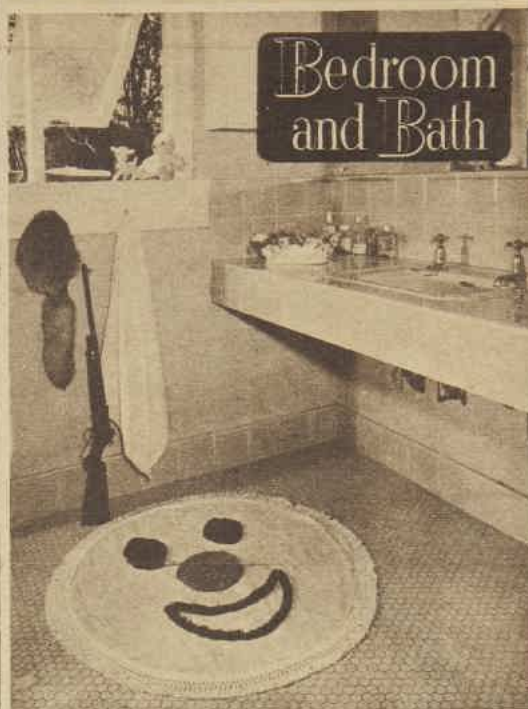


No other cleanser keeps porcelain so white—because only AJAX contains **BLEACH**

No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- ★ AJAX smells good, too.

NEW IDEAS FOR TOWELS



CLOWN'S FACE BATHMAT is a charming idea for the bathroom, especially if there are children in the house. It can be used as a scatter rug, too. Directions at right above.

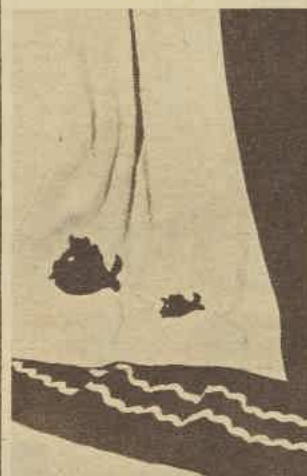
NOVEL ideas for decorating towels are shown below. All are extremely easy to do, and if made in bright colors will help transform a dull bathroom. We also give directions for making the clown's face bathmat shown at left.

Materials: 2yds. 36in. terry towelling; 3½yds. fringing as wide as you like—we used 2½in. wide; 1½yds. thick chenille-type fringing for the nose (orange); 1yd. of the same material for the mouth (red); 2½yds. for the eyes (black).

Directions: Cut two circles 36in. in diameter from the towelling. On one of the two circles draw the clown's face with pencil. Then, starting from the outside of the eyes and nose, sew the chenille-type fringe to the face, working toward the centre of each feature until each one is filled. The mouth is a single strip of fringe, sewn to the face.

When the features are sewn firmly in place, put the two towelling circles together, and stitch, leaving a ½in. seam.

Pin the fringe around the edge (be sure to buy a double-edged fringe which will cover the seamed towelling on both sides), and stitch.



TWO SUGGESTIONS for turning your ordinary bath-towels into something different. The dark towel shown above has wide strips of braid machined across the ends, and the other is appliqued in towelling fish.



TWO DELIGHTFUL IDEAS for decorating bath-towels are shown above. The pastel-colored towel has spots of a darker color, and of different sizes, cut from terry towelling and appliqued. The other towel is decorated with white chenille-type fringe stitched to one end in an attractive scalloped pattern.



ABOVE: Rows of large crosses stitched along the end bands of the towel produce an unusual effect. The crosses can be done easily with heavy knitting cotton or embroidery cotton to match or contrast with the towel.



LEFT: Enormous initials in chenille fringe are crazy but effective. Draw your initial in pencil on the towel, then stitch on the fringe. Flowing script like this big E is easier to work than square initials.



Marlite Pegboard

Versatile Pegboard puts walls to work for you. Use it to hang anything from an indoor pot-plant to a moveable book-shelf. Marlite Pegboard is available in matt white and 10 gloss colours.



exciting Marlite wall panels

Marlite Block

These colourful blocks come in 15-inch and 11-inch squares. They are easily fastened by metal clips cleverly concealed behind tongue and groove joints. You'll love the fascinating symmetrical effect that "Block" gives any wall or ceiling.

Marlite Leveline

In bedroom or living-room, Leveline adds a note of restfulness. Twin parallel grooves eight inches apart run the full length of the wall-high sheets. Leveline has the same permanently beautiful surface as the other Marlite boards; comes in 15 gloss colours.

Marlite Lusterite

Colourful Marlite Lusterite with a plain glass-smooth surface is suitable for any room in the house. The big sheets can be fixed to a timber-frame or to brick walls just as easily as the other Marlite boards. Lusterite comes in 15 gloss colours including five stippletones.

Marlite Lustrtile

Although it looks and lasts like expensive ceramic tile, Lustrtile is as economical and as easy to instal as the other Marlite boards. Highly resistant to moisture, grease, household acids and mildew, Lustrtile comes in 15 modern Marlite colours that match most porcelain kitchen and bathroom fittings. The 6 ft. x 4 ft. sheets are embossed in 6-inch or 4-inch squares.

Marlite Leatherboard

At first glance you'd think it was real leather. That's because Leatherboard has all the charm, all the beauty of rich Spanish leather. Actually it has the same long-lasting plastic enamel surface as the other Marlite boards. Available in six Marlite colours.

Marlite Plank

Walls of Plank in the rumpus-room or "den" will take all the knocks. The tough plastic-enamel surface withstands scratches and bumps, cleans easily with a damp cloth. Planks are either 15 inches or 11 inches wide and go right from floor to ceiling.

Now you can have beautiful walls like those on this page...

Marlite's heat-treated plastic-enamel surface resists moisture, grease and mildew—and it cleans with a wipe of a damp cloth. Made from tough Tempered Masonite, the big Marlite sheets (up to 9 ft. x 4 ft.) can be easily installed in new homes or old. There are 15 wonderful colours and a complete range of matching mouldings. Your nearest Builders' Supplier will be happy to show you Marlite samples.



Marlite

WALL AND CEILING PANELS

Masonite Corporation (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
Sales Offices: 533 Collins Street, Melbourne
369 Pitt Street, Sydney; 150 Mary Street, Brisbane
21 Chesser Street, Adelaide

THE COMPLAINT PEOPLE DON'T MUCH CARE TO TALK ABOUT



BEWARE OF
PURGATIVES

Doctors agree that this is IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS

Many of the ills that help to fill your doctor's waiting room are directly or indirectly due to constipation. Countless people are less well, less happy, less efficient than they should be because of constipation and the harsh medicines they take to relieve it. If you have come to depend on laxatives, or require them frequently, read every word of this article. The simple truths it sets forth may make a difference to your life!

A deficiency complaint

Constipation is one of the penalties we pay for civilized eating habits. Most natural foods are rich in the cellulose bulk, or "roughage", which keeps food wastes moving regularly through your 30 feet of intestine. A diet of highly-refined foods must result, sooner or later, in bulk deficiency — the most common cause of constipation.

The facts about laxatives

Laxatives are not the answer to constipation because they treat the symptom, not the cause. At best, they give a day or so's relief. At worst, they are habit-forming drugs which upset the natural rhythm of digestion and nutrition.

Restoring bulk to the diet

The only way to get your system functioning normally again is to put bulk back into your diet. This need not mean changing your eating habits, or depriving yourself of refined foods. You can provide your system with all the bulk it requires by simply enjoying a whole-bran breakfast cereal every morning. This cereal is All-Bran, prepared by Kellogg's from the vitamin-rich, mineral-rich outer layers of wheat.

A food — not a medicine

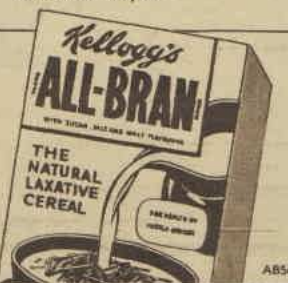
All-Bran is not habit-forming because it is a food, not a medicine. Instead of depleting your reserves of energy, it builds up your general health with Vitamin B₁, B₂, phosphorus, niacin and iron. Its nutty flavour and crisp texture are delicious with hot or cold milk, with fruit, with other cereals or in cooking. Why not put All-Bran to the test? Get it from your grocer. Enjoy it every morning for ten days. Drink plenty of water. If you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and get double your money back!

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

"FAMILY DOCTOR",
the British Medical Association
magazine, says:

BEWARE OF PURGATIVES

Purgatives cause constipation by irritating and paralyzing the bowels. This fact was known in A.D. 100 and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since. If you have developed the "laxative" habit, discard it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk — like cereals — in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise will keep most people fit in this respect.



AB56-J

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 17

when he replied, with civil indifference, "As you wish, my love."

The play was neither better nor worse than any other that had been performed at Drury Lane that year, and even Letty, who was young enough to think herself hardly used if brought away from a theatre before the final curtain, greeted with approval Cardross' suggestion that they should not stay to see the farce.

London was passing through a dramatic doldrums, and with the exception of an occasional appearance of Mrs. Siddons, in charity performances, and the promise of a new melodrama by Charles Kemble, to be produced at the end of the month, under the intriguing title of "The Brazen Bust," there was really nothing in prospect to lure the most inveterate playgoer into any of the theatres. The Haymarket Theatre being closed, owing to the preoccupation of the management in the Court of Chancery, the Surrey, on the south bank of the river devoting itself to entertainments that were not at all the thing for ladies, the Regency fast sinking into decay, and both the Lyceum and the Olympic staging displays that resembled Astley's circuses, lovers of the drama were obliged either to stay at home or to attend a succession of indifferent plays put on at Drury Lane, or at the Sans Pareil.

"I can't think what made you wish so particularly to see such a stupid piece!" said Letty frankly when Cardross, having conveyed his ladies back to Grosvenor Square, had gone off to spend an hour or two at White's Club. "I did my best to save you from it, too, for I could see you were not in spirits."

"I didn't wish to see it," replied Nell rather wearily. "I said so only because I was in such dread that you would begin to tease Giles about your marriage, and I thought that anything would be better than that!"

"How can you be so nonsensical?" demanded Letty, quite astonished. "Why should you care if I did tease him? He would not blame you for that!"

"No: very likely he would not—until you had dragged me into the quarrel, which you would have, if I know you! And in any event I can't bear to be obliged to listen to your driving Cardross into losing his temper, which no one can wonder at his doing, for you must own, Letty, that as soon as you are cross you express yourself in the most improper way to him!"

"Pooh! Why shouldn't I say what I choose to him?" said Letty scornfully. "He is not my father, after all! I don't wish to distress you, Nell, but I warn you I mean to speak to him tomorrow morning, before he goes out. And, what's more, I shall continue to press the matter every time I see him, until he yields, which I don't doubt he will, because I have frequently observed that gentlemen dislike excessively to be continually teased, and will do almost anything only to win peace again!"

Upon hearing this pleasing programme, Nell expressed the fervent hope that providence might see fit to strike her down with influenza during the night, so that she would be obliged to keep her room for several days, and went off to bed, a prey to what her sister-in-law was uncivil enough to call the blue devils.

There was no intervention by providence, but Nell very prudently put in no appearance at the breakfast-table. Since it was Sunday, and she liked to breakfast before attending morning service, this was served

earlier than on week-days; early enough to afford Letty ample time to launch her preliminary skirmish.

That she availed herself of the opportunity Nell soon knew. She was seated before her dressing-table, while Sutton arranged her shining ringlets in a fashionable mode known as the Sappho, when Letty erupted into the room, out of breath from having rushed upstairs in pelted haste, and with her eyes and cheeks blazing. "Nell!" she uttered explosively.

Well aware that she would not be deterred from pouring forth the tale of her wrongs by Sutton's presence, Nell at once dismissed her stately dresser. She would probably learn the whole from Martha presently, since that devoted and uncritical abigail was deeply in her mistress' confidence, that that couldn't be helped, and at least Nell would be spared the embarrassment of her presence while Letty gave rein to her first fury of indignation.

Hardly had the door closed behind Miss Sutton than the storm broke. Pacing about the room in a fine rage, Letty favored her sister-in-law with a graphic and embittered account of what had taken place in the breakfast-parlor. The preliminary skirmish had clearly developed rapidly into a full-scale attack. Equally clearly Letty had been beaten at all points.

Her recital was freely interspersed with animadversions on Cardross' character, cruel, callous, tyrannical, and odious being the mildest epithets she used to describe it. After one quite unavailing attempt to check her, Nell resigned herself, listening with half an ear to the various measures (most of them, happily, impossible) Letty was prepared to resort to if Cardross should persist in his uncompromising attitude; and wondering whether either of them would be in time for morning service.

Not surprisingly, considering the overwrought state of her nerves, Letty's diatribe ended in a flood of tears, violent enough to make Nell entertain serious fears that she was about to fly into a hysterical fit. This danger was averted by a mixture of hartshorn and common-sense, and the sufferer from fraternal persecution presently subsided into milder weeping.

Nell had just succeeded in soothing her, and was bathing her temples of Hungary water, when Cardross, after the curtest of knocks on the door, walked into the room. At sight of Letty, languishing upon the sofa, he stopped short on the threshold and said cuttingly, "An affecting spectacle!"

"Oh, Giles, pray hush!" begged Nell.

The stricken maiden on the sofa bounced up and in a husky voice of loathing promised to go into strong convulsions if Cardross did not instantly leave the room.

"By all means do so if you have a fancy to be well slapped!" retorted Cardross, looking as though it would give him considerable satisfaction to carry out his threat. "If you have not, stop enacting Cheltenham tragedies and go to your own room!"

"Do you imagine," gasped Letty, "that you can order me to my room, as though I were a child?"

"Yes, and carry you there if you don't instantly obey me!" he said, pulling the door open again. "Out!"

"For goodness sake, Cardross!" expostulated Nell, in the liveliest dread that Letty

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would relapse into hysterics. "Do, pray, go away and leave her to me! This is my room, and really you have no right to order Letty out of it!"

"You have an odd notion of my rights," he said grimly. "I don't question that she is more welcome in your room than I am, but you will own that I at least have the right to be private with you when I choose!"

She whitened, but said quietly, "Most certainly, and, if it is the case that you wish to speak to me, shall we go into my dressing-room?"

"You need not put yourself to so much trouble!" declared Letty, trembling with anger. "I would not for the world, love, expose you to the sort of ill-usage I am compelled to suffer, and to spare you I will go!"

This very noble speech wiped the thunderous look from Cardross' face and made him burst out laughing, an unlooked-for event which exasperated Letty but considerably relieved Nell. Letty, pausing only to inform her brother that his manners were as disgusting as his disposition was malevolent, swept out of the room, sped on her way by a recommendation to go and take a damper. Cardross then shut the door, saying, "Little termagant! I shall be sorry for Allandale if ever she does marry him."

"She is very much upset by this news that he must leave England so soon," Nell replied excusingly. "One cannot but feel for her, and for my part—But I don't wish to tease you any more."

"I am glad to hear that. I have had as much as I can support in one day, I assure you. At breakfast, too!"

"I must say I think that was a very foolish time to choose," admitted Nell.

"Very! But she would not have found me more persuadable at any other hour." He added, as she sighed, "Yes, I am aware of what your sentiments are, but I didn't come to enter into argument with you over this lamentable affair. What I did come for was to discuss with you what will be

Continuing . . . April Lady

[from page 44]

the wisest course to pursue now.

"We may be sure of one thing: until that regrettable young man is out of the country there will be no peace for either of us. I shall no doubt be subjected to endless repetitions of today's scene; and you, I suppose, will be obliged to sustain the exhausting role of confidante. Well, I know of no reason why you should be called upon to endure Letty's tantrums, so tell me frankly, if you please, if you would wish me to pack her off to Bath?"

"Upon no account in the world," Nell said quickly. "Surely you were only funning when you made that threat?"

"I was; but I didn't then know that Allandale was to leave England so soon."

"No, no! Don't think of it! It would be so dreadfully unkind to send her out of town when she has so little time left before Mr. Allandale sails. I am persuaded, too, that she would run away—perhaps to Mrs. Thorne—and you would very much dislike that. Only think how it would look!"

"If I know my Aunt Honoria, she would be given no chance to run away," he said with a wry smile. "Don't imagine, however, that I wish to send her there! She's a tiresome little wretch, and when she starts brangling and bawling I could willingly wring her neck, but so much must be laid at the door of her upbringing that I can't feel she deserves quite such a fate as to be delivered up to that dragon of a female. But I don't wish you to be worn to a bone by her nonsense."

"Indeed, I shan't be, and I beg you won't dream of sending her to Lady Honoria! One thing you may be sure of: you have no need to fear an elopement."

"No. Very true!" he agreed. "Allandale's inability to support a wife must put that disaster beyond the range of possibility!"

"Yes, but that is not quite

just, Cardross!" Nell said reproachfully. "He may be an ineligible match for poor Letty, but you cannot doubt that his principles are high, and his sense of propriety too great to allow of his entertaining the thought of an elopement, whatever might be his fortune!"

"His principles and his propriety may be as high as the moon, but I have no great opinion of his resolution!" Cardross replied. "Had that been on the same level he would never, as his affairs stand, have allowed his fancy for Letty to carry him to the length of applying to me for her hand! She can be an engaging little devil when she chooses, and I will own myself astonished, if he is not being led about with a ring through his nose, like a performing bear. My dependence is all upon his straitened circumstances. We will keep Letty in London, then—and you won't blame me if she drives you to distraction!"

He left the room on these words, and after a discreet interval Miss Sutton returned to it, to complete, with lofty dignity, her task of presenting her mistress suitably coiffed and gowned for an appearance in the Chapel Royal.

Upon their return to Grosvenor Square Nell found a note from Dysart awaiting her. No; the porter informed her, his lordship had not called in person, but had sent it by the hand of his groom. Nell bore it upstairs to her dressing-room to peruse it in private, but its contents were disappointing.

The Viscount had scrawled no more than a couple of lines to say that he had received her warning and would take care to keep out of Cardross' way. He remained her affectionate brother, Dysart. It was only by the exercise of all the resolution at her command that she was able to refrain from despatching another letter to him then and there, reminding him of the urgency of her need.

Lady Sefton called during the course of the afternoon and stayed for an hour, uttering cryptic remarks and peeping at Letty through her fingers as she did so in a roguish manner.

Hardly had she departed than a much more unwelcome visitor arrived, in the person of Lady Cowper, who came with the ostensible object of begging dear Lady Cardross to lend her support to a charitable organisation of which she herself was a leading patroness, but lost little time in trying to ferret out, in the most caring way possible, all the details of Letty's romance.

Nell was mortified indeed to realise that her lord's little sister had become a subject of London gossip, and, glancing towards her, thought that she, too, looked to be rather struck.

The evening was enlivened by a spirited attempt made by Letty to convince her brother that in withholding her fortune from her he was guilty of embezzlement.

He refused to be drawn into altercation, and even tried to coax her into viewing her circumstances with rather more moderation, representing to her in a little amusement but with a good deal of kindness that two, or even three, years could hardly be thought an aeon of time; and that the possibility of Mr. Allandale's being snatched into marriage by a designing female of Portuguese extraction was too remote to be worthy of consideration.

"Don't put yourself in this passion, my dear little sister!" he said, taking her hand and giving it a squeeze. "You might be so very much worse off, you know! If I were the unfeeling tyrant you believe me to be I should have told Allandale never to think of you again—and that is certainly what the world will say I should have done! I haven't said it, and I shall not. But you must not expect me to allow you, at seventeen, to throw yourself away on a young man who has

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Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by
M. J. McMAHON

Hollywood's new Hope

Bob, king of quick quip goes serio-comic

● As a result of Bob Hope's recent screen and television performances, many critics have had to eat their harsh words regarding his acting ability. For some of his faithful fans it may be hard to get used to Bob Hope playing anything besides Hope, but Bob leaves them no choice.

CRITICS have had to admit that he can act seriously as well as he can act the fool, perhaps even better. And the success of movies he has made in the past two years indicates the public prefers the new Hope to the old.

While he has never really hit the skids, Bob's career went downhill during the late 1940s.

Hope films of that period, such as "Sorrowful Jones," "The Great Lover," and "The Lemon Drop Kid," just weren't in the same class as his previous pictures, including "The Cat and the Canary," "My Favorite Blonde," "Nothing But the Truth," and early efforts in the "Road" series, in which he co-starred with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour.

At the same time his radio and television shows began to lose the sparkle that had distinguished his programmes during the war and the immediate postwar period.

The turning point came something over a year ago, with the release of "The Seven Little Foys," in which he played his first real-life role.

His portrayal of the famous vaudeville star prompted tears in two ways — by tugging at the heartstrings as well as tickling the funnybone — and Hollywood hailed a new Hope.

"The Foys" set the pattern for subsequent Hope screen

and television productions. In both mediums his humor was based more on believability than buffoonery, demonstrating decisively that the serio-comic switch that he pulled was no fluke.

Last spring, Bob's final television appearance of the season was with Greer Garson in "The Awful Truth," this comedy taking the place of his usual hour of rapid-fire gags and silly situations.

Perennially popular as a motion picture, it was filmed in 1920, 1929, 1937, but the Hope television made it appear to have lost little of its lustre.

It is likely that Bob will lean towards this type of television presentation in future, gradually limiting his ad-lib gags to guest appearances.

"I'd like to be able to say that I tried doing something more dramatic just to prove I could still bat in Bing's league," he says. "But the truth is, I felt I just had to get out of an assembly-line gag rut. Many of the things I'd been doing were so similar to previous efforts that they were more like repeats than follow-ups."

"The running gags and familiar situations had grown pretty tired, and so had I. I'd always believed that the best humor was loving, tolerant, and understanding, and I wanted to get back to being a comedian, not just a clown."

"But a combination of serious acting and subtle humor wasn't new to me. It was the sort of thing I'd done before coming to Hollywood, like my role in 'Roberta,' on Broadway. No, there's really nothing new about me—it's just that I had my head re-blocked."

Hope has certainly been using his head. Free of his long-term Paramount contract but still making movies in partnership with that studio, he lost no time in getting Shavelson and Rose to line up another biographical story, one even more serious than that of Eddie Foy.

By
CARSON KERR,
in Hollywood

Although obtaining permission to portray the many prominent personalities in it presented a major problem, they finally succeeded in completing plans to film "Beau James," the life story of Jimmy Walker (mayor of New York from 1925 to 1932).

The film is likely to be released in America in the spring.

It is essentially a serious story, but has many humorous episodes, as Walker himself was a well-known wit. The cast includes Paul Douglas, playing a political string-puller; Canada's Alexis Smith, in the role of the first Mrs. Walker, and new star Vera Miles as Betty Compton, the showgirl from Toronto who became Walker's second wife.

Bob was so enthusiastic

about this picture that he began working in it a week after completing "That Certain Feeling." His enthusiasm was not misplaced. Those who have seen some of the footage are unanimous in rating the role his best yet.

While there are millions who think only that where there's Hope there's life, it isn't inconceivable that Bob's quiet, serious scenes will make new fans out of many moviegoers who never cared for his clowning.

The success of his new approach to acting comes as no surprise to his close friends. One of them once said that the secrets of his success were a nose, a brain, and a heart. First and foremost a gagman, a product of vaudeville, Bob soon recognised the value of his ski-snoot, and was clever enough to capitalise on it.

However, his never-ending efforts on behalf of servicemen and for charity are an indication of his intense hunger for recognition as a human being as well as a showman, a need that his new picture personality should certainly help satisfy.

One of the most amazing things about Hope is that, although he's in his 50s, he has as much energy as when he made his movie debut in "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

After making three movies in a row last year, he announced he was going to take it easy, and do nothing but an occasional TV show for six months.

He did take a vacation, spending a few days in Alberta. But a week after making the announcement he had completed arrangements to entertain troops in Alaska at Christmas, and in Greenland on New Year's Day. He'd also agreed to return to London in 1957 for another film.

"No new enterprise is ever one too many for this San Fernando Valley gadfly," comments Bing Crosby. "And his far-flung personality always seems able to embrace each new thing with the ease and subtlety of an octopus."

"Nothing tires the boy. I call him a boy, because that's how he likes to think of himself. There's a pretty complete psychoneurotic explanation of



MAN-ABOUT-TOWN Hope, slimmed down and all dressed up for his role in "Beau James," his latest film, which has some quiet and serious scenes as well as amusing ones.

Bob's remarkable replenishing gift. He can lie down anywhere, any time, and sleep. He sometimes even induces this psychological phenomenon in his audience."

Hope has had his share of sleeping audiences, but reaction to his recent performances has run to roars rather than snores. This pleases him, not so much because it's profitable but because he's

happiest when he hears laughter. He describes it as "a most pleasant sound, one that tends to keep you young whether you're producing it or provoking it."

Like practically every other comedian, Bob did not start out to be one. As a boy in Ohio, his first ambition was to become a boxer. But, he recalls, he soon had that idea knocked out of his head.

He then turned to dancing. By accident he discovered that audiences appreciated his gift of gab more than his terpsichorean talent. But his early dancing experience paid off

when he got into pictures, particularly when he played Eddie Foy.

"That was easy, compared to the Jimmy Walker characterisation," he told me. "It was tough, not because of the seriousness of some of the scenes, but what went on behind the scenes."

"For example, I lost a lot of weight in order to look more like Jimmy, only to discover that the dozens of prop pills I had to take during the filming were high-calorie combinations of peanut butter and chocolate."

"I also tried to appear five inches shorter, which was almost impossible when Alexis Smith and I appeared together, since she's as tall as Walker was—five feet, seven inches. It wasn't an outdoor epic, so we couldn't dig holes for her to stand in. In a true spirit of co-operation she wore shoes without heels whenever her feet didn't show."

"I'm looking forward to working with her again—in roles that don't require either of us to shrink."



BOB and the attractive Mrs. Hope with their two younger children at dinner. They have a family of four children.

Likes laughter

"The Girl Can't Help It"



SLAPSTICK ANTICS. By a ludicrous twist of humor, "Fats" Murdock (Edmund O'Brien) finds himself in a bed vacated by Tom Miller (Tom Ewell), left, in the apartment of Jerri Jordan (Jayne Mansfield). The little man at the right is Monsey (Henri Jones), a henchman of "Fats." In the story Miller is hired by Murdock, once the king of the poker-machine racket, to make a singing star out of Jerri. The girl can't sing a note.



LEFT: Julie London, the actress-singer, makes her Hollywood comeback in "The Girl Can't Help It" as Tom Ewell's dream girl. In this film sequence Julie wears pale chiffon and roses while singing "Cry Me a River," a poignant love song.

ABOVE: Jerri Jordan (Jayne Mansfield), an unwilling bride-to-be, is fitted with the sumptuous lace and tulle gown in which she is to marry "Fats" Murdock (Edmund O'Brien), the gangster. But as it turns out, Tom Ewell dances off with this girl.

Film Fan-Fare

● Blond Jayne Mansfield starts her star contract with Fox in the new comedy "The Girl Can't Help It," on release in Sydney this week.

Jayne, who has been named as one of the ten most photographed personalities of 1956, posed for so many cheese-cake pictures while working towards this contract that she falls into a come-hither attitude whenever she sees a camera.

Maybe the girl can't help it. But in any case it is a handy habit that has earned her a lot of sizzling publicity. In London "The Girl Can't Help It," a comedy with a rock-'n-roll beat, had a fantastic box-office success.



ABOVE: Abbey Lincoln, the negro singer with a penchant for hot rhythm, displays her vivid style in this number from the new film. Abbey is one of an imposing line-up of musical talent gathered together for the production.

RIGHT: Around the town with Press agent Miller (Ewell), who by now has fallen for her, Jerri (Mansfield) creates quite a stir. This is in accordance with his plan to build attention for Jerri as a blossoming talent.



JAYNE MANSFIELD, a new glamor girl in the old Hollywood tradition, believes that an actress should always look, dress, and behave like a real star of the theatre. In this new color comedy Jane has a sumptuous wardrobe of 18 gowns as well as fabulous furs and expensive jewelled accessories. Charles Lemaire, a triple Academy Award stylist, designed all the film gowns.





Mrs. B. Hemmett's photograph was submitted by Jan, Mark, Kristen and Karen Hemmett.

Another typical entrant in Fiesta's Prettiest Mother Competition

The Fiesta Prettiest Mother Competition has closed now, and the judges are having a very hard time choosing the hundred winners from the hundreds and hundreds of photographs submitted. Results will be announced in "The Australian Women's Weekly" dated May 8 — if you entered your Mother's photograph, be watching for it. Maybe she has won five pairs of beautiful Fiesta Nylons.



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1 DRIVING his wife, Elisa (Dorothy McGuire), and three children to a meeting, Jess Birdwell (Gary Cooper), left, a Quaker preacher, is tempted to race, and is beaten by his friend Sam Jordan (Robert Middleton) and his uniformed son Gard.



2 THE MEETING is attended by a Union Army officer, who asks the Quakers to fight in the war against the South. The plea affects young Josh Birdwell (Anthony Perkins), seated at left. He begins to worry over whether to go to war.



3 AT A FAIR, which Elisa reluctantly agrees to let her family attend, Gard and Mattie Birdwell (Phyllis Love), centre, fall in love. The other Birdwells have a busy day. Big Jess, who loves music, even buys an organ on the quiet.

"Friendly Persuasion"



4 VISITING the widow Hudspeth (Marjorie Main) and her daughters, Jess trades his horse for a sad-looking but speedy mare. There's a raid that night. Josh fears that he is a coward.

★ There is warmth, humor, and tenderness in "Friendly Persuasion," a William Wyler production released by Metro, in which Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire head a group of talented newcomers from Broadway.

Filmed in widescreen color, the picture deals with the life of a Quaker family in Indiana during the tense time when the armies of the Confederacy were marching northwards.

As the action unfolds, all sorts of things, humorous and dramatic, happen to this peace-loving family.



5 A SCENE with Elisa follows the delivery of the organ, but Jess eventually wins her over. Then Jess' new horse beats Sam Jordan's in a hard race.



6 RIDING with the home guard, which he joins after a mental struggle, Josh is wounded. While on the trail of his son, Jess finds Sam Jordan shot by a bushchucker. He tracks the culprit, but he finds that he cannot kill him.



7 BROUGHT HOME by his father, Josh, now a true man in his own right, makes steady progress. The Rebel raiders ride on to other sections. The Birdwell family is reunited, and Gard and Mattie look forward to a happy future.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 24, 1957

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Your family's health— How much better CAN it be?

Important facts in the interests of your husband, your children and yourself

Most of us who consider ourselves in good health are, in fact, not always "a hundred per cent". It is common to hear people say, "Oh yes, I feel well enough", but they add "I only get a bit tired now and then", or "I don't sleep too well these days", or "I feel irritable at times and lose appetite".

Through lack of knowledge these people speak of such troubles as being only natural—just a part of modern living.

Actually they are a part of modern living but modern living is not altogether natural living in the true sense of the word and some assistance is often needed. The difference between being "just well" and "right on top" is often a matter of good nutrition.

Now, what is good nutrition? It is not necessarily the taking of a lot of food—it is largely the result of proper balance in the various components of the food and a balanced diet is absolutely essential for maximum health. A balanced diet provides adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, fats and proteins in the correct proportions of one to another.

WHAT VITAMINS DO:

Of recent years, much has been learned of the vitamins and the part they play. The subject is rather complex and could be dealt with at length but a general understanding can be gained from the following:

Vitamins are substances which occur in minute amounts in the food we eat. They are essential for the proper functioning of the bodily processes and thus for life. About twenty vitamins have been identified by animal experiment but only a few have been shown to be of practical importance in human nutrition. In this class are vitamins A, B₁, C and D.

VITAMIN A is necessary for clear skin and good eyesight.

VITAMIN B₁ is needed for proper nerve function and to ensure you get the value from energy producing foods. Insufficient vitamin B₁ is a cause of neuritis and kindred complaints.

VITAMIN C is essential, as well as vitamin A, for a good skin and is especially important for healthy gums and teeth.

VITAMIN D is essential for proper bone formation.

As stated, vitamins are normally contained in our food but the factors of modern living need to be appreciated in order to know why we do not always get sufficient vitamins. Following are some common reasons:

- Cooking causes a substantial loss of vitamins in some foods.
- Vitamins are lost through exposure of the food to light and air during the long course of wholesale and retail distribution.
- The modern practice of taking quick "snack" meals—pie or toast, etc.—of little or no vitamin value.
- The natural inclination for most people to eat "what they fancy" rather than what they need.
- The worry and strain of modern times which affect digestion and the value got from meals.
- The present high cost of food which is causing many to omit certain essential foods from the daily diet.
- Scarcity of some foods at times.
- The need of certain individuals for more than normal amounts of vitamins—expectant and nursing mothers, convalescents, growing children, tense, nervy types of people.

Due to such factors as these it can be seen that vitamin deficiency is more common than is generally realised and that most of us could well benefit by giving attention to vitamin requirements.

If every person were an expert dietitian or had a dietitian prescribe exactly what he or

she should eat and how it should be cooked, vitamin deficiency would be unlikely.

All this, of course, is not possible and it is with the object of providing extra vitamins to balance the diet that the product 'AKTA-VITE' has been developed.

'AKTA-VITE' gives you vitamins

'AKTA-VITE' has been specially designed to provide a "cover" of those four important vitamins already mentioned—A, B₁, C and D. It contains each of these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that only small amounts are needed to bring the average diet right up to full requirements. Anyone taking 'AKTA-VITE' will, if they have been even slightly deficient in any of these vitamins, soon feel the benefit in better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. By restoring the lacking vitamins, 'AKTA-VITE' acts as a tonic of the most natural kind—a food tonic.

'AKTA-VITE'—pleasant to take

'AKTA-VITE' is in rich, chocolate-malt granular form. It makes an excellent hot or cold milk drink—the most popular form of taking it—but it can be taken in a number of other enjoyable ways—sprinkled on ice-cream, fruit dishes or breakfast cereals, sweets, junkets, etc., or in bread and butter sandwiches. Some mothers use 'AKTA-VITE' for a sandwich filling, while kiddies relish it on a spoon straight from the jar.

'AKTA-VITE' has a known and guaranteed vitamin potency. This is shown on every label and is your protection.

One important point to be realised about 'AKTA-VITE' is that its pleasant taste should not lead to the belief that it is just another ordinary "milk addition" product. 'AKTA-VITE' is a supplier of large amounts of essential vitamins in a pleasant-to-take form.

'AKTA-VITE' was developed in Australia during the last war in the laboratories of Nicholas Proprietary Limited, Melbourne, the originators of 'ASPRO'. At that time, with Australia playing a vital part in supplying the American forces in the Pacific Area with food and medicines, this Company was called upon to do much research and pioneering work with regard to vitamins. It was as a result of discoveries made and knowledge gained under these conditions of high priority that 'AKTA-VITE' came into being.

EVERYONE IN YOUR FAMILY CAN BENEFIT FROM DELICIOUS 'AKTA-VITE'



'AKTA-VITE'

A BENEFICIAL NIGHTCAP

A good nightcap at all times is a glass of warm milk, but when 'AKTA-VITE' is added a great deal more benefit is obtained. 'AKTA-VITE' is a soothing assistance to nature in providing a sound, restful kind of sleep. Nervy people particularly get excellent results from 'AKTA-VITE' taken at bedtime or just before.



'AKTA-VITE'

FOR STRENUOUS SPORTS

Athletes and all others who make a great call on reserve physical power have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is recommended during training for any strenuous sports.



'AKTA-VITE'

FOR EARLY GROWTH

Periods of rapid growth call for greater than normal amounts of the essential vitamins. For toddlers and children where this applies particularly, 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added—and the extra vitamins are so good for them.



'AKTA-VITE'

FOR RESTRICTED DIETS

Restriction of diet due to medical necessity—obesity, diabetes, gastric troubles, etc.—can cause a lack of important vitamins and in such circumstances 'AKTA-VITE' is very valuable. It makes up the vitamin requirements in the most pleasant, convenient way. If you are not allowed to eat normal foods ask your doctor about 'AKTA-VITE'.



'AKTA-VITE'

FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is a pleasant way for her to take these vitamins and because of its guaranteed vitamin content 'AKTA-VITE' is also a sure way. Also 'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breastfeed their babies by improving the milk supply.



'AKTA-VITE'

FOR STRIVING STUDENTS AND ADOLESCENTS

The importance of vitamins during periods of rapid growth is mentioned elsewhere. It should be remembered that in addition to this heavy call on vitamin requirements long hours of study or other concentration may take toll of health if allowed to go on too long. Vitamins in many cases are the answer. In all cases a sure intake of vitamins is, at least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended.



'AKTA-VITE'

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

The housewife bears a heavy burden, often carrying on beyond her normal capacity. She eventually feels not really sick, but a long way from well. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value. When housework or worry get the upper hand, a little relaxation and a dose of 'AKTA-VITE' are indicated. Many claim that a few teaspoonsful of 'AKTA-VITE' straight from the jar make a quick restoration of energy.



'AKTA-VITE'

FOR BUILDING RESISTANCE

Medical opinion, particularly in America, is tending towards the belief that a complete and adequate intake of vitamins prior to "low resistance" periods when experience tells colds and other allied infections are easily caught, is of definite value. Vitamin A in this regard is very important because of the large part it plays in the health of the nose and throat tissue, which is often the first point of infection with colds, flu, etc.



'AKTA-VITE'

FOR "ENERGY BURNERS"

There are many people who, either because of their serious, conscientious nature, or by force of circumstances, are continually driving themselves. 'AKTA-VITE' to such people is a boon, stimulating the appetite which may be dulled through lack of proper exercise, soothing the nerves and aiding the mental condition by promoting sleep, the most effective way of overcoming irritability and nervousness.



'AKTA-VITE'

FOR CONVALESCENTS

The further one is from normal health the more the need to build up. The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way because taking the prescribed dose regularly ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B₁, C and D, all of which are needed by convalescents. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more fastidious or "finicky" than usual.

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neither birth nor position, and stands as yet only on the threshold of his career. I shan't do it, so stop coming to cuffs with me, like a good girl, and try to be a little wiser!"

She stared bleakly up into his face, her own very set. "You wouldn't talk so if you had ever loved anyone as I love Jeremy. You cannot know what it is to form a lasting passion!"

He dropped her hand. "You are mistaken," he said in an even tone, and turned away from her to address some light commonplace to his wife.

Letty flushed vividly and said, "I am not mistaken! You may think you have a heart, but you haven't! You don't like to be told that, but it's true!"

Her brother spoke wearily. "Letty, you are not only becoming a dead bore, but you want manner as well as sense! Let me tell you that until you learn to behave with propriety you will make the worst wife imaginable for a diplomat!"

"Jeremy," said Letty, her bosom heaving, "thinks me perfect!"

"Which," remarked Cardross, as she slammed herself out of the room, "gives me no very high idea of his understanding."

Nell smiled, but said only, as she rose from her chair. "I think I should follow her. She has been very low and oppressed all day, and you know how it is with her! When she is happy I never knew anyone whose spirits mounted so high, but they can be all dashed down in a minute, and then she knocks herself up with one of her fits of crying."

"I have very little patience to waste on such distempered freaks," he replied. "The truth is that she has been spoilt to death and cannot endure to have her will crossed!"

"Oh, yes!" Nell agreed. "But you would not wish her to cry herself into a fever."

"Nonsense!" he said irritably, adding, however, after a frowning moment, "I don't wish her to wear your spirits down, at all events! I suppose she will make us endure weeks of sulks. There's no doing anything until Allandale has sailed, but how would it be if I took a house in Brighton, after all, instead of going home to Merion at the end of the season? Do you remember how cross she was when I refused to take her there? I had nothing but scowls from her for a full week! Well! Prinney's parties are not what I would choose for her, but if it would divert her to go there—"

"Perhaps it would divert her a little!" Nell answered. She raised her eyes and added, after a moment's hesitation, "Not very much, however. I don't mean to vex you, Cardross, but I think you don't perfectly understand. You hope that Letty will forget, but she won't. You see, she loves him!"

"A child of her age! What does she know of the matter?"

His wife colored faintly and managed to say, though not easily, "I was not very much older—when you offered for me."

His eyes turned towards her, an arrested expression in them. He did not answer her immediately, and when he did speak it was with a certain deliberation. "No. You were not, were you?" he said.

The following day was one of gloom, relieved only at nightfall by a loo-party.

It began inauspiciously, with a further reminder from Madame Lavalie, which threw Nell into such a fever of apprehension that she could no longer forbear to plague Dysart, but sent round a letter to his lodgings immediately, imploring him either to tell her what she must do or to negotiate a loan."

Letty was not in spirits, but, somewhat to Nell's surprise and

greatly to her relief, she had made no further reference, after a bitter outburst on the previous evening, to Cardross' cruelty. She seemed to have realised that there could be no moving him; and, while the droop of her mouth and the brooding look in her eyes held out every promise of a fit of the sullen, Nell could not but feel she could bear this better than the exhausting and quite fruitless discussions she had lately been compelled to enter into.

Dysart did not come, but, as the retired gentleman's gentleman in whose establishment he resided rather thought that he had gone out of town to see a prize-fight, this was not wonderful. Nell could only hope that he would find the time to send a written answer to her letter, since, if he were to call in person in Grosvenor Square on the following day, he would not find her at home. She was engaged to take Letty to an al fresco party at Osterley.

There was no letter from him in the morning, and a heavy-hearted Nell set out with Letty for the party.

Shortly after noon the porter at Cardross House opened the door to the Viscount Dysart. His lordship, who was dressed for travel, in breeches and top-boots, trod briskly into the hall and demanded his sister. Upon learning that she had gone off on an expedition of pleasure with Lady Letitia he looked first thunderstruck and then wrathful, and exclaimed: "Gone to Osterley? Well, hell and the devil confound it! Did she leave any message for me?"

No, the porter said apologetically, he did not think her ladyship had left a message, unless, perhaps, with Farley.

The Viscount turned an impatient and an inquiring look upon Farley, who had appeared from the nether regions, and was bowing to him with stately civility. "Did her ladyship say when she would be back?" he demanded.

"No, my lord—merely that she had no expectation of being late. I understand it is an al fresco party: something, doubtless, in the nature of a picnic."

"Well, if that don't beat all hollow!" said the Viscount involuntarily, and in accents of disgust.

"I fancy that his lordship has not yet gone out, my lord, if you would care to see him? Mr. Kent was with him, but—"

"No, no. I won't disturb him if he's got his man of business with him!" interrupted Dysart with aplomb. "In fact, there's no need to tell him I called. I came to see her ladyship on a private matter!"

"Just so, my lord," said Farley, accepting with a wonderful air of unconsciousness the handsome douceur which the Viscount bestowed on him.

"I'll step up to her ladyship's dressing-room and write a note to her," said Dysart. "And you'd better give me my hat again! I don't want his lordship to catch sight of it."

However, the porter undertook to keep the hat hidden from his master's eyes, so Dysart, quite unembarrassed, told him to see that he did, and, declining escort, went off up the broad stairway.

"As bold as Beauchamp, that's what he is," remarked the porter, carefully setting the hat down under his huge chair. "Down as a hammer, up like a watchboy! Got some new bobbery on hand from the look in his eyes. Ah, well! He ain't one of the stiff-rumped sort, that's one thing, and it don't matter to him if he's swallowed a spider. You won't catch him forgetting to tip a cove his earnest! There's plenty as wouldn't give me

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more than a border for hiding their tiles, but you mark my words if he don't fork out a hind-coachwheel! What did he drop in your fable, Mr. Farley?"

But Farley, revolted by such vulgar curiosity, merely withered him with a stare before retiring again to his own quarters.

Twenty minutes later the Viscount came lightly down the stairs again, pausing for a moment on the half-landing to make sure the coast was clear. Encouraged by a nod and a wink from the porter, he descended the last half-flight and handed over a sealed billet. "Give that to her ladyship, will you, George?"

"Yes, my lord. Thank you, my lord!" said the porter as a large and shining coin followed the billet.

"And if you want a sure thing for the King's Plate at Chester tomorrow," added the



"Don't fly faster than sound, now. We want to talk."

Viscount, setting his high-crowned beaver on his head and pulling on his gloves, "put your hunt on Cockroach!"

The porter thanked him again, but with less fervor. A keen student of the turf, he perceived that his lordship had taken to betting the long odds, and he could only regret his imprudence. If that was his new lay there would be a sad dwindling of the stream of heavy silver coins that fell from his hand.

Nell, eagerly deciphering the scrawl some hours later in the privacy of her bedchamber, no sooner made herself mistress of its contents than she read it a second time, more slowly and with a knit brow, unable to decide whether she ought to be consoled by its message or alarmed.

"What the devil," wrote Dysart without preamble, "is the use of setting up a squawk for me to come and see you if the next thing you do is to go jaunting off to a picnic? I can't wait to see you, for I'm going out of town for a day or two, but you may as well stop fretting and fuming, because I have hit on a way of setting all to rights, and more besides. I shan't tell you what it is, because ten to one you would not like it, for I never knew anyone with more baffleheaded scruples. I daresay you would have tried to throw a rub in the way, had you been at home, so I am just as glad you are not. If that hog-grubbing mantua-maker of yours starts dunning you before I get back to town, tell her she shall be paid before the week's out. Now, don't be in a p-ecker, my dear sister, for we shan't fail this time, and don't get to wondering if I've sold your precious sapphires or anything else you doat on, for I have not. Your affectionate brother, Dysart. P.S. I greased Farley in the fist not to tell Cardross I was in the house, and your porter, too—at least, I shall—so don't go blurring it out to him like a nunnyhammer."

Having read this twice,

Nell's spirits rose a little. There seemed to be no doubt that Dysart really had discovered a way of paying her debt, though what it could be she had not the remotest guess.

It made her uneasy to read that she would not like it; but, since he had been indignant with her for supposing that he would play the highwayman in earnest and had now assured her that he had not taken her jewels, she did not think it could be anything very bad. He wrote with such certainty that her first sharp fear died. Even Dysart would not have stated so positively that they would not fail this time had the matter rested on the turn of a card or the fall of the dice.

The worst would be if he had backed himself to perform some crazy exploit, and his going out of town made this appear rather probable.

Nell knew that he had jumped his horse over that famous dinner-table because someone had betted heavily against his being able to perform the feat. She knew also that no dependence could be placed on his refusing a dangerous wager, because he was so much a stranger to fear that his anxious relatives had more than once entertained the unerring suspicion that he was incapable of recognising peril, even though it stared him in the face.

Vague but hideous possibilities began to suggest themselves to her, but before she made herself quite sick with apprehension commonsense reassured itself, and she thought what a fool she was to suppose that even the most totty-headed of his cronies would offer him a wager the acceptance of which would put him in danger of breaking his neck.

For twenty-four hours she hung between hope and fear, and then a blow more crushing than any she had thought possible almost annihilated her. She had come in to find a message awaiting her that called for an immediate answer, and, asking it upstairs with her, sat down at the tambour-top writing-table in her dressing-room to scribble a reply before ringing for Sutton to dress her for dinner.

She had just signed her name and was about to shake the pounce-box over the single sheet of paper when the door opened behind her and Sutton's voice said, "Oh, my lady!"

Sutton sounded agitated. Thinking that she must suppose herself to have been sent for long since (for the only thing that ever ruffled her stately calm was the degrading suspicion that she had fallen short of her own rigid standard), Nell said cheerfully, "Yes, I am come home, but I had not pulled my bell, so don't be thinking you are late! The India mull-muslin with the short train will do very well for tonight."

"It's not that, my lady!" Sutton said. "It is the necklace!"

"The necklace?" Nell repeated unconprehendingly.

"The necklace of diamonds and emeralds which your ladyship never wears, and which we placed for safety in this very cupboard!" said Sutton tragically. "Between the folds of the blue velvet pelisse your ladyship wore last winter, where no one would think to look for such a thing! Oh, my lady, it is more than an hour since I made the discovery, and how I have found the strength to keep me on my feet I know not! Never in all my years of service has such a thing happened to any of my ladies! Gone, my lady!"

Nell sat turned to stone. As the appalling implication

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flashed into her brain she found herself unable to move or to speak. The color drained away from her very lips, but her back was still turned to her dresser, and Sutton did not see how near she was to fainting.

"I took your ladyship's winter garments out to brush them, and be sure there was no moth crept in, which is always my practice, for too often, my lady, and particularly when a garment is trimmed with fur, will it be found that camphor does not prevail. The case the necklace was laid in was there still, but when I lifted it I thought it felt too light, and the dreadful suspicion came to me—My lady, I opened it and it was empty!"

A voice which Nell knew must be her own, for all it did not seem to belong to her, said, "What a fright you put me into, Sutton!"

"My lady?" Sutton sounded startled. Nell set the pounce-box down with a shaking hand, her underlip gripped between her teeth. She had overcome her faintness. One must not faint in such an extremity as this. "But surely I told you, Sutton?" she said.

"Told me, my lady?"

She was beginning to see her way, though not more than a few steps of it yet. "Did I not? How stupid! Yet I thought I had done so. Don't—don't be afraid! It hasn't been stolen."

"You have it safe, my lady?" Sutton cried eagerly.

"Yes. That is—no, it—I took it to Jeffrey's."

"You took it to Jeffrey's, my lady?" Susan repeated in an astonished tone. "Indeed, you never told me! And to remove it from the case—! Never say you stuffed it into your reticule! My lady, it is not my place to say so, but you should not! Why, you might have dropped it, or had it snatched from you! It gives one palpitations only to think of it!"

"Nonsense! It was safer by far in my reticule. I hope you may not have told anyone—any of the other servants—that it was stolen? If you have, it must make them very

—very uncomfortable—in case they should be suspected of having taken it!"

"Not to a living soul have I opened my lips!" declared Sutton, drawing herself up rather rigidly.

"I should think it very improper, my lady, to make such a disclosure to anyone other than your ladyship."

"I am so glad. The thing is, you see, that I have some notion of wearing it—at our own ball here. I thought perhaps, with the pale green gauze I might not dislike it. So—I put it on to see how it would be—yes, on Thursday last, when you went to visit your sister—and it seemed to me that the clasp was not quite safe. That is why I took it to Jeffrey's."

"Well, my lady," said Sutton, rapidly recovering her poise, "it is a prodigious relief to me to know that my alarm need not have been. I am sure I was never nearer in my life to suffering a spasm."

She then folded her lips tightly, dropped a stiff curtsy, and withdrew to the adjoining room to lay out the evening-gown of India mull-muslin.

Nell tried to rise from her chair, found that her knees were shaking, and sank back again. She had staved off immediate discovery, but what to do next she had no idea, nor could she, for many minutes, force her stunned mind to think.

Only pictures as useless as they were unwelcome presented themselves to her: of herself taking the necklace from its hiding-place to show it to Dysart—oh, months ago! Of Dysart seated at this very desk and writing to tell her that he had not taken her sapphires or anything else she doated on; of Cardross' face when he had spoken to her so harshly about Dysart and then, quite suddenly, had checked himself.

She uttered a stifled moan and covered her eyes with her hand. Dysart knew she didn't like the Cardross necklace, but how could he have supposed that it was hers to dispose of at will? Or didn't he care?

Continuing . . . April Lady

[from page 53]

It was fruitless to ask herself such questions as that; no answer could be forthcoming until Dysart himself gave it to her. And that at once raised another question—and a far more urgent one: where was Dysart?

It seemed to her at first incomprehensible that he should have left London, but presently it occurred to her that it might be very dangerous to sell the necklace to any London jeweller or pawnbroker. She knew very little about such matters, but she believed it was quite a famous piece: and certainly there could be no mistaking it, if once one had seen it. It had been made a long time ago, in the time of Elizabeth, as a wedding-gift from the Cardross of that age to his bride, and it figured in more than one family portrait. It was, moreover, of unusual workmanship, for the jewels were set in the semblance of flowers and foliage, and every flower trembled on the end of a tiny spiral of gold.

Nell had worn it once, at a drawing-room, but, although it had excited a good deal of admiration and not a little curiosity (for no one could imagine what held the jewel-clusters quite half an inch clear of Nell's breast, or what caused them to nod and quiver with every movement she made), she knew that it did not really become her; there were too many clusters, too much twisted gold in the foundation from which they sprang, too many leaves of flashing emeralds. She had once told Cardross that he ought to lend it to a museum, but, although he had agreed that the proper place for it was in a glass case, he liked her to wear it on State occasions, and so it had never gone to a museum.

But, even though the necklace had not been publicly shown, she supposed it must be well enough known to make Dysart seek a buyer for it in the provinces. She wondered hopelessly how he expected her

to conceal the loss, whether he had found some craftsman skilled enough to copy the necklace, or whether (and this was the best she could hope) he had not sold but pledged it.

She became aware of Sutton, coughing discreetly in the adjoining room. It was growing late, and, though one might stand on the brink of a deep chasm of disaster, one was still obliged to dress for dinner. She got up, steadier now but with so white a face and such a look of strain in her eyes that Sutton, when she saw her come into the bedchamber, exclaimed that she was ill.

Glancing at her own reflection in the mirror, Nell was startled to see how haggard she looked. She forced up a smile and said, "Not ill, but I have had the headache all day. You must rouge my cheeks a little."

"If I may say it, my lady, I had as lief see you laid down in your bed. I am sure none knows better than I what it is to have the migraine."

Nell shook her head, but she consented to swallow a few drops of laudanum in water, feeling that even though she had no migraine she had never stood in more urgent need of a composer.

The finishing touches had just been put to her toilette when Cardross sought admittance to the room. A sudden terror that Sutton might mention the disappearance of the necklace to him darted through Nell's mind and made her tongue cleave to the roof of her mouth; but Sutton did not speak. He face was always rather immobile, and in Cardross' presence it became mask-like. She dropped a slight curtsy and at once withdrew, according to her correct practice. Nell remembered that she held men in abhorrence, and could breathe again.

Cardross was still habited in his morning-dress, and the sight of his blue coat made Nell recollect, with relief, that he

To page 59

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TAKE THESE 3 EASY STEPS TO MAKE WHIPPED CARNATION TOPPING!



Chill undiluted Carnation in ice cube tray until crystals form around edges; or place unopened can on ice for 2 to 3 hours. Chill bowl and beater for at least 20 minutes.

Pour Carnation into chilled bowl; whip until it just begins to thicken (about 1 minute). Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice for each cup of Carnation; whip until very stiff (about 1 or 2 minutes more).



Fold in 2 tablespoons sugar for each cup of Carnation. Serve AT ONCE on stewed or fresh fruit, pies, cakes, or puddings. But remember the secret . . . SERVE AT ONCE.



Whipped Carnation will hold firm for 1-4 hour before returning to milk. Any milk left over may be re-chilled and whipped again when desired.

TWO ITALIAN MENUS

This is another article in a new series by America's celebrated TV cook Dione Lucas



POLLO BOLOGNESE, or sauteed, ham-stuffed chicken breasts, is a renowned Italian poultry recipe that provides the main dish in the second of the menus on this page. To complete the Italian theme, the setting above shows the country's artistic pottery.

Add chopped onion and garlic, cook slowly 2 minutes. Add rice and cook slowly another 2 minutes. Cover with stock, and mushrooms, lemon juice, prawns, and sliced truffles, season with salt and pepper, stir over heat until it comes to boil. Cover pan with lid and simmer 25 to 30 minutes. Remove, stir in carefully with a fork remainder of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese. Serve in casserole. Serve remainder of cheese separately.

CANNELLONI

(Macaroni stuffed with cheese, with a veal sauce)

Macaroni dough: Four cups flour, 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons iced water.

Filling: Two cups cottage cheese, 4oz. cream cheese, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon chopped garlic, salt, black pepper, 2oz. sweet butter, grated Parmesan cheese.

Sauce: Two tablespoons olive oil, 1 cup finely chopped raw onion, 2 teaspoons chopped garlic, 6 skinned sliced tomatoes, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 2 teaspoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups chopped raw veal, 3 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken stock, salt, black pepper.

Mix the flour, the 3 eggs, and salt to firm dough, adding water only if the eggs aren't large enough to incorporate the flour. The dough should be very dry. Cover with cloth and leave half an hour. Roll out very thin. Cut in long strips, 3in. by 5in., boil 5 minutes in salted water, drain well.

Cream the cream cheese until smooth, mix in cottage cheese, egg, garlic, salt and pepper. Place a heaped spoonful into centre of each strip of dough. Fold over and arrange on flat baking-dish. Melt sweet butter, carefully pour over macaroni. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

Heat oil, add chopped onion and garlic. Cook slowly 2 minutes and then add sliced tomatoes. Cook briskly 3 minutes, stir in tomato paste, flour, finely minced veal, parsley, and chicken stock, season to taste. Stir over heat until it comes to a boil; simmer 5 or 6 minutes. Pour over macaroni and cheese. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Remove, serve hot with Parmesan cheese.

INSALATA DI POMODORI

(Tomato salad)

Six large ripe tomatoes, 2 medium-sized

onions, 1 clove garlic, 4 tablespoons olive oil, 8 tablespoons vegetable oil, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon French mustard, salt, pepper, a little sugar, 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped fresh parsley.

Pour boiling water over tomatoes, leave 10 seconds, pour off water and cover with cold water. Remove skins, slice. Skin onions and cut into very thin slivers. Finely chop the garlic. Arrange alternate layers of tomatoes, onions, and garlic. Mix all other ingredients together well, with exception of parsley. Pour dressing over tomatoes, sprinkle top with parsley, and serve.

SUFFLE LIMONE CON SALSA

ZABAGLIONE

(Hot lemon souffle with Sabayon sauce)

Three dessertspoons butter, 3 dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 4 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, 6 egg-whites, a little castor or icing sugar, pinch of salt.

Sabayon Sauce: One egg, 2 egg-yolks, 4 dessertspoons sugar, 3 dessertspoons dry sherry, pinch of salt.

Souffle: Melt butter in small pan, stir in flour and, when smooth, add milk, continue stirring over fire until it thickens. Stir in lemon juice and grated lemon rind. Add sugar and beaten egg-yolks. Carefully fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and salt. Grease souffle-dish, tie band of greased paper around outside, dust out with castor sugar, and fill with mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove carefully, take off paper, dust top with sugar, and serve at once with following sauce:

Sabayon Sauce: Place egg, egg-yolks, sherry, sugar, and salt in bowl in pan of hot water over slow fire, and beat until stiff.

MENU 2

Antipasto

Linguine Piemontesi

Pollo Bolognese

Insalata Verde

Spumone Lampone

Caffe Espresso

Panzarotti Alla Napolitana

(Toasted bread)

Vino Orvieto (White wine)

Continued overleaf

Collecting recipes from every country is one of Mrs. Lucas' specialities. Here she suggests two interesting menus of authentic Italian dishes.

IN planning Italian menus the most careful attention is always given to the problem of harmony within the menu (the proper salad with each main dish, and so on). Italian insight into the subtleties of herb and spice seasoning is as inspired in its way as some of the finest techniques of Italian painting or sculpture.

In the best Mediterranean tradition, let me wish you a hearty "Alla vostra salute" ("To your health"), in the hope that you will soon embark on one of the most rewarding culinary adventures I know—the preparation of a fine Italian meal.

All spoon measurements are level and are calculated on a tablespoon which holds 1 fluid ounce.

MENU 1

Zuppa Verde

Risotto alla Milanese

Cannelloni

Insalata di Pomodori

Suffle Limone con Salsa Zabaglione

Caffe Espresso (Coffee)

Pane Fresco (Fresh bread)

Vino Bardolino (Red wine)

ZUPPA VERDE

(Green soup)

Four chicken wings, 4 chicken feet, 2 cups sliced onions, carrots, celery, 1 small onion, 2 cloves, 2 tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped parsley and chives, 3 quarts water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine, salt, black pepper.

Garnish: 1 cup flour, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely minced cooked chicken, 1 table-

spoon cream, 1 egg yolk, salt and pepper, Parmesan cheese.

Blanch chicken feet by covering them with water and bringing to a boil. Drain and carefully remove outside skin. Put feet into large pan with wings. Cover with water and bring to boil. Carefully skin off any scum. Add sliced onion, carrot, celery. Stick cloves into the whole onion and add with sliced tomatoes. Add the wine and simmer very gently 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Strain, season, return to pan, add chopped parsley and chives and the following chicken ravioli:

Mix flour and egg together to firm paste with the salt. Cover dough with cloth and allow to stand half an hour. Roll out thin, cut into 2in. squares, brush tops with a little extra beaten egg, and put a teaspoon of the following mixture into centre of each.

Mix the minced chicken with egg-yolk and cream. If too stiff, moisten with a little chicken stock. Season well, and put a small teaspoonful in centre of each square. Lift up the four corners and stick them together like a little package, drop in into the chicken soup. Simmer very gently 15 minutes until the ravioli are cooked.

Serve the soup with large bowl of freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

RISOTTO ALLA MILANESE

(Rice and prawn dish)

Three cups rice, 4oz. sweet butter, 3 tablespoons olive oil, 2 teaspoons freshly chopped garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, $\frac{7}{8}$ cups chicken stock, 4oz. small mushrooms, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 3 truffles, 2 cups finely sliced cooked prawns, 2 cups freshly grated Parmesan cheese, salt, black pepper.

Heat the oil with 2oz. butter in heavy pan.

By famous chef Dione Lucas

delicious GELATINE dishes!



try this
appetising
DESSERT

CRUMB CUSTARD CREAM

1 envelope Davis Gelatine dissolved in 3 tablespoons hot water, 2 egg yolks and whites, 1 cup sugar, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 pint milk, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs (not dried or stale), vanilla.
Beat yolks and sugar, salt and lemon rind. Heat milk, add to egg mixture. Return to fire, beat in crumbs. Cook until the mixture thickens slightly. Leave to cool. Stir dissolved gelatine into the cool custard. Add stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla to flavour. Place in a mould. Chill.

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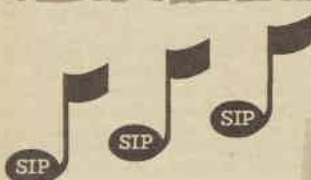


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Two Italian Menus (continued from previous page)

ANTIPASTO

(Savoury appetisers)

Antipasto 1: Two heads celery, 4oz. blue cheese, 2oz. sweet butter, 1 tablespoon brandy, salt, black pepper, slices of brown buttered bread, 2 sprigs watercress.

Antipasto 2: Twelve thin slices salami sausage, 6oz. pate de foie gras or liver paste, 3oz. butter, 2 tablespoons sherry, salt, black pepper, few strips red pepper.

Antipasto 1: Remove best stalks of celery and cut into 1 in. lengths. Soak 1 hour in iced salty water. Drain, dry well. Cream butter, mix in finely sieved cheese. Season with salt, pepper, and brandy. Fill into pastry-bag with rose tube and pipe into pieces of celery. Sprinkle top with little paprika, arrange on flat serving-dish on slices of buttered bread, and garnish with watercress. Serve cold.

Antipasto 2: Carefully remove rind from slices of salami. Cream the butter, add pate or liver paste; season with salt, pepper, sherry. Fill into pastry-bag with rose tube. Curl the salami slices into small cornucopias. Stick the edges together with small amount of pate and fill centre with remainder of pate, using pastry-bag and tube. Decorate tops of rosettes with small piece of red pepper, arrange on serving-dish, garnish with watercress. Serve very cold.

LINGUINE PIEMONTESE

(Macaroni with clams and garlic)

Half a pound of linguine (strip macaroni), 1 cup olive oil, 3oz. sweet butter, 1 1/2 cups finely chopped white onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped garlic, 1 lb. tin clams (minced), 1 cup finely chopped chives, 1/2 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1/2 teaspoon flour, salt, pepper, large bowl of grated Parmesan cheese.

Boil linguine in plenty of boiling salted water. Drain, wash well in hot water. Drain and arrange on open earthenware dish. Melt half the sweet butter and mix into linguine. Sprinkle top with grated Parmesan cheese. Set aside to keep warm. Heat olive oil in a pan, add finely chopped onion and garlic, and cook slowly, without browning, five minutes. Add minced clams, chives, and 1/2 cup of clam juice which has been mixed with the flour. Stir over heat until it comes to

boil, add remainder of butter and cream, season. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes, pour over linguine. Serve at once with remainder of grated cheese. Other seafoods can be substituted for clams if desired.

POLLO BOLOGNESE

(Chicken with ham)

Six to eight breasts of chicken with wing joints on, 6 to 8 slices of ham, 6 large thin slices of cheddar cheese, 3oz. butter, 2 teaspoons flour, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 1 1/2 cups chicken stock, 1/2 cup dry sherry, salt, black pepper, French mustard.

Carefully skin chickens, make a large pocket in each half breast, season inside with salt, pepper, and a little French mustard; curl a slice of ham small enough to insert in pocket. Heat 2oz. butter and, when foaming, place chicken in it, brown quickly on each side. Remove from pan and keep warm. Add to pan remainder of butter, tomato paste, meat extract, and flour. Stir until smooth, pour in stock and sherry, stir over heat until it comes to boil; simmer five minutes. Arrange chicken on flat serving-dish. Place slice of cheese on top of each half breast. Pour sauce over them, brown under griller or in oven. Garnish with few sprigs of watercress, serve at once.

INSALATA VERDE

(Green salad)

Two cucumbers, 6 tomatoes, 1 head celery, 1 small green cabbage, 4 large beetroot, 6 hard-boiled eggs.

Dressing: Two egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 1/2 cups salad oil, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 1/2 cups whipped cream, 2 teaspoons chopped chives, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon tabasco sauce, 1 tablespoon fresh tomato pulp, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Skin and slice tomatoes, cucumber. Cut celery into thin strips, finely shred the cabbage. Drop celery pieces and shredded cabbage into boiling water for 1 minute to blanch. Drain, sprinkle with salt. Cut beetroot into thin matchstick pieces. Rub egg-yolks through coarse strainer, cut whites into shreds. Arrange all ingredients in the form of a cartwheel on shallow round platter. Serve

PRIZE RECIPE

STUFFED ox tongue served with a piquant sauce wins this week's cash prize of £5 in our recipe contest for Mrs. G. Gregg, 41 Augusta Rd., Hobart.

CRUMBED OX TONGUE

One ox tongue, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch mustard, pinch mixed herbs, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 grated onion, 1 grated apple, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons raisins, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 egg, 1/2 cup redcurrant jelly, 1 orange, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 cup port wine or claret, 1 clove garlic, extra breadcrumbs.

Soak ox tongue in cold water 1 hour. Remove, place in saucepan with sufficient water to cover and add sugar, mustard, and mixed herbs. Simmer until tongue is tender when pierced with a fork or skewer. Remove from saucepan and skin while hot.

Make a lengthwise incision in the tongue and fill with a seasoning made from breadcrumbs, onion, apple, parsley, minced raisins, salt, and cayenne bound together with the egg. Skewer or stitch up the incision, and place the tongue in a large casserole or baking-dish.

Pour over a sauce made from mixing together the redcurrant jelly, orange juice, chopped mint, Worcestershire sauce, and port wine. Cut the garlic into pieces and press into the tongue in several places. Cover with the extra breadcrumbs, and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove tongue to a serving-dish, and serve the strained sauce separately.

very cold with the following dressing:

Dressing: Beat egg-yolks lightly, add vinegar, salt, and cayenne. Very slowly beat in the oil. Mix in all other ingredients. Serve separately.

SPUMONE LAMPONE

(Raspberry ice-cream mould)

Six egg-yolks, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup orange juice, 2 egg-whites, 3 cups cream or chilled evaporated milk, grated rind of one orange, 1 cup raspberry pulp (frozen, tinned or fresh), few walnuts.

Put sugar and orange juice in pan and cook to light thread (approx. 260 deg. F. measured with a sweets thermometer). Beat egg-yolks until light and fluffy, slowly pour on the syrup and continue beating until it holds its shape. Mix in raspberry pulp, grated orange rind, and half the cream. Turn into basin, beat until stiff, add stiffly beaten egg-whites and nuts. Continue beating over basin of ice cubes until set. Line shaped mould with this mixture, fill centre with remainder of cream whipped and flavored with vanilla and a little sugar. Top with remaining raspberry ice-cream. Cover with greaseproof paper, freeze until firm (2 or 3 hours). Remove paper, rub mould with hot cloth, turn out on very cold serving-dish, decorate with extra whipped cream and walnuts. Serve at once.

Laundry Hints

TAKE the same care of your washing-machine as you do your sewing-machine. Oil and grease it regularly according to the manufacturers' directions so it will continue to give you good service and save your time. A well-cared-for machine will cut down washing time by threequarters.

DON'T let clothes become too dirty before washing. Slightly soiled clothes need far less scrubbing, and therefore will last longer and save effort.

NEVER overload your washing-machine. Too many clothes in the washer reduce efficiency of the machine and increase the amount of wear on clothing. Have just enough in the washing-machine to allow the fabric to turn over and move freely so water and suds can circulate.

MEASURE the washing-powder before adding to the machine. Too much washing-powder is wasteful and reduces efficiency. Too little powder will not get the clothes clean.

WHEN using bleach in the machine, follow the manufacturers' directions carefully. Always mix the bleach in the suds before adding clothes, and don't expect the bleach to remove dirt. Only good washing will do that.

REMOVE all perishable trimmings such as non-washable buckles and belts, flowers or ribbons that may fray, fancy buttons that may soften under heat, or unwashable shoulder-pads. (Make an easy job of removing shoulder-pads by fixing them to the garment with press-studs.)

Diet for the pre-school child

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE diet of the pre-school child often is not planned as carefully as are the meals in the first and second years of a baby's life.

The two to five years period is vitally important because then are laid the foundations on which the child's future health and stamina will depend.

This is also the time to help him build up better body resistance to the various in-

fectious diseases of childhood caught when first going to school.

Good protein foods are specially needed, and a calcium-rich diet is important. When your child comes in hungry from his play, don't give him cake, biscuits, bread and jam, or sweet soft drinks, but give a good protein snack such as a glass of milk and a small cheese or peanut-butter sandwich, or a piece of fruit.

Children in the two to five

years age group get very hungry, and snacks between meals may have to be given if this does not interfere with proper meals.

See detailed food recipes in my parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby." Copies can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from bookshops and newsagents. Price 15/-, plus 9d postage.

was not dining at home that evening. She said, with an effort at lightness, "Ah! Daffy Club, I collect!"

He smiled. "No, Cribb's Parlor! You have no engagement for tonight?"

"No, none. I am quite thankful for it! I have had the headache all day, and am not rid of it yet."

"For several days, I think." Her eyes flew to his, at once startled and wary. "No—but I own I am worn to the bone with dissipation!"

"By something, at all events." Cardross spoke evenly, but his expression alarmed her. "I could almost suppose you to be love-lorn—as love-lorn as Letty!"

She looked rather blindly at him. A tragic little smile wavered on her lips, but she turned her head away, not answering.

"I can only wish you a speedy recovery," her husband said. "Who is the man so fortunate as to have hit your fancy? No doubt some dashing sprig of fashion?"

"I think you must be trying to joke me," she said, her face still averted. "It is not kind—when I have the headache!"

"You must forgive me." After a slight pause, he added, "I came to tell you—and I trust it may relieve your headache—that I learned today that Allandale has gone into the country for a couple of nights on a visit to an uncle or some such thing. You may relax your vigilance—and I would he might remain out of town until he sets sail!"

"I can't blame you for that. I know you have had a great deal to vex you."

"Do you?" he said. "Well, it is something that you should own it, I suppose!"

The night, though she spent the better part of it in desperate thought, brought Nell no counsel, and certainly no comfort. While Dysart remained out of her reach there seemed to be nothing she could do. There was no way, even, of finding him, for, though they might know at his lodgings where he had gone, she could not follow him.

Yet of all things that was the most important: to find Dysart before he had sold the necklace. She wondered, since that could not be done, whether he would be able to recover it for her. Laval's bill suddenly became a matter of little significance—so much so that she was vaguely surprised she should have thought it so impossible to tell Cardross about it. It seemed a trivial thing, set beside the loss of the necklace, and far too trivial a thing to have led to the disaster which now confronted her.

The maxims of her childhood reproached her; almost she could see Miss Wilby's grave countenance when she lectured her charges on the awful consequences of trying to conceal a fault. Miss Wilby had had plenty of examples to cite, but not even the awe-inspiring tale of the abandoned character whose dreadful end upon the scaffold could be traced back, through a series of crimes, to the fatal day when he had stolen the jam from his mother's cupboard and denied it, was more terrible than the consequences of Nell's attempt to deceive Cardross.

She had been afraid that confusion would make it impossible for him to believe that she had married him for love and not for his fortune; and now it seemed dreadfully probable that he would not care any longer whether she loved him or not. She had made him suspicious of her; there was a hard look in his eyes, and not once, since his return from Merion, had he attempted to do more than kiss her hand. If his love were not already dead, the discovery of her black wic-

kedness would surely give it its death blow.

Nell fell asleep with the dawn, but suffered uneasy dreams, and woke to full sunlight with heavy eyes and a heavier heart.

She received no morning visit from Cardross, and he had left the house before she emerged from her room, looking, according to his sister, a perfect quizz, in a blue and yellow striped waistcoat and a spotted cravat. From this unflattering description Nell realised that it must be one of the days when the Four-Horse Club met in George Street, and drove out to dine at Salt Hill. "Very likely!" said Letty. "Though why they have to make such figures of themselves I cannot conceive!"

She then informed Nell that her cousin Selina had sent a note round to beg her to go with her in her mama's carriage to choose a wedding-gift for Fanny. She added, with the light of battle in her eyes, that she supposed there could be no objection to that scheme.

Nell was glad to be able to acquiesce. She had no great liking for Miss Selina Thorne, but if Mr. Allandale had gone into the country it was hard to see what harm could come of allowing Letty out of her sight for an hour or two. She did indeed suggest, when she saw

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



that Mrs. Thorne had not sent a maid with her daughter, that Martha should accompany the young ladies, but Letty scoffed at her for a prude; and Selina exclaimed rather pertly that of all odious things a servant listening to one's private conversations was the worst. Nell had a momentary vision of the cousins with their heads together, giggling over secrets, and thought, not for the first time, that Selina would have been the better for a course of Miss Wilby's discipline.

She said no more, however, and, after arguing for a few minutes about the nature of the gifts to be chosen, the girls went away, their first objective, Nell guessed, being the Pantheon Bazaar, in which fascinating mart, though they might not discover a suitable wedding-gift, they would certainly fritter away a good deal of money on ingenious trifles for themselves. Nell was too glad to see Letty in better spirits and too anxious to be left to the indulgence of some quiet reflection to raise any objection to this programme.

Her quiet reflection did nothing to raise the tone of her own spirits; but when Letty returned much later in the day she was seen to be in a sunnier humor than she had been for some time.

As Nell had expected, she was laden with parcels, most of which were found to contain such doubtful purchases as a pair of perkale gloves, which

it had seemed a pity not to buy, since they were so cheap, but which, on second thoughts, Letty thought she would give to Martha; a stocking-purse; several faggots of artificial flowers, one of which she generously presented to Nell; a gauze apron; two muslin handkerchiefs; a box of honeysuckle soap; and a Turkish lappet, which had hit her fancy at the time but which, now that she saw it again, was quite hideous.

For Fanny she had purchased a gold armlet and ear-rings, a handsome gift which made Nell exclaim, "Good gracious! I had not thought you could afford anything so dear!"

"No; but I asked Giles, and he said I might purchase what I liked," replied Letty unconcernedly.

This seemed to indicate that a truce had been declared. The impression was strengthened by Letty's next words, which were uttered after a thoughtful pause. "He says it is true that he told you that you might invite Jeremy to dine here."

"Of course it is true!"

"Well, I thought very likely it was a hum, but if it was not, I expect it was your notion and you coaxed him into it. I am very much obliged to you!"

Letty was inclined to take affront at this, but he pushed her out of the room without compunction, telling her to go and put her hat on, since his curriole would be at the door in five minutes.

"And if you want me to let you handle the ribbons, take that pout from your face!" he recommended. He turned and went back to Nell's chair, and held her wrist in his hand for a moment. Under his fingers her pulse was fluttered enough to make him say, "If you are not better by the time we return I'll send for Baillie."

"Oh, no; pray do not! Indeed, I am not ill! Only I still have the headache, and it seems foolish to go out in this hot sun," she replied quickly. "I shall be perfectly well presently."

"I hope you may be," he said, laying her hand down again. He glanced at Sutton. "Take care of her ladyship!"

An extremely dignified curtsy was all the answer vouchsafed to this behest. From the dresser's downcast eyes and lifted brows he might have inferred that she was deeply offended, but he did not look at her again. His gaze had returned to his wife's face; his expression seemed to her to soften and, after hesitating for a moment, he bent over her and lightly kissed her cheek. "Poor Nell!" he said.

He was gone before she could say a word, leaving her with an almost overpowering inclination to cry her heart out. She managed to overcome it and to assure Sutton, with very tolerable composure, that she was already better and needed nothing to restore her to her usual health but to be left to rest quietly for an hour or so. She believed that she might fall asleep if no one came to disturb her.

It would have been well for Nell had she done so, but sleep had never been farther away. She tried to interest herself in a new novel and discovered that she had read three pages without taking in the sense of one word; every vehicle heard approaching in the square below brought her to her feet and hurrying to the window; and when she took up her embroidery, determined to employ herself rather than to pace about the room, a prey to most harrowing reflections, she found her hands so unsteady as to

be content. In the state of wretchedness she was in Nell could not think of taking part in such a frivolous entertainment without a shudder, but she did manage to extract a grain of comfort from the reflection that the first fury of Letty's passionate despair had worn itself out, and she was not contemplating any immediate act of imprudence.

The more compliant mood lasted. Letty was able to see Cardross again without ripping up and, although her spirits were languid and her manner lacked its usual liveliness, there

could be no doubt that she was making a serious endeavor to mend her temper.

The hope that Dysart would come to her kept Nell at home on the following day. Cardross was to have escorted both his ladies to a Review in Hyde Park, but in the end only Letty went with him. She had said at first that she was in no humor for it, but, upon Nell's appealing to her to bear Cardross company so that she herself might nurse a headache at home, she at once agreed to go.

She was too much absorbed in their own troubles to perceive that her sister-in-law was looking far from well until her attention was directed to this circumstance, but when Sutton told her that she was quite in a worry over her mistress she was instantly ready not only to do what was asked of her but a great deal that was not asked, such as placing cushions behind Nell's head, a stool under her feet, and a shawl across her knees, bathing her brow with vinegar, offering her all manner of remedies from hartshorn to camphor, and inquiring every few minutes if she felt a degree better. Nell endured these ministrations patiently.

But Cardross, coming in to see how she did, exclaimed, "Letty, don't fidget her so! Enough to drive her into a fever!"

Letty was inclined to take affront at this, but he pushed her out of the room without compunction, telling her to go and put her hat on, since his curriole would be at the door in five minutes.

"And if you want me to let you handle the ribbons, take that pout from your face!" he recommended. He turned and went back to Nell's chair, and held her wrist in his hand for a moment. Under his fingers her pulse was fluttered enough to make him say, "If you are not better by the time we return I'll send for Baillie."

"Oh, no; pray do not! Indeed, I am not ill! Only I still have the headache, and it seems foolish to go out in this hot sun," she replied quickly. "I shall be perfectly well presently."

"I hope you may be," he said, laying her hand down again. He glanced at Sutton. "Take care of her ladyship!"

An extremely dignified curtsy was all the answer vouchsafed to this behest. From the dresser's downcast eyes and lifted brows he might have inferred that she was deeply offended, but he did not look at her again. His gaze had returned to his wife's face; his expression seemed to her to soften and, after hesitating for a moment, he bent over her and lightly kissed her cheek. "Poor Nell!" he said.

He was gone before she could say a word, leaving her with an almost overpowering inclination to cry her heart out. She managed to overcome it and to assure Sutton, with very tolerable composure, that she was already better and needed nothing to restore her to her usual health but to be left to rest quietly for an hour or so. She believed that she might fall asleep if no one came to disturb her.

It would have been well for Nell had she done so, but sleep had never been farther away. She tried to interest herself in a new novel and discovered that she had read three pages without taking in the sense of one word; every vehicle heard approaching in the square below brought her to her feet and hurrying to the window; and when she took up her embroidery, determined to employ herself rather than to pace about the room, a prey to most harrowing reflections, she found her hands so unsteady as to

be content. In the state of wretchedness she was in Nell could not think of taking part in such a frivolous entertainment without a shudder, but she did manage to extract a grain of comfort from the reflection that the first fury of Letty's passionate despair had worn itself out, and she was not contemplating any immediate act of imprudence.

The more compliant mood lasted. Letty was able to see Cardross again without ripping up and, although her spirits were languid and her manner lacked its usual liveliness, there

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"Easycare" Cesarine is the same fine headcloth as "Regular" but treated with the newest processes devised by British scientists to make this cotton the easiest of cloths to care for. "Easycare" Cesarine is drip-dry, crease shedding, dirt resistant and needs little or no ironing. Each of these qualities is in itself a boon—especially to mothers of school children. But "Easycare" means even more. It means no more boiling. No more starching. No more damping down. And no more wearisome ironing—except for an occasional touching up of the seams. "Easycare" Cesarine is washed in the usual way; boiling is unnecessary. "EASycare" CESARINE IS ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS

CAESAR FABRICS

To page 61

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breakfast is the best way to
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Nourishing, energy-packed
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make it impossible for her to get a stitch.

Dysart did not come, and so severe was her disappointment that it took all the resolution of which she was capable to enable her to meet Cardross upon his return with a calm countenance. Her training stood Nell in good stead. No one could have supposed from her demeanor that her brain was in a turmoil; and when it was suggested to her that she might prefer not to go to the Italian Opera that evening she laughed away this solicitude, telling her husband and sister-in-law that they must not try to wrap her in cotton.

Dysart walked in unannounced just before noon on the following morning. She was sitting with Letty in the drawing-room, endeavoring to soothe feelings very much ruffled by a visit from Miss Berry.

The good lady had called a little earlier to inquire after her state of health, but upon Letty's coming into the room had speedily infuriated that injured damsel by entering with great earnestness into a discussion of her affairs. What the lady said held excellent common sense and did honor to her heart as much as to her judgment, but her manner was unfortunate. A trick she had of repeating over and over again some catch-phrase could only irritate; she had a way of talking in a hurried, over-emphatic style; and the caresses and exaggerated terms of affection she employed in trying to win more confidence than was voluntarily reposed in her served only to set up Letty's back.

She had not long left the house when Dysart entered it; and when he walked into the drawing-room the angry flush had not faded from Letty's cheeks.

Continuing . . . April Lady

[from page 59]

"Dysart!" Nell cried, springing up from her chair.

"Hallo, Nell!" he responded with cheerful nonchalance. "I hoped I should find you at home." He looked critically at Letty and inquired in a brotherly fashion: "What's put you in a snuff?"

"If nothing else had you would!" retorted Letty with spirit but a distressing want of civility. "No doubt, dearest Nell, you would like to be private with your detestable brother! I would as lief converse with the muffin-man, so I will go and sit in the library until he has gone away again!"

"Well, if ever I saw such a spitfire!" remarked the Viscount, mildly surprised. "What have I done to set you up on the high ropes?"

Deigning no other answer than a withering look of scorn, Letty swept out of the room with her head in the air. He shut the door behind her, saying, "Too hot at hand by half!"

"Oh, Dy, thank goodness you are here at last!" Nell uttered with suppressed agitation. "I have been in such distress—such agony of mind!"

"Why, you're as bad as that silly child!" said Dysart, diving a hand into his pocket and bringing forth a roll of banknotes. "There you are, you goose! Didn't I promise you I wouldn't make a mull of it this time?"

She would not take the roll, almost recoiling from it, and crying with bitter reproach: "How could you? Oh, Dy, Dy, what have you done? You cannot have supposed that I would accept money obtained in such a way!"

"I might have known it!" ejaculated Dysart disgustedly. "In fact, I did know it, and I took dashed good care not to tell you what I meant to do!"

When it comes to flying into distempered freaks, there's not a penny to choose between you and Mama!"

"Distempered freaks!" she repeated, gazing at him in dismay. "You call it that? Oh, Dysart!"

"Yes, I dashed well do call it that!" replied his lordship, his eyes kindling. "And let me tell you, my girl, that these Methody airs don't become you! Besides, it's all slum! I

From a worldly point of view, there is no mistake so great as that of being always right.

—Samuel Butler

may have to listen to that sort of humbug from Mama, but I'll be hanged if I will from you! What's more, it's coming to a trifle too strong! Let me tell you, my pious little sister, that if Felix Hethersett hadn't thrown a rub in your way you'd have borrowed the blunt from that old King in Clarges Street!"

"But, Dy—" she stammered. "The cases are not comparable! Perhaps it was wrong of me—indeed, I know it was wrong—but it was not—it was not wicked!"

"Oh, stop acting the dunce!" he said, exasperated. "Of all the fustian nonsense I ever heard in my life—! What the devil's come over you, Nell? You were never used to raise such a breeze for nothing at all!"

"I can't think it nothing!"

Surely you do not?" she said imploringly. "I had rather done anything than lead you into this! I never dreamed—Oh, if I had but told Cardross the truth!"

"Well, if you meant to kick up such a dust as this I'm dashed sorry you didn't tell him!" said Dysart. "I always knew you had more hair than wit, but it seems to me it's worse than that! Queer in your attic, that's what you are, Nell! First you plague the life out of me to raise the recruits for you—and where you thought I could lay my hands on three centuries the lord knows!"

"Then, when I hit on a way of doing the thing neatly you've no more sense in your cock-loft than to cry rope on me; and now, when I hand you a roll of soft, you ain't even grateful, but start reading me a sermon! And when I think that I came posting back to town the instant the thing came off-right because I knew you'd fall into a fit of the dials or go off on some totty-headed start if I didn't, I have a dashed good mind to let you get yourself out of your fix as best you can!"

"It was all my fault!" she said mournfully, wringing her hands. "I was in such desperate straits, and begged you so foolishly to help me—"

"Now, don't put yourself in a taking over that!" he interrupted. "I don't say I was best pleased at the time—and now that all's right I don't mind owing to you that there was a moment when I thought I was at a stand—but I'm not complaining. There's no saying but what if you hadn't kept on teasing me to dub up the possibles I mightn't be standing here today pretty well able to buy an abbey!"

"Dysart, no!"

"Well, no, it ain't as much at that," he acknowledged. "As a matter of fact, I had thought it would be more. Still, it's enough to keep me living as high as a coach-horse for a while, and that will be a pleasant change, I can tell you! Nell, I was so monstrously in the wind that I'd not much more than white wool left to play with! Six thousand and seven hundred pounds is what I've made out of it! And that's not counting my debt to you and the monkey I owed Corny!"

She grasped the back of a chair for support, for her knees were shaking under her. From out a white face her eyes stared up at her beloved brother in horror; she felt as though she were suffocating, and could only just manage to say: "Don't! Dy—oh, Dy, you could not! Not money gained in such a way!"

The thought of his sudden affluence had banished the frown from his brow, but at this it descended again. "Oh!" he said ominously. "And why could I not?"

"Dysart, you must know why you cannot!" she cried hotly.

"That's where you're out, my girl, because I don't know! And there's something else I don't know!" he said grimly. "Perhaps you'll be so obliging, my lady, as to tell me what you did with the blunt you won at Doncaster last year? Very pretty talking this is from a chit who backed three winners in a row! You weren't blue-devilled then, were you? Oh, no! You were in high croak!" He shot out an accusing finger at her.

"And don't you try to tell me you didn't go to Doncaster, because I was there myself! Cardross took you to stay at Castle Howard, with the Morpeths, and you drove over from there with a whole party of other

To page 64

SHE HAD BAD SKIN

Now dances cheek-to-cheek



SEVEN days ago this girl wouldn't go dancing. Her face was covered in spots. Then a friend told her about Valderma Balm.

Her skin quickly became clear and healthy. Now she's gay and popular, confident always. Are you?

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Valderma Balm's healing oils allow septic matter to escape. Infected cuts, spots, pimples and eczema are quickly relieved.

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Just 5-m-o-o-t-h in Iodised Balmosa cream to chest, throat and back. Feel how deeply, soothingly it penetrates to inflamed membranes, bringing sure, speedy relief. Ask your doctor about

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Contestants are asked to complete Aunt Jenny's rhyme about good pure Velvet

Aunt Jenny began this rhyme about Velvet, but had a little trouble with her typing and left out a few words here and there. And as for the last line of all—well, she thought that could best be left to contestants.

BIG PRIZES are waiting for contestants who fill in what the judges consider to be the most appropriate words and the best last line of the rhyme.

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES

- Contestants are asked to write out the completed rhyme on a sheet of paper, together with their name and address, or fill in the spaces left in Aunt Jenny's typewritten sheet.
- Entries should be addressed to Velvet's "Easier Living" Contest, Box 7861, G.P.O., Sydney, and must arrive no later than 29th April, 1957.
- Contestants may send as many entries as they wish, each to be accompanied by a Velvet wrapper.*
- All prizewinners will be notified by mail and major prizewinners announced on "Right to Happiness" Radio Programme on 21st May.
- Entries will be judged on what are considered the most appropriate words and the best last line of the rhyme—judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Wrappers are not required from residents in States which prohibit their enclosures.

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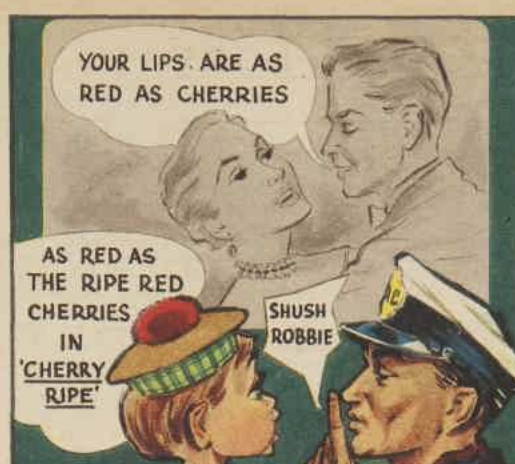
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When you use Velvet every day.
Its extra soapy suds make light
Of every job in sight.
Clothes last longer, stay like new—
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For Velvet takes such care
Of everything you wash and wear.
Every dish, each and cup,
Sparkles after washing up.
And housewife understands
Velvet's kindest for the hands.
Velvet soap's so thrifty, too,





QUISQUALIS, commonly known as Rangoon creeper, a tall, climbing shrub that rarely survives frost. It produces clusters of fragrant whitish-pink flowers that turn red as they mature. The creeper makes an attractive clump in a garden and fills in ugly corners.

FROST-TENDER SHRUBS

● If you want to add a tender shrub such as luculia, solandra nitida, or quisqualis to your garden, plant it in the open now before ground, air, and water cool with autumn.

If not planted now, such shrubs may not root well or survive the winter.

Luculia, with its fragrant pink flowers, which bloom in May and early June, is particularly frost-tender. It needs a place in the sun and full protection from wind.

Once this shrub develops hard, woody stems, it will withstand light frosts, but severe cold usually kills all top growth. However, if cut down, it will grow again from the roots in spring.

Solandra nitida, or golden chalice vine, is a rambler with huge, cup-shaped yellow blooms and thick leathery leaves.

It does well in sandy, not too fertile soil; rich soil causing rank growth and few flowers. Once the plants have become established, do not disturb the soil around the roots.

Another rather tender climber, the coral vine (*Antigonon leptopus*), is deciduous, and may be hard to obtain at this time of year. It flowers in March-April, losing its leaves soon afterwards.

The coral vine grows well in sandy areas, producing bulbs underground after the second year.

Again do not disturb the surface soil. If the old growth is cut down in early winter, the vine will flourish in late spring and early summer and cover a pergola or trellis with deep coral flowers.

The Fijian fire bush, *Acalypha marginata*, has big, brownish-red leaves margined with bright crimson. Growing to about 6ft. in a sunny, well-protected position the bush makes

a fine display all year in mild climates. It is an evergreen.

Chinese lantern bushes, abutilons, also are evergreens, some having variegated foliage. The decorative flowers vary from clear yellow to orange, pink, red, carmine-pink, and crimson.

The foliage is rather soft in texture and easily damaged by wind, so the shrubs should be protected. The variegated varieties need regular pruning—they often grow green branches that may spoil the variegation effect.

Another tender shrub is the evergreen brunfelsia, which produces blue flowers fading to white as they age. They are slow growers and should be pruned well every winter to encourage new growth.

Brunfelsia needs some shade if the flowers are to remain blue for long. A semi-shady position under a thin gum-tree is a good growing location.

Clerodendron ugandense, or butterfly bush, makes a beautiful summer display of tiny blue flowers. It grows fairly tall and needs space and regular pruning to curb its sprawling habits. It should be planted in an open, sunny position.

Crotons, natives of the tropics, damage easily in strong winds, so they should be grown under glass in the Sydney area or any cooler climate. Their beautiful foliage, long and often strap-shaped, is tender, demanding shade as well as heat.

A beautiful Queensland native shrub, not often seen, is the *Graptophyllum earllei*, which bears red flowers in summer.

It will grow in well-protected positions in Sydney, but does better in warmer areas. It is often known as the "caricature bush" because of the yellow blotches, said to resemble a human face, on the leaves. The flowers are large and open.

The New Guinea variety, *Graptophyllum pictum*, should be grown under glass in cool districts. The blooms are often a deep purple.

The beautiful Inga pulcherrima has become popular in mild districts. Its foliage resembles a Cootamundra wattle, the tassel-shaped red flowers being massed over the bushes. It, too, should be planted now in a warm, protected position.

Lochroma tubulosa, another quick-growing shrub, has deep violet-blue tubular flowers. A garden gem in warm districts, it needs a sunny position, well out of the way of cold or strong winds, and hard winter pruning in cooler areas.

GARDENING

Continuing . . .

Gardener's ABC

SPORT: Unusual or abrupt variation from the "type" plant—for example, the sudden growth of a branch bearing pink roses on a bush normally having red roses. This usually implies a genetic or hereditary change in the plant cells, so that the new characters become "fixed."

SPUR: Tubular outgrowth of the base of a sepal or petal.

STANDARD: Rose, fruit, or other tree or vine trained to a straight stem.

STERILISATION: Term commonly used for freeing soil or similar material from all harmful organism before it is used for sowing seed or transplanting.



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BRIGHT ON THE FLOOR

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IT'S HARDWEARING—special wear layer gives years of solid service.

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2 NEW STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS, OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX

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END CURL HOME PERM



Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms, with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package 9/-

Continuing . . . April Lady

[from page 61]

people! It's no use denying it. Why, I remember how you told me that the only thing you didn't like at Castle Howard was the old Earl, because there was so much starch in him that he frightened you to death! Now, then! How do you mean to answer that, pray?"

Utterly bewildered, she stammered: "But—but—I don't understand! What has that to say to anything? I remember perfectly! But—" She broke off suddenly and gave a gasp. "Oh, can it be possible that—? Oh, Dy, dearest, dearest Dy—did you win that money?"

"Well, of course I did!" he replied in the liveliest astonishment. "How the devil else was I to do the trick?"

She sank down on the sofa, wavering between tears and laughter. "Oh, how stupid I have been! I thought—Oh, never mind that! Dy, has the luck changed at last? Tell me how it was! Where have you been? How—Oh, tell me everything!"

"Chester for the King's Plate," he replied, eyeing her uneasily. She seemed to him to be in queer stirrups, and he was just about to ask her if she felt quite the thing when a happy explanation occurred to him. "I say, Nell, you haven't sprained your ankle, have you?" he demanded, grinning at her.

"Sprained my ankle? No!" she answered, a good deal surprised.

"What I mean is—is it a baby?"

She shook her head, coloring. "No," she said sadly.

"Oh! Thought that must be it." He saw that her face was downcast and said bracingly, "No need to be moped! Plenty of time yet before you need think of setting up your nursery. I shouldn't wonder at it if you were like Mama."

"Yes, that is what she thinks, but—Oh, never mind that! Tell me how this all came about!"

He sat down beside her. "It was the oddest thing! A fifteen to one chance, Nell! And I'd no more notion of laying my blunt on it than the man in the moon! Well, I didn't know the horse existed, and as for backing it—! Anyone would have laid you odds there was only one horse entered that could beat Firebrand, and that was Milkop. But what do you think happened to me?"

She shook her head wonderingly, and he gave a chuckle.

"Sort of thing that only comes to a man once in a lifetime. It was on Saturday night that it started. I thought I might take a look-in at the well, it don't signify telling you the name of the place, you wouldn't know it! It's a club I go to now and again. Anyway, I called for a tankard there, drank it off, and there was a great cockroach in the pot!"

"Ugh!" exclaimed Nell, shuddering.

"Yes, I didn't like it above half myself," agreed the Viscount. "But the queer thing about it was that it wasn't dead! Seemed a bit lusher when I tipped it out on to the table, but, dash it, what could you expect? It got quite lively after a while, and so we matched it against a spider that—a friend of mine—picked off its web."

"Cockroaches and spiders?" interrupted Nell, aghast.

"Dozens of 'em! The place is full of them!"

"But Dysart, how very shocking! It must be a sadly dirty house!"

"Yes, I expect it is," he agreed. "In fact, I know it is, but that don't signify! The thing is, most of the company fancied the spider. Well, I did myself, to tell you the truth, for it was a stout-looking runner, with a set of capital legs

to it. I didn't back it, of course, because the cockroach was my entry, but I never thought to see the cockroach win."

"And it did?" Nell asked anxiously.

"Won by half the length of the course!" said the Viscount. "That was the table. We had 'em lined up, and I must say I thought my entry was still a trifle bosky, and I daresay he was, but no sooner did I give him the office—with a fork—than off he went, in a fine burst, straight down the course for the winning-post! Mind you, the spider had it in him to beat him; devilish good mover, I give you my word! The trouble with him was that he was a refuser. If he didn't fold his legs up under him he went dashing off in circles."

"Now, young Johnny Cockroach jibbed a trifle, but every time I used my persuader on him, off he went again at a snapping pace, and always straight ahead! You wouldn't have thought, to look at him, that he was such a good mover. A daisy-cutter, is what I thought, and so he was, but a regular Trojan, for all that!"

"Oh, Dy, how absurd you are!" Nell exclaimed, laughing.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4685W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"And you won all that money on the creature?"

"No, no, of course I didn't! That was only funning! I didn't win much more than a pony on him."

"What happened to him?" Nell could not help asking.

"How should I know? Went back to his stable, I daresay, I wasn't paying much heed to him. Or to any of it, if it comes to that. Well, what I mean is, never thought another thing about it, once the race was won. There wasn't any reason why I should. But, Nell, when I went to bed on Sunday night I pulled back the clothes, and dash me if there wasn't a cockroach right in the middle of the bed!"

"How I came to be such a gudgeon as not to see then what it meant still has me in a puzzle. I didn't. It wasn't till Monday that it fairly burst on me. I went just to see how they were betting their money at Tatt's, and who should be there but old Jerry Stowe? No, you don't know him—not the kind of fellow you would know, but he's a mighty safe man at the Corner, I can tell you. Did him a trifling service once; no great matter, but to hear him you'd think I'd saved his life!"

"Well, the long and short of it was that he told me in my ear to put all my blunt on Cockroach for the King's Plate at Chester! That fairly sent me to grass, I can tell you! I hadn't even heard of it; didn't mean to bet on the race at all, because I've no fancy for an odds-on chance, and to my mind there wasn't a horse entered, barring Milkop, that could beat Firebrand. But, of course, as soon as Jerry tipped me the office that settled it. Taking one thing with another, I could see Cockroach was a

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certainly. The only trouble was, how the deuce was I to raise enough mint-sauce to make the thing worth while?"

He paused, frowning. The amusement was quenched in Nell's eyes, which were fixed on his face in painful inquiry. "Did something I've never done before, and never thought I should do," he said, shaking his head. "Too ramshackle by half! Mind, if I hadn't known the horse couldn't lose I wouldn't have done it!"

She smiled faintly. "What did you do, Dy? Tell me—pray!"

"Borrowed a monkey from Corny," he replied briefly.

"O-h-h!" It was a long sigh of unutterable relief. "Is that all? I thought you meant you had done something—something shocking!"

"Well, if you don't know that it's shocking to go breaking shins amongst your friends it's time someone told you!" said the Viscount severely. "What if the horse hadn't won? A pretty Captain Sharp I should have looked!"

"Yes, yes, but I am persuaded Mr. Fancot wouldn't have thought so or cared a jot!"

"No, of course he wouldn't, but that don't make it any better! Worse, in fact. I don't mind owing blunt to the regular brags or to a parcel of tradesmen, but I'm not the sort of rum 'un that sponges on my friends, I'll have you know!"

She was abashed and docilely begged her pardon. He regarded her frowningly and suddenly said, "If you didn't kick up all that dust because you knew I'd won the money at Chester races, how did you think I'd come by it?"

She hung her head, blushing. "Oh, Dysart, I have been so foolish!"

"I daresay, but that don't

tell me anything! What made you fly into that odd rage? You aren't going to tell me you thought I'd held up a coach and robbed some stranger?"

"No—worse!" she whispered, pressing a hand to one hot cheek.

"Don't be such a sapskull! I should like to know what you imagine would be worse than that!" he said impatiently.

"Oh, Dysart, forgive me! I thought you had taken the necklace!"

"No, you didn't. I particularly told you I hadn't made off with your precious jewels, so stop bawling me!"

"Not my jewels—the Cardross necklace!"

"What?"

She quailed involuntarily. "You—thought—I—had—stolen—the Cardross necklace?" said the Viscount, with awful deliberation. "Are you run quite mad, girl?"

"I think I must have run m-mad," she confessed. "It was because you held me up! I never should have thought it if you hadn't meant to seize my jewels and sell them for me! I thought—"

"I want to hear no more of what you thought!" interrupted Dysart, terribly. "Are you going to sit there telling me you believed me capable of making off with something that don't belong to either of us?"

"No, no! I mean—I wondered if perhaps you thought it was mine! And you knew I didn't care for it, so—"

"—so I priggid it while you were out of the way—a thing worth I don't know how many thousands of pounds!"

he cut in wrathfully. "Just to pay your trumpery debt, too! Oh, no! I was forgetting! Not just to pay your debt, was it?"

Continuing . . . April Lady

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I gave you three centuries—devilish handsome of me, and pounced over seven thousand! Do you happen to know what I did with the thing? Did I sell it to some fence or other, or did I lodge it with a spouter?"

"I don't wonder at it that I found you in such a grand fuss! The only thing that I wonder at is how I've contrived to keep out of Newgate!"

He had sprung up from the sofa and was striding about the room in a black rage that

No matter how orderly a woman is by nature, it is a mistake for her to be always putting her husband in his place.

—Chinese Proverb

made her quake. She dared not approach him, but she said imploringly, "It was very bad of me, and indeed, I beg your pardon, but if you knew how it was—oh, Dysart, don't be so angry with me! Everything has been so dreadful, and I fear my mind is less strong than I had believed it."

"I knew how much I had teased you, and when I read your letter my first thought was that you had backed yourself to win some reckless wager. I didn't entertain the least suspicion then! It was when I knew the necklace had gone—and you had written the letter in the very room where it was hidden, and I remembered that

I had shown you once—Oh, it was unpardonable of me, but—"

He had stopped his pacing and was standing staring down at her, an arrested expression in his eyes. "Just a moment!" he interrupted sharply. "You don't mean that, do you? That the necklace has gone?"

"Yes, I do mean it. That was what overthrew my mind, Dy!"

He turned a little pale. "When did you discover this?"

"The next day—on Tuesday. It wasn't I, but my dresser who discovered it. She told me immediately, and that was when it flashed into my mind that—"

If I had had time to think, perhaps I should not—But I hadn't, I hadn't!"

"Never mind that! What did you say to your woman?"

"That I had taken the necklace to Jeffreys to have the clasp mended. She assured me she hadn't spoken of the loss to a soul, and I told her not to do so, and I am persuaded she has not."

"Cardross doesn't know?"

"No, no! How could you think I would tell him when I thought it was you who had taken the necklace?"

He drew an audible breath. "That's the dandy, isn't it?" he said with blighting sarcasm. "It's been missing for three days and your dresser knows it, and you haven't seen fit to tell Cardross or to make the least push to recover it! Famous! And now what do you mean to do, my girl?"

For perhaps half a minute Nell sat staring up at the Viscount, the color slowly draining from her face. In the flood of relief that had swept over

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her only thoughts had been of thankfulness that Dysart had not taken the necklace, and of remorse for having so misjudged him. But his words brought her back to earth with a jarring thud. She lifted a hand to her brow. "Oh, dear!" she said, in the thread of a voice. "I hadn't considered—Dysart, what must I do?"

"I don't know!" he replied unhelpfully.

"Someone did indeed steal it. But who? This is dreadful! It must have been one of the servants. Someone who knew where it was hidden, and how can I tell who may have known of it? The chambermaid whom Mrs. Clopton turned off a month ago? I cannot think it!"

"Oh, can't you?" said his lordship acidly. "Much obliged to you, my lady!"

"Don't, Dyl!" she begged. "If you had taken it I knew you had done it only for my sake! But now—! It might have been any one of them, at any time! It was not necessary to know where it was kept; it must be known to them all that I have it, and never wear it, and only think how many opportunities there must be for persons living in this house to search for the hiding-place! And when they had found it they would guess that I should not discover the loss for months, perhaps. Had it not been for Sutton's care, in taking out my winter clothes to brush them, I might have known nothing!"

"It ain't a bit of use talking about what might have happened," said Dysart. "It's what did happen that has put you in the basket. Unless you can stop your dresser's mouth, it's bound to come out that you knew the necklace had been stolen three days before you said a word about it to Cardross. Well, you know the woman better than I do! Can you bribe her to tell the same story you mean to tell?"

"I don't know," she said slowly. "It's of no consequence, however. I will not do it!"

"I daresay you're right," he agreed. "Too risky! She'd be bound to guess there was some-

thing havey-cavey afoot, and once she knew you was scared of Cardross' getting wind of it she'd very likely bleed you white! There'd be no end to it!"

"I don't think it. It is not for that reason! Dysart, all this trouble has come upon me because I set out to deceive Cardross, and it has grown and grown until—!" She broke off with a shudder. "I must tell him the truth. I must tell him immediately!"

She got up as she spoke, but the Viscount said dampingly: "Well, you won't do that, because he ain't in. Told Farley he wouldn't be back till five or thereabouts."

"Not till five! Oh, if my courage does not fail!"

"Do you want me to see him with you?" he demanded.

"You? Oh, no! I must see him alone."

"Well, it's my belief the thing will come off a dashed sight better if you do," he said frankly. "It ain't that I mind seeing him, because now the dits are in tune again there's no reason why I should, but for one thing I'm pledged to Corny, and for another Cardross won't like it if you take me along, like a dashed bodyguard! That's the way to get his back up at the very start."

"Besides, you don't need a bodyguard. I don't say he isn't going to be devilish angry, because it stands to reason he's bound to be, but you needn't be afraid he won't come round. He will—and all the quicker if I'm not there! He don't love me, but he loves you all right and tight!"

She said nothing, and after a moment he held out the banknotes to her again. "Take 'em! No need to mention the mantua-maker's bill to him, unless you choose. You may put the whole on to me. I had three centuries from you and I've now paid 'em back. I daresay that will surprise him more than if you told him I'd priggish his wretched heirloom!"

Continuing . . . April Lady

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At these biting words she flung her arms round his neck, vehemently asserting that no one could ever believe such a thing of him and again begging him to forgive her.

"Yes, very well, but you needn't think I'm pleased with you, for I'm not!" responded Dysart, disengaging himself from her embrace. "It's not a bit of use hanging round my neck and playing off your cajolery: I'm not Cardross! And mind this! the next time you



"I beg your pardon, but if you were my husband would you like this hat?"

run into trouble, don't you come to me to drag you out of it!"

"No," Nell said meekly. "I'll be off now," he announced. "No getting into high fidgets, Nell!"

She shook her head. "And no turning short about either!" he warned her.

"No, I promise you I mean to tell Cardross as soon as he returns."

"Well, see you do!" he said, relenting sufficiently to bestow a brief hug upon her. "I suppose I ought to stay to bring you up to scratch, but I haven't seen Corny yet, and I must. Besides, it's his birthday and we mean to make a batch of it."

With that he went off, leaving her to solitude and her

melancholy thoughts. She roused herself presently from these to send Sutton to pay Madame Laval's bills, and thought, as she gave the banknotes into her dresser's hand, how happy it would have made her, only four days earlier, to have been able to do this. She could still be thankful that she would not now be obliged to lay the debt before Cardross, but that seemed a very small alleviation of the ills that beset her.

The sight of her dresser brought one of these most forcibly to her mind. It would be necessary to tell Sutton that the necklace was not in the hands of Cardross' jeweller, but indeed lost; and how to account for her own prevarication was a problem to which she could discover no answer. Letty might pour out her troubles to her maid; to Nell it was unthinkable that she should admit Sutton into her confidence.

The thought of Letty made her ask Sutton suddenly where she was. The dresser replied that she believed her to have gone with Martha to Owen's in Bond Street, to purchase fresh ribbons for the gown she meant to wear at Almack's that evening. She availed herself of the opportunity to inquire of Nell which gown she herself wished laid out in readiness, but Nell, who had forgotten the engagement, exclaimed: "Almack's! Oh, no! I cannot go there tonight!"

Sutton merely said: "Very well, my lady," and went away. Letty (if she had indeed arranged to meet her lover at the Assembly Rooms) would scarcely be so acquiescent.

As the day drew towards five o'clock Nell began to feel a little sick. Her spirits had been getting steadily lower for some time and were not improved by the prospect beyond the window. The day had been dull and the sky had by now

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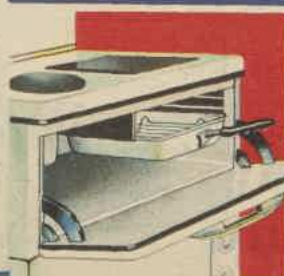
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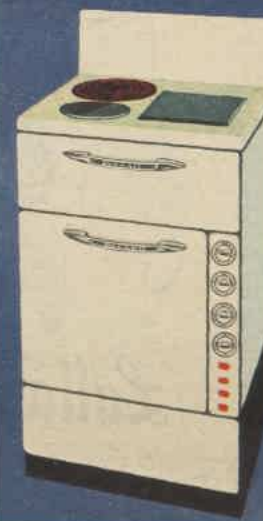
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Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 67

become so overcast that the drawing-room, which should have been full of sunshine, had put on a mournful twilight air. It even seemed to be a little chilly, but perhaps that was only her fancy.

Cardross came in shortly after five, but when Nell, bracing herself to face the ordeal in store, went downstairs it was only to learn from the porter that his lordship was engaged with someone who had called to see him on a matter of business.

Knowing that Cardross was dining out that evening, and feeling that her courage would be entirely dissipated if she were forced to remain on the rack for many more hours, she said, "It is very vexatious, for I particularly wish to speak with his lordship before he goes out again. Who is it who must come to see him on business at such an hour? Not Mr. Kent, surely?"

"No, my lady. It's a Mr. Cartworth. He called this morning, and seeing as he said his business was private, which he wouldn't disclose to Mr. Kent, nor anyone, I told him it was no manner of use for him to wait, because his lordship wasn't expected till five. And back he came, my lady, but I would have put him in the office if I'd known your ladyship was wishful to see my lord. Because my lord give his orders when he come in just now that when Sir John Somerby calls he's to be taken to the library straight, my lady."

"And he may arrive at any moment, I daresay!" Nell exclaimed. "George, if he should do so before this person who is now with his lordship has gone away, show him into the saloon, if you please, and desire him to wait! And—inform his lordship that I wish to see him before he goes to Sir John!"

"Yes, my lady, never fear!" said George, in a reassuring tone that gave her clearly to understand that he had by this time realised that there was something unusual afoot. "I'll tip the—I'll drop a word in Farley's ear, my lady!"

She thanked him, flushing a little, and retreated again to the drawing-room, there to pass another miserable half-hour, wondering how much longer the obtrusive Mr. Cartworth meant to linger, and why providence, so falsely called merciful, had not seen fit to remove her from the world when, at the age of five, she had contracted scarlet fever.

And yet, when looking down from the window, she saw a neat individual descending the front steps, and knew that Cardross was at last at liberty, she at once wished that she might be granted just a few more minutes in which to recruit her forces.

But if the dreaded interview were not to be postponed until the morning there was all too little time left to her, so she went quickly downstairs before a craven panic could wholly master her.

George, his foot on the bottom stair, drew back, saying that he had been on the point of coming to tell her that his lordship was now alone and ready to receive her. He went before her to hold open the door into the library. He would have liked to have said something encouraging to her, because she looked so young and so scared, and put him in mind of his daughter, but that, of course, was impossible. It was as plain as a pikestaff she was in trouble, poor little thing; it was to be hoped his lordship would let her down easy, but he wasn't looking any too amiable.

He was looking very far from amiable. The instant she had crossed the threshold Nell knew that she had chosen her moment badly. Cardross was

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standing beside his desk, his countenance very set, and he neither smiled nor moved forward to meet her. She had never before seen so sombre an expression in his eyes; her own eyes dilated a little in sudden alarm; she said involuntarily, "Oh, what is it?"

It was a moment or two before he spoke, and then he said in a very level tone, "I understand you particularly wish to speak to me. I am expecting a visit from Somerby, however, so unless the matter is of immediate importance it would be better, perhaps, if this interview were postponed until the morning."

The cold formality of this speech struck her to the heart;

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she was only just able to say, "It is of—most immediate importance! I must, I must tell you at once!"

"Very well. What is it?" It was not encouraging, but she could not draw back. She said, "The necklace—the Cardross necklace! It has gone!"

She thought he stiffened, but he did not speak. Frightened and perplexed, she stammered, "You don't—I think you cannot have understood me!"

"Oh, yes! I understood you!" he said grimly. "Cardross, pray—! You are very angry—shocked—"

"Both! Too much to discuss it with you now! I will see you in the morning. I may be able to speak to you then with more moderation than is yet at my command!"

"Oh, say what you wish to me, but don't look at me so!" she begged. "Indeed, indeed I didn't lose it through any carelessness! It has been stolen, Cardross!"

"I didn't suppose that you had mislaid it. Are you suggesting that some thief contrived to enter the house without anyone's being aware of it, or do you mean to accuse one of the servants?"

"I don't know, but I am dreadfully afraid it must have been one of the servants!" she said worriedly. "They could have searched for it, but a stranger would not have known where to look, or—surely?—have thought it necessary to make it seem as though no one had been to my rooms or stolen anything. I—I had no suspicion, you see! It might have been months before I discovered the loss, for it was hidden amongst the clothes Sutton put away in camphor."

"And how does it come about that you have discovered it?" he asked. "That is puzzling me a trifle, you know."

"I didn't—it wasn't I who discovered it! Sutton found the case empty when she went to look over my winter clothes."

"I see. How very disconcerting, to be sure!"

There was a derisive note in his voice, which made her stare at him in bewilderment. "Disconcerting?" she repeated. "Oh, it was far, far more than that, Cardross!"

"I am sure you were excessively shocked. I collect that Sutton did not make this unwelcome discovery until to-day?"

(To be concluded)

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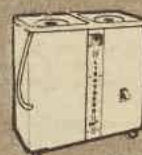
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entry win a shining new washer

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HOW TO ENTER

Make a note to pick up a contest leaflet to-day from your nearest grocery or electrical goods store. Take several forms—get the whole family to enter—every day if they like! Remember, the contest closes midnight April 30th—and on each of those 30 days some lucky family (could so easily be yours!) will win a superb new washing machine.

EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE

and Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers
of all leading washing machines



Continuing . . .

Million Dollar Model

from page 19

sounded like a prayer. "Oh, Glory, it's backwards!"

It was, too. You could see a lot of Glory May. She gasped and scuttled out.

That buyer probably went back to Kansas City and told the folks there was no place like Waterbabies. But I saw how Doug was looking at Glory May, and I knew Betsy did, too.

Later I went into Betsy's office. The Upkeep bra was all over her work table, but she was just staring at it.

"Did you see that, Marj?" she said wonderingly.

"Practically all of it," I said. "So did everybody else."

I sat down. "All right now, Betsy doll, you've got to do something," I said.

"Like what?" Betsy said. "Like firing Glory May," I said.

Betsy looked at me. Then she shook her head. She has this very stubborn little chin.

"She—hasn't done anything," she said.

"She doesn't have to do anything. Except breathe."

Betsy put some lipstick on, in a very determined way. Then she said, "Even if I did, where could I find a girl who does what she does for a swimsuit? In two weeks?"

"So what?" I said. "Would it bust you up if Waterbabies doesn't win it?"

"No," she said honestly. "But it would bust Doug right down to his Argyles. Marj, he's out on a real long limb."

He was, all right, and as it happened it got a lot longer the following Friday, when Moynihan mixed it up with our founder at the cocktail party. It was one of those magazines representative's cocktail parties at the Hotel Windfall. Models do not ordinarily go to these, only Doug had fixed it up with this very transparent manoeuvre; although it did not do him much good, at that, because Jack Moynihan got very cosy with Glory May the minute he met her. Moynihan is a free-loading Irishman with a very cocky bow-tie. He was in town overnight from L.A.

Our founder does not like these affairs anyhow. He was standing by the window, looking as if he had got into a ladies' lounge by mistake, and I was standing beside him when Moynihan surged over.

"Greetings, friend," he said. "I hear you're trying to play for the majors . . . Hi, dear." That was for me. He has this way of looking at women that makes you wonder if you left something off.

"I don't know if I quite understand—" our founder began.

Moynihan grinned this very repulsive grin. "The contest," he said, "Miss Shooting Star." He took another martini off a passing tray. "I understand we're going to have the pleasure of licking the underpants off Waterbabies."

The little white tufts over Mr. Waterbury's ears fairly quivered.

"Look, J.W.," Moynihan said. Our founder simply hates to be called by his initials. "I got news for you. These days, girls do not buy swimsuits to swim in. Ever hear of beach boys, Waterbury? Big bronze beach boys? Ever hear of obsolete?"

"Mr. Moynihan," our founder said in these ringing tones.

To page 71

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 24, 1957

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"It is possible that I do not fully appreciate the allusions you have been making. But when you mention obsolescence, I will tell you this: One thing shall never become obsolete so long as I am president of Waterbabies. That is Sound Goods at a Fair Price." You could practically see the capital letters when Mr. Waterbury spoke. "It is a policy which is, perhaps, beyond your understanding."

With this crusher, he turned away. You had to admire him.

So Betsy worked her heart out. For the next two weeks she worked all day and practically all night, too, till her eyes had circles like dinner plates. And I never did blame her for the way that Miss Shooting Star suit turned out. Is it very hard to do your best work when you are wondering where your boy is.

I'd seen the suit in bits and pieces, of course, all over the shop, and I'd seen her pinning and tucking Glory May. But I didn't see it finished till the day before the contest.

"Want to put it on?" Betsy said. It was on her desk. "Our founder likes it," she said, in this funny flat voice. "So does Glory May. She thinks it's peachy."

I put it on. Red velvet, a real glamor job. Laced up in front, sort of full in the skirt. Betsy laced me.

"Well—" I did not want to say it sort of clutched me fore and grabbed me aft, which it did, and also I had this tight feeling across my chest.

"Is this the Upkeep bra?" I said. Only as I looked at it I knew it wasn't.

"No, it's not Upkeep," Betsy said. "I lost it. I mean, I mucked it up."

"Oh, this is a slick bra," I said, very fast. "Only—"

"I just kicked it around till it disappeared, I guess," Betsy said. She looked tired to death and about to cry. "It wouldn't work into the Victorian-corset business. This one's called Hoop-la."

Continuing . . . Million Dollar Model

from page 70

Well, I moved over to the mirror. You know the way it is. Certain things send you and certain things do not. Hoop-la was O.K., as a matter of fact. If only I hadn't seen the Upkeep bra—

"It's gorgeous, Betsy," I said firmly.

And Doug picked this minute to come in. He saw me and he stopped cold.

"How is — Is that it?" Betsy nodded. "That's it."

"Well, it's — Turn around, Marj," he said. "It's fine," he said slowly.

"Wait till you see it on Glory May," I said nastily.

He said, "Betsy, do you think we'll —"

He stopped, but I caught that look of his. He was looking at Betsy like a husband. Like my Andy looked at me when his brand-new, fifth-hand convertible blew a gasket on our honeymoon. No fellow has a right to look at a girl that way unless he's earned it. Doug hadn't.

But Betsy didn't look mad; she just looked whipped. "I don't know," she said, "I just don't know."

At ten o'clock the next morning, when the judge called for the Beaut-ee Suit entry — they were taking them alphabetically — I was really twitching.

Everybody was there in Universal Airlines' banquet-room. Various people from the five competing swimsuit companies, and Mr. Waterbury with Waterbabies' board members. They looked like pallbearers and Doug was looking like the body.

All the airline brass and the three fashion-editor judges flown in sat at a special table. Betsy and I were three rows from this very fancy, green-velvet-covered runway.

Well, you would never believe what Beaut-ee Suit came up with. Unless you had seen it. It was on a very pretty blond model, but that is all you can say. It was a horoscope print and they had named it Birth-

day Suit. Honestly. The booby-sucker's delight. I felt better and nudged Betsy, but she just raised an eyebrow. Betsy is very polite.

Then came Glamor-Form with a shirred satin number called Live it Up, which was O.K., except it had been done a couple of million times before; and Mermaids-All Company had a sissy-pink taffeta job named Whoops, which should have been named Ulp.

I was beginning to feel a whole lot better, as a matter of fact, until the judge called, "Swimstars!" and Jack Moynihan came up, easy and sharp, to introduce the Swimstar suit.

For months, he said, they had been working on a new principle of bra construction which they called Dynamic Design. They had incorporated it, he said, in a suit they were proud to present. Star Girl.

Betsy stiffened. She was staring at Moynihan with her eyes wide and bright. And then when Star Girl came out of the wings, she relaxed suddenly. Only I didn't. What I saw simply frizzled my back hair. Because the model who was modelling it was Glory May.

"Betsy!" I said. I caught a glimpse of Doug's face, five seats away. His eyes were out to here. Literally.

"What in the —" I started to whisper.

"Sh-h-h-h," Betsy said, out of the side of her mouth. "Glory May resigned from Waterbabies last night. Suddenly."

"You mean she went to —"

"Charming!" said one of the judges in this loud, enthusiastic voice.

"Delightful!" said another.

And I have to admit it was slick. That suit Glory May was wearing made that suit of Betsy's look like a dog's dinner. Not that you could swim in it. But it was the cutest ballet rig you ever saw. Tight-moulded black satin with a crisp ruffled tutu. And the bra — I grabbed Betsy's arm.

"Betsy, that's Hoop-la!" It was. The hoops, the bands, the works. "It's a steal!"

"Yep," said Betsy, calm as anything. "Literally, sister."

"But who —"

"Glory May," Betsy said briefly. "She —"

"Waterbabies!" called the judge. It was our turn.

Betsy grabbed my wrist. "Hurry, Marj. We got work to do."

Somehow we were scrambling out to the aisle, and Betsy turned to the judges' table and smiled sweetly and said, "If we may have just a moment, please—"

Then we were in the empty dressing-room behind the stage, and Betsy was unbuttoning me in back while she pulled this silvery-looking swimsuit out of her big pigskin shoulder bag.

"Look!" I said. "I can't—"

"Hush," Betsy said. "Put it on!"

Well, I put it on, this soft silvery jersey-type thing, and I knew it was a bomb. A real bomb. The bra—well, that bra should happen to every girl. It was the Upkeep. Naturally. Sheer design. Three triangles, no frills, no fruit-salad.

And the way that suit felt, I could have done push-ups or climbed mountains. It simply breathed for you. And the way it looked—I caught a blur in the mirror as Betsy hustled me out. It was the sharpest Bikini in the world.

And here is the thing: it made me look like Miss America. Me! With my little thigh problem!

Betsy gave me a push.

"Get out there, baby, and look pretty for the people."

There I was on the runway. All I could see was spotlights. Betsy followed me out.

"At Waterbabies," she said, "we have a quaint idea that swimsuits are meant to swim in. We call this one—oddly enough—Swimsuit."

It was very quiet. Then you never heard such an explosion in your life. Everybody was clapping. Somebody even cheered. I did the runway four times, with some fancy pivots thrown in. I was floating, then a photographer took some flash shots, and believe me I got prints later to send to Andy, just to remind him what he had to come home to.

Of course, that wrapped it up. I moved over to the line-up and I could tell out of the corner of my eye that Swim-suit looked like a purebred in the dog pound. Actually. And when the judges finally called Mr. Waterbury up to receive the award, you would have thought he had stitched that suit up himself, he was beaming that hard.

"You see, Marj, I had to give her something to steal," Betsy said, as Doug drove us both home later in his old yellow convertible. She had her head on Doug's shoulder. "Because she was on Moynihan's payroll all the time."

I was thinking. "That's why the hatbox," I said slowly. I could see it now. So she could take it home at night full of Waterbabies' patterns to trace and send down to Swimstar.

Dumb! That girl probably curled up with Schopenhauer.

When she wasn't curled up with Moynihan, that is. Because I noticed, when she left the airlines building with him, this nice-sized solitaire on her left hand.

"He had her apply for the job in the first place?"

Betsy nodded. "Only by the time I knew for sure, it was too late, on account of Golden Boy here." She grinned at Doug, who was concentrating very hard on his driving.

"And those comic books of hers—" I said.

"Part of the act," Betsy said. "Only she laid it on too thick."

"How?" Doug said suddenly.

"Seabreeze," said Betsy.

"The day she modelled Seabreeze for the buyer from Kansas City. Maybe a man wouldn't know it, but no matter how dumb a girl is she couldn't even accidentally put a swimsuit on backwards. Not with one of my bras."

"Bodices," Doug said. He pulled the car over to the kerb, and then he looked at Betsy, a very long look. "Oh, Betsy," he said. "I'm a big fat horse's neck."

"You're not fat at all," Betsy said. "And I think you're sort of cute."

He kissed her, right there in broad daylight.

"If you don't mind being loved by a horse's neck," he said.

Well, this was more than a year ago. After Andy came home I quit Waterbabies and started modelling those cute little maternity smocks, and I hear Glory May Moynihan is doing the same thing, and I hope they all look like her husband, too.

Last week I had lunch with Betsy, who is about to leave Waterbabies herself, because she says one member of the family in the swimsuit business is plenty. She says it will be sort of a relief, because she has been having a terrible time getting Mr. Waterbury to O.K. any suit which is not a Bikini.

So the way it all turned out, Betsy caught her boy all right, just by tending to her business and building a better swimsuit. I mean, it is almost enough to make you believe everything you read.

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Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick, 4/11
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V165

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



• Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

"DEIDRE." — Smart between-seasons front-buttoned pinafore sheath can be dressed up or down with a switch of accessories. The material is corduroy velveteen, obtainable in a wonderful color range. The colors include: Royal blue, red, mid green, American beauty, and black.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 79/6, 36 and 38in. bust 84/-. Postage and registration 4/- extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 54/9, 36 and 38in. bust 57/3. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 24, 1957

Your favourite Knitwear created by

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Curlon, the new All-Year-Round wonder fabric made by Finlaw Mills is guaranteed. Curlon never shrinks, stretches or loses shape.



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is scientifically treated for winter warmth

Ask for Curlon, spelt C-U-R-L-O-N, in glorious new styles and colours

Guaranteed by

Beware of imitations **FINLAW MILLS**
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Page 71



Taste That Chicken

LOTS AND LOTS OF IT IN CONTINENTAL BRAND

- * Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup is full of the nourishing goodness of plump spring chicken, egg noodles, delicate seasonings.
- * Continental's fresh ingredients come in an airtight aluminium foil packet to keep them flavour-full till ready to use.
- * You fresh home-cook Continental in only 7 minutes to get that full home-made flavour

NEW IDEA! Continental is so rich in chicken goodness, clever cooks add it to casseroles, stews, spaghetti and meat loaves to give that extra zest and flavour.

TRY IT THIS WEEK!

MAKE A BARREL OF BEAUTIFUL BISCUITS FOR 1/8^d WITH 'COPHA'

Australia's favourite pure white vegetable shortening!

"It's so quick and easy to make wholesome home-made biscuits by the Copha 'Melt 'n' Mix' method. And they're so inexpensive," says



Betty King Home Economist of World Brands

Home-made biscuits are so much richer and crunchier, aren't they? And when you can make them so easily by the Copha 'Melt 'n' Mix' method (no tedious creaming) you can really heap up your biscuit tin with all sorts of luscious varieties. Add a little icing and you have just the thing for that afternoon social or for supper.

Here are two biscuit recipes from Betty King's "New Tested Recipes", which features many other delicious Copha recipes. If you'd like a copy of the book, write to Betty King, Box 3680, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a postal note for 1/6 (that includes postage). Betty King will also gladly advise you, free of charge, on any cooking problems.

ORANGE TREATS

3 oz. Copha shortening • 1 egg
4 oz. (½ cup) sugar • Grated rind 1 orange
7 oz. (1½ cups) self-raising flour
1 level teaspoon salt

Place in basin sugar, orange rind, egg and half sifted flour and salt. Melt Copha over gentle heat. It should be warm, not hot. Test with the fingertip. Pour on to ingredients in basin and beat 2 minutes. Add remaining flour and mix to a dry dough. Shape into balls and place on greased slides. Press down lightly with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven 12-15 minutes. Ice, when cool, and decorate if desired.

MONTE CARLO KISSES

3 oz. Copha shortening • 1 egg
4 oz. (½ cup) sugar
2 level tablespoons Golden Syrup
8 oz. (2 cups) self-raising flour
1 level teaspoon salt • ½ cup coconut

Place in basin sugar, Golden Syrup, egg and half sifted flour and salt. Melt Copha over gentle heat. It should be warm, not hot. Pour on to ingredients in basin. Beat 2 minutes. Add remaining flour and coconut and mix in evenly. Shape into small balls and place on greased slides. Flatten each biscuit slightly with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven 12-15 minutes. Pair, when cold, with raspberry jam and/or a little icing.





GARY COOPER GOES SUAVE. A debonair and not so youthful Cooper is shown here talking to co-star Audrey Hepburn in—of all places—the Ritz, Paris. They are playing together in "Love in the Afternoon," in which ex-cowboy Cooper is cast as a worldly American who lives at the plushy hotel, where most of the action takes place.



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Every year tens of thousands of men and women join the hundreds of thousands who have cheque accounts with the "Wales".

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Stay as sweet as you are with
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The Deodorant you can trust
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Talking of Films

★★★ *The Girl Can't Help It*

JAYNE MANSFIELD has been done proud by 20th Century-Fox in her first film, "The Girl Can't Help It." This color CinemaScope comedy has some original and funny situations, crisp dialogue, a line-up of rock-'n-roll guest stars to delight the fans—plus Tom Ewell.

And Jayne does them proud. This junior Mae West, poured into the Marilyn Monroe mould, fits it almost exactly, and in some places spills over. But she lacks something of the Monroe warmth and sparkle.

As the has-been Press agent hired by a semi-reformed racketeer to turn his girlfriend Jayne into a jukebox star, Ewell is an unqualified delight, wry, frequently confused, and with his own brand of compelling sincerity.

Edmond O'Brien, as the racketeer with a talent for rock-'n-roll, gives one of his most satisfying performances. He's anxious to marry Jayne, the daughter of an old-time associate, but feels that his past standing in the public Press demands a suitable celebrity as his bride.

To make her into a name he hires Ewell. The trouble is that Jayne can't sing, and he puts too much trust in Ewell's reputation for never mixing business with pleasure.

Sour-featured Henry Jones as the racketeer's right-hand man unexpectedly casts himself in the role of Cupid.

This fresh and genuinely funny film ends with O'Brien all set on a new career as a rock-'n-roll composer and singer.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

★★★ *Tea and Sympathy*

SOMETHING very near top marks is earned by Metro's release of the Pandro S. Berman film "Tea and Sympathy," based on the controversial stage play.

The delicate theme of the boy whose difference from his hearty crew-cut mates is mistaken alike by schoolboys and housemaster for effeminacy is treated with praiseworthy sincerity and unerring good taste.

As the sensitive, fine-fibred Tom, whose young adoration of his housemaster's wife, Deborah Kerr, drives him still further within himself and away from the rowdiness of his contemporaries, John Kerr, who played the role on the stage, is just about perfect.

Deborah Kerr, earnest, sweet, and gentle within the somewhat rigid limits of her emotional range, gives the role of Laura Reynolds, the sympathetic wife of the housemaster, everything of which she is capable.

A foghorn-voiced Leif Erickson plays Reynolds, the sports and fitness-mad housemaster, in a way that only just scratches the surface of the part as it might have been developed by an actor of greater sensibility.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

Matching honors with young Kerr is Darryl Hickman as his crew-cut room-mate, Al. A long, faultlessly played scene between the two in the deserted music-room is a triumph for director Vincente Minnelli.

Two excellently played supporting roles are those of the boy's father (Edward Andrews) and the waitress (Norma Crane), into whose experienced arms his persecutors drive a panicking Tom.

The film's bad marks all come at the end. Here, after a series of enchanting color interiors, the widescreen bursts into saccharine hues, complete with diffused light and birdcalls on the soundtrack.

In the closing garden scene, where Tom, revisiting the school after ten years, is handed a letter from Laura, left for him with Reynolds, the restraint and sincerity that throughout the film have been so admirable lapse into sentimentality of a regrettably unabashed and drawn-out nature.

In Sydney—Liberty.

★ *The African Lion*

THE Walt Disney true-life adventure film "The African Lion" offers considerably more than the title suggests. Photographed by the husband-and-wife team Alfred and Elma Milotte, who recently visited Australia, the subjects dealt with include not only lions but most of the animals and birds to be found in that fascinating continent.

The Milottes spent the best part of three years on camera safari getting their material. While some of it is banal, there is also some fine and memorable footage to this color film.

The Disney studio has given the picture its usual "True Life" treatment, a handsome introduction, semi-informative, semi-humorous commentary, and a musical score tailored to the action.

The sheer brutality of nature, rather overpowering in some of this series, is less emphasised here. In fact, this time the kiddies will go home without suffering nightmares.

Specially charming are the scenes where the lions, in a lazy mood, sprawl at ease, exposing their stomachs to the sun.

There are some delightful shots of the comic secretary bird, some splendid footage on the panicky circular migration of the animals in times of drought, and a memorable after-bathing scene with six-ton elephants trying to clamber up a slippery clay bank.

In Sydney—Paris.

Men go for Mustard!



Make a hit with every him... serve Keen's Mustard with every meal. Keen's is mustard with a difference! Its subtle, spicy taste stimulates appetite, gives extra enjoyment to plain or fancy dishes. Use flavoured, savoury Keen's Mustard with meats, fish, cheese, salads, sandwiches and in your mayonnaise and watch your men enjoy their meals more every day.

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Soothes Burns

Ouch! Relieve the pain of that boiling water burn—seal out germs with pure 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It's a first aid kit in a jar. Economy size—3/9. Standard size—2/3.

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.

"Hooray!
it's
Nestlé's"

They cost only sixpence each, these delectable assorted bars by Nestlé's, yet they win a welcome faster than any other chocolate in the world! Here are peanuts, mallow, coconut caramel, ginger macaroon or pineapple in fascinating blend with Nestlé's Milk Chocolate. At four for only two shillings, Nestlé's assorted bars are the greatest family-pleasers ever. Good to eat... good to eat often!



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE; Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are in the witchmen's village disguised behind witch masks in an attempt to rescue Mandrake's sister, Lenore. When the witchmen sound the alarm, they dive into the nearest hut and find they have entered the hut of the Grand Witchman. Mandrake and Lothar overpower him and his guard, hide the unconscious bodies behind a screen, and assume their masks. Mandrake pretends to be the Grand Witchman and orders that Lenore be brought before him. Lenore is terrified. NOW READ ON:

THEY'RE TAKING ME--TO THE GRAND WITCHMAN--I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE--THAT MEANS--THEY'VE DECIDED--TO KILL ME--!

ON YOUR KNEES BEFORE THE GRAND WITCHMAN!

LEAVE US.

SO, YOU DARED TO COME TO WITCHMEN'S PEAK, FORBIDDEN TO ALL STRANGERS, ESPECIALLY WOMEN! DO YOU KNOW THE PENALTY?

D-DEATH?

YES, THAT IS THE USUAL PENALTY HERE. DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME YOU STOPPED GOING TO DANGEROUS PLACES, AND MARRIED, RAISED CHILDREN--IN A NICE, SAFE SUBURB?

DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR BROTHER IS TIRED OF CHASING YOU INTO DARK CORNERS OF THE EARTH AND RESCUING YOU, LENORE, FAMED LADY EXPLORER?

MY--BROTHER--?

SORRY TO FRIGHTEN YOU, DEAR, BUT I HOPE YOU'LL REMEMBER THIS.

MANDRAKE! WHY--YOU--

WE'RE STILL NOT OUT OF THIS PLACE.

TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

YOU WERE TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP LAST NIGHT

NOW! JUST WHO IS THIS ROSE SILK YOU WERE SPEAKING OF?

THE NEW TIE MY BOSS IS WEARING!!!

New *"Rollecomb"* action makes this Remington shaver *a finer gift than ever!*

*These
3 rollers
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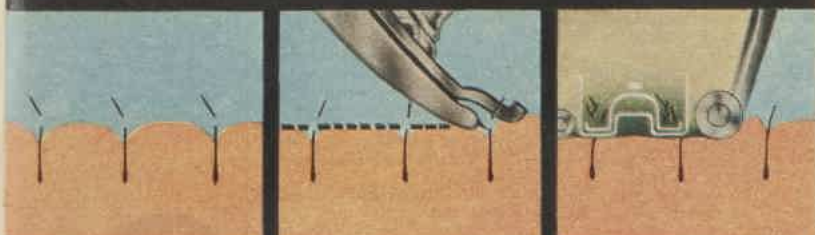
Now—he'll shave even his
Hidden Beard! This new
"Rollecomb" action presses
skin down gently—whiskers
pop up—to be clipped skin-
smooth at base!



REMINGTON
"Rollecomb" Super 60



SEE HOW "ROLLECOMB" ACTION SHAVES EVEN HIS HIDDEN BEARD!



Why ordinary shavers leave Hidden Beard: A man's whiskers grow in tiny skin valleys, ordinary shavers skim over them and shave only whisker tops. If your man has an old shaver, any make, working or not, remember to ask about Remington's liberal trade-in offer! There is no more generous an offer!

Razor shaves skin! A sharp blade nicks and cuts away the tops of those skin valleys (see the dotted line above), leaves a man's face tender.

If your man is still a razor user, take him home a new "Rollecomb" Super 60 on 14-day free home trial—let him try the most comfortable shave of all!

How Remington does it: new "Rollecomb" action rolls over the skin, gently presses out skin valleys... automatically pops up whiskers. Fully slotted cutting heads clip every whisker skin-smooth at base!

Result: he gets the fastest, closest and most comfortable shaves he's ever known!

This Remington "Rollecomb" Super 60 is the **one** shaver that shaves even his **Hidden Beard!** No more stubble trouble. No more soap-and-scrape soreness. Now, he'll get faster, closer, more comfortable shaves every time!

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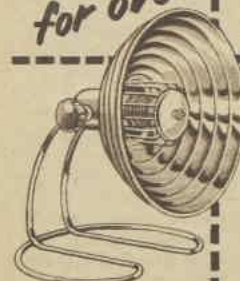
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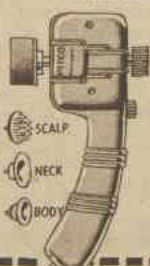
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Continuing . . . Crisis on a Cliff

from page 15

to George. And suddenly George knew what he thought — he thought George was Laurie's father.

George gripped his hands on the table and looked at them. "George," said Laurie softly. "What's the matter?"

He looked at her gently. "Nothing. Not a thing."

She lowered her voice. "You don't look like a happy-groom-to-be, darling."

He smiled with an effort.

"Darling," she whispered, and moved close. "I love you so much."

Now the emotion welled up in him. He wanted, right now, to take her in his arms and hold her so tightly that he would never lose her. He'd thought, ten years ago, when Mary died, that he could never feel like this again. And then he met Laurie. But she was twenty-one, and he . . .

The cafe owner said, "That road is pretty slippery. You'll have to be careful if the mist gets worse—and take it slowly."

George looked up. "Yes."

Of course he would be careful. As the years passed you took care. He'd had the entire car overhauled for this journey down to stay with his future in-laws.

He'd bought a new, more reliable jack. He even had a stout rope for towing, coiled in the boot.

"Not me," said the boy. "I'm in a hurry—and my windshield wiper doesn't work!"

He kept grinning at Laurie. He was trying to show off.

George felt his face flush. He wondered what the boy would say if he told him. "Look here, this girl isn't my daughter. I'm in love with her. We're going to be married next week."

"I'm ready," Laurie said. "Are you, darling?"

George nodded.

The boy followed them outside. "The harder it rains, the more it blows," he said, "the better I like it!"

George turned to the garage attendant. "Could you clean my windshield and test the tyres for me, please?"

The attendant nodded. The boy was standing beside Laurie now, talking to her. Something inside George tightened, because they looked so right together. He felt suddenly defeated.

The boy included George with his smile. He motioned to the attendant who was putting some air into George's tyres. "It'll take me ages to get my windshield wiper fixed here—I shan't bother."

George started to speak, then changed his mind, because there was no use. You have to grow old to understand reason.

The boy stood with them a moment longer, then he said. "Well, perhaps we'll run into each other again, tonight."

He meant both of them, but he was looking at Laurie. Laurie said, "Good luck."

The boy hurried away to his car.

Moments later, George drove forward slowly, and at the same time the boy started his engine, then drove swiftly out of the garage, his tyres shrieking as he turned the corner.

Laurie moved up to him, hugging his arm. "You're so silent, darling."

"Laurie, listen. I've been thinking. Perhaps it's wrong this way. Perhaps we ought to wait a little longer."

She examined him. "Last minute nerves?"

"No, Laurie, of course not. But—"

She put a finger over his lips, then leaned closer and kissed his ear. "You couldn't get out of this if you tried. I wouldn't let you."

He started to explain, to tell her that she didn't know,

really, what she was getting into. But then he did not. He took a deep breath and felt her closeness, and he said nothing more at all.

The rain increased as they moved on, and on either side there was nothing but blackness, hiding the sheer drops down rocky crags as they drove over the mountain road. The road was muddy and difficult.

George glanced at Laurie. She was alert but not frightened, despite the fact that they were climbing higher on a narrow, slippery, winding road.

George gripped the wheel hard, straining to see. He wondered how far ahead the boy was by now. Certainly, George knew he would not be travelling tediously like this.

And then George saw it, a flare of lights. George slowed, and Laurie saw them, too, gasping. The beams were shooting upward at an odd angle from somewhere below the level of the road.

George stopped and got out quickly. He glanced at the deep skid marks that had been cut diagonally across the road, then followed the marks down a long, gradual slant until he came to the edge of the cliff. The bank broke sharply here, dropping away at a steep angle. Below, blazed the odd-angled headlight beams.

Laurie was beside George now, and he said, "Get the torch, Laurie. From the front compartment."

SHE returned with the light, and George played the strong beam down the angle of the hillside. The sports car was resting at a crazy angle a dozen feet below. George moved the beam.

Jutting rocks had caught the car and it appeared to be balanced by the slightest support. Underneath the car, the hill dropped straight down, and the torch illuminated nothing but rainy blackness.

George moved the beam toward the front right door of the car, and the light flashed against a white face.

Laurie's hand clutched George's arm as he called, "Are you all right?"

There was a moment of silence, and then the boy's voice drifted up to them. "Not hurt. Afraid to move. Afraid it'll go over."

A hard gust of wind came from the blackness beyond, and the car rocked slightly. "All right," George called. "Take it easy. Just don't move."

He hurriedly got the coil of rope from his car and returned to the edge of the bank.

Laurie watched him intently, silent now. The edge was smooth, bare of trees, except for a small one near the edge. He put a hand around its trunk, testing its strength. He was not certain it would hold, but it would have to; he could not use his car because the rope wouldn't reach so far.

He tied one end of the rope around his waist, and the other he secured as firmly as he could to the tree.

Laurie reached forward, touching his cheek. "Be careful."

"Of course," said George. "I will be."

He knelt by the edge of the bank, dropped himself flat against it, and started moving down.

He moved by feel, searching for small ridges of rock, testing them, then putting his weight against them. He moved down slowly until the rope came taut around his waist.

Then he turned slowly. He was just above the car, just above the white face of the boy. He waited, his heart

hammering, his breath coming in short gasps. And suddenly he found that he hated this boy. He hated him for his cocksureness, his failure to think. He hated the boy for involving them in this way.

But then he remembered. The boy was not entirely to blame. He hadn't George's wisdom, his experience. Perhaps, George thought, it was himself, in reality, who was to blame. Perhaps he should have warned the boy, whether the boy had wanted to be warned or not.

Surely one thing was certain now. Helping the boy was his responsibility no matter what happened.

He settled his feet carefully, and at the same time his mind spun upward to Laurie. The boy—Laurie. The same age. They were alike in that and perhaps in other things.

George decided in that flashing moment. His love for Laurie was his life, but he, because of his years, had the responsibility for his decision and she did not.

He knew now that he could not marry her—the years between them were too many.

He said to the boy, "I'm putting my hand down to you. Don't move until you can grab it, and then hold on tight!"

He inched his hand down towards the car and a moment later he felt the desperate fingers close around his wrist.

"Easy," he said, and he pulled up as the boy began to make his way through the window of the car.

"Now," George said, "take hold of the rope at my waist."

The car had now begun to sway and George kept thinking of the small thin tree above them. Then the boy grabbed the rope at George's waist. At the same moment, the car began to fall.

The boy kicked free of the window, his weight nearly cutting off George's breath. George put one arm tightly around the boy's waist and listened to the sound of the car, rolling down until it crashed to a stop. Then he said, "Right, now. We go up slowly."

It was a blind, agonising climb, the rain and wind whipping at them. But they made it—the boy first, then George. "George," the girl whispered, and she brushed her lips against his.

The boy staggered forward a step, then collapsed, his head in his hand, sobbing thankfully. Laurie patted his shoulder.

George watched her, tasting the salt of her tears on his lips. And all at once life flowed back into him. All at once his love and desire came back so that it hurt, the intensity of it. But he'd made his decision. He'd made it in a flash of cold, clear reasoning. And there wasn't any other way . . .

Then he saw something. He saw it when Laurie turned back to him and reached up to touch his face, her eyes sparkling with tears. He unknotted the spare end of the rope which she had tied round her own waist.

"That was a damned foolish thing to do," he said huskily.

"I thought it might help if—"

"You would have been pulled over, too."

She came into his arms, holding him fiercely. "I would have wanted to be with you."

He shook his head wonderingly, but he was smiling now. She was in his arms once more, and he wasn't going to let her go.

He knew that, because she, with the maturity of deep love, had taught him that, regardless of how old you happened to be, there were times when there was no room for reasoning, no matter how cold, how clear.

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• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 56-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4504.—Attractively styled afternoon frock. Sketch A shows the design with 2-length sleeves; sketch B with short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/.

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F4505.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small girl's winter dressing-gown. The gown is finished with quilted cuffs. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Requires 2½ yards 54in. material or 2½ to 3½ yards 36in. material, plus ¼ yard quilted satin and ¼ yard plain satin. Price 2/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

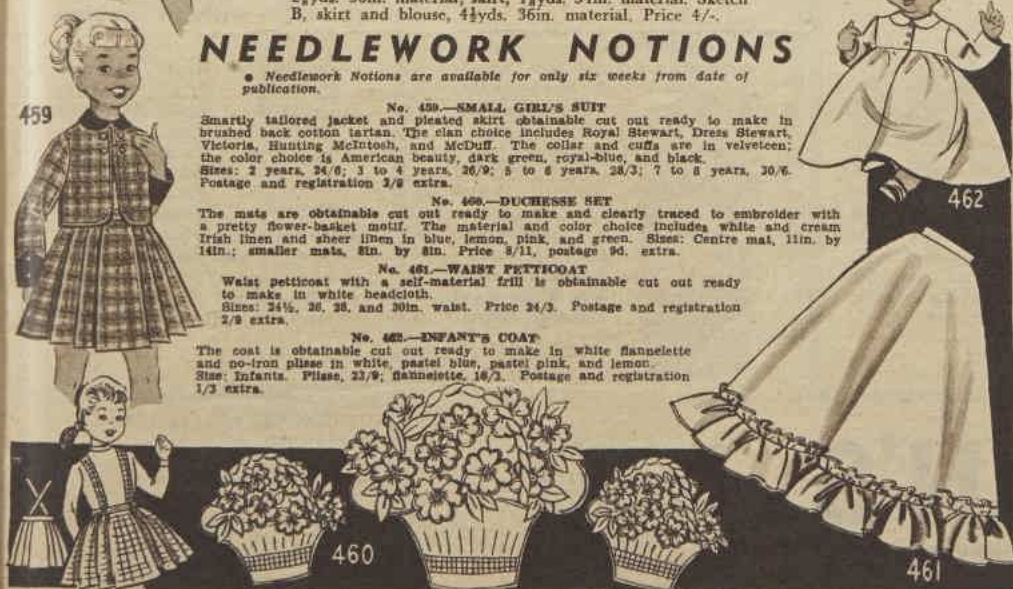
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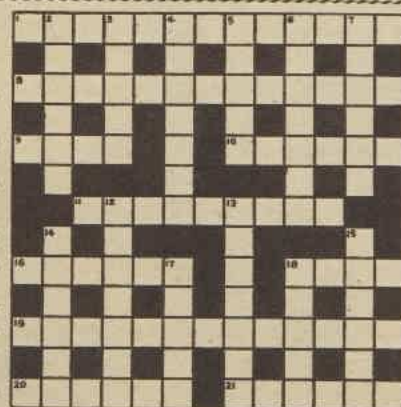


YOU DECIDED TO CUT IT? NO... I DECIDED I LIKE IT LONG BEST...

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- This adder has no fangs and it is very useful (5, 8).
- Come in and sign and after if I can't it is unimportant (13).
- Is the French land surrounded by water? Yes (4).
- It's careless to mix a pic in the sun (6).
- To beat sin is not yielding easily (9).
- Between the fish and the joint (6).
- Indiscretion in a first-class lipstick (4).
- The arrogant boss does it, not necessarily in the farmyard (5, 3, 5).
- The young lady takes yes for slander (6).
- Let pop overturn (6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Man's name which sounds important (6).
- Doctor I have a jaunt (5).
- Curl which you may put on your finger (7).
- Strikes with the end of sleeves (5).
- Part of the head, the centre and both ends of which form a topic (7).
- Verdi's opera founded on a drama of V. Hugo (6).
- Bar rest (Anagr. 7).
- Disregard a broken cent on a broken leg (7).
- Demons mostly in a young scout (6).
- Let sin be gaudy (6).
- No burglary or trespass without it (5).
- Condescend (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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